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Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

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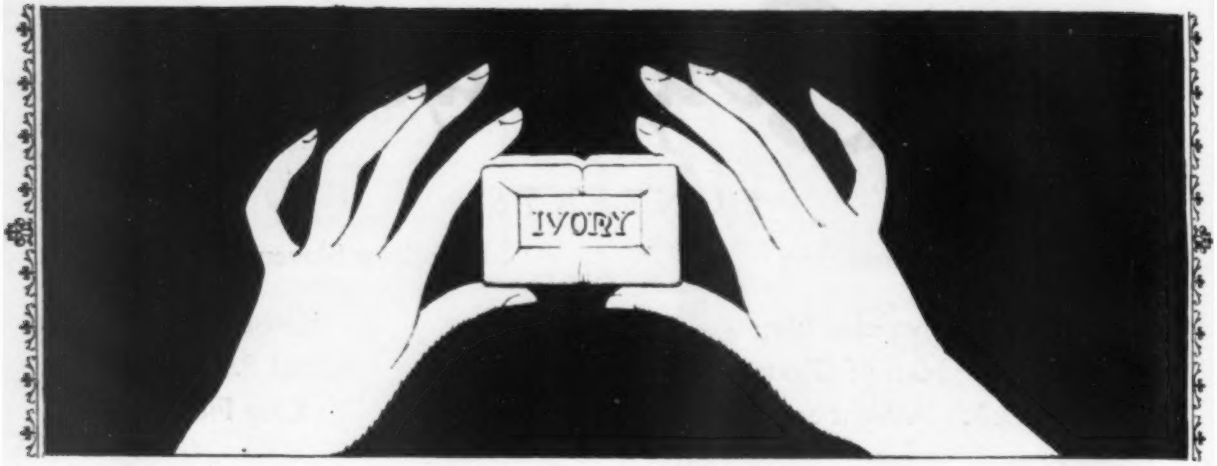

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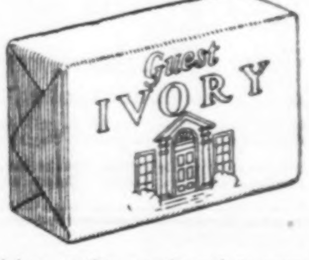

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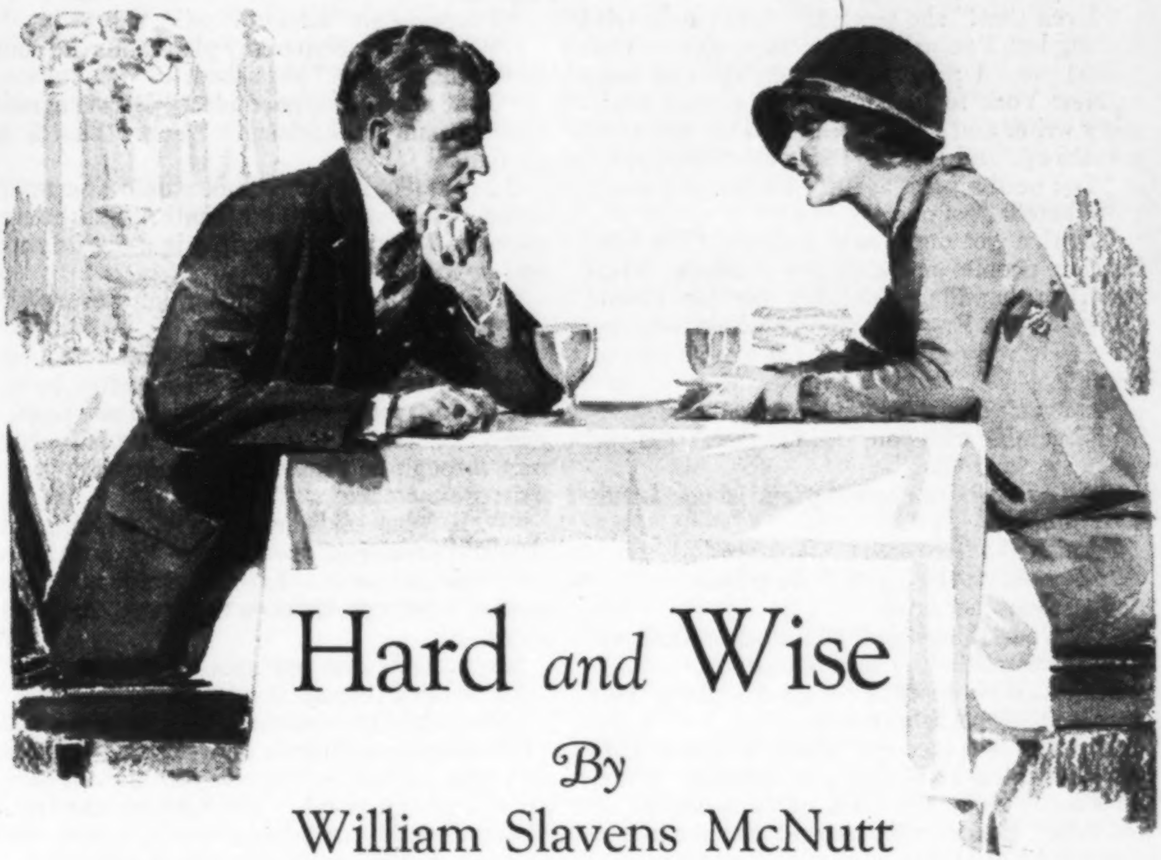
Advertising section continued in rear of book

Fate and a bright young press agent differ as to the destiny of an ambitious girl



Hard *and* Wise

By

William Slavens McNutt

BERNIE McKAY was a press agent. He was one of the star men of the publicity firm of Carter and Mason. People with unsold causes and other people with unfulfilled careers came to Carter and Mason pleading for favor of the great god Fame or that scarcely lesser deity, Notoriety, and the most likely of the lot were turned over to Bernie, who had the happy faculty of being able to talk and write with equally intense fervor about an English literary lion looking for lecture largess, starving tomtits in Timbuctoo, or the need of financing an expedition to search for traces of the Lost Atlantis. He took pride in being able to make anybody believe in anything and an equivalent pride in refusing to believe in anything himself. He was Broadway wise, Forty-second Street hard-boiled and Wall Street cynical.

He was thirty-two years old and going good when he met Nita Ferris at a studio party in Greenwich Village. They danced one dance and sat out the next in a quiet corner. Bernie was young and good looking and aggressive. Nita was younger and better looking, but demure. Bernie had blue eyes and light hair. Nita's eyes were brown and her hair was dark.

"You're unhappy," Bernie accused her suddenly when they were half way through their cocktails.

"Mind reader!" she mocked. "Are there tears in my eyes?"

"No," he said. "Tears in your heart. Why?"

She was thoughtfully silent for a moment.

"I'm a flop!" she admitted.

"You shouldn't be," he said warmly.

"I am!" she insisted.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I can't write," she confessed.

"Don't let that worry you," he said encouragingly. "Some of our most popular young playwrights and novelists can't write either, but they're getting by big."

"You're just being smart," she chided.

"Maybe," he admitted. "You say you can't write. What's really worrying you, of course, is that you can't sell. Tell me about it."

She shrugged. "There's not much to tell. It's an old story around this town, I guess. I'm a school teacher from out in Cameronville, Ohio. Have you ever been in Cameronville?"

"Nope!"

"Lucky man! It's a horrible place. I was willing to do almost anything to get out of it."

"So you tried writing?"

"Even that!" she replied. "I not only tried writing but I actually sold a short story. That ruined me. I resigned immediately and came to New York to be America's foremost short-story writer and lady novelist. That was eight months ago and I haven't sold anything since."

"You need a press agent," Bernie told her.

"Where'll I get one?"

"You've got one," said Bernie. "I'm him. Putting people across is my business. Just now I'm handling publicity for Sir Gerald Carstairs, the English explorer who's lecturing here. He's my main line. I'll handle you on the side."

"I haven't any money," Nita confessed.

"I'll gamble with you," said Bernie. "If you get it I get it. On?"

"On!" said Nita earnestly and shook hands with him.

Bernie rose.

"You sold on this party?" he asked.

Nita shook her head.

"Get your things and we'll duck. Go some quiet place where we can talk business."

They said an unobtrusive good night to their busy hostess and slipped out.

A group of raucously hilarious street kids were frolicking in Washington Square. From the avenue came the honk of auto horns. A bus rolled ponderously around the Arch and stopped to discharge and take on pennywise spooners, fresh-air cranks, or what have you. Seen against the background of electric light the trees with their fuzz of new leaves were like large scrims of lovely lace hung in the sky. The spring night air was soft and spicy, bearing a city odor mixed of many elements, ranging all the way from motor exhaust to flower bloom. Not the exact tone of fragrance that a chemist of love lures would blend to work his magic, but it served. The power of spring permeates the pavement as well as the pasture land and if a young man can't smell a rose as an excuse for going goofy, a whiff from a passing ash wagon will do the business for him just as well. Bernie drew a deep breath and wondered what had been done to make the Square seem so lovely. Never before had it made such a strong appeal to his senses.

"I suppose the first thing you ought to do is get an idea of the sort of stuff I write," Nita suggested.

THE charm that held Bernie suddenly lost a degree of its potency. She was such a pretty girl! Why must she also be a writer? Bernie knew plenty of people who could write, but at the moment he could recall no one who could be quite so lovely and altogether as charming as Nita Ferris. Still, such was life. Bitter and sweet. Good and bad. Rain and sunshine. Beauty and literary ambition. He sighed.

"I suppose so," he admitted.

"Will you come up to my place and read some of the things now?" she asked.

"That might be a good idea," Bernie agreed, still without enthusiasm. "Yeh. That'll be all right."

They walked to her small studio apartment in an old house on West Tenth. She hunted through a pile of manuscripts in a desk drawer and handed him one.

"I feel that this is the best thing I ever did," she said solemnly.

Bernie sighed and began to read. For two pages he read every word. Thereafter he began to skip, reading a paragraph on one page, a line on another, a sentence on another. Half way through he sighed and handed the typewritten sheets back.

"Well," he said hesitatingly, rubbing his chin and looking at the ceiling. "I don't know —I'll tell you what. Let me have just a quick look at what you think is the worst thing you ever did."

She brought him out another manuscript.

He skipped through it hastily.

"You win!" he admitted after a brief perusal. "This story you think is your worst of the lot, isn't near as bad as the one you like the best, but it's pretty awful. You told me the truth when you said you couldn't write. Not even a press agent could put you over as a writer."

She tried to smile and cried instead. She was adorable when she smiled, but when she cried, any man within reaching distance who could resist taking her in his arms was the victim of either social cowardice or moral courage. Bernie was no coward, but his courage got the best of him. He only patted her on the shoulder.

"I'm sorry," he said huskily, so busy strangling his impulse to pick her up and hold her tight and murmur soothing nothings into her small pink ear at close range that he was only dimly aware of what he said. "No use kidding ourselves though, is there?"

"N-not a bit," she sobbed.

Sternly Bernie took his hand from her shoulder. It was such a darn lovely shoulder! Warm and soft and beautifully rounded. He was a strong man, was Bernie, and he could pat that shoulder or let it alone. Just like that. But he knew his limits. He couldn't pat it any more and let her alone. And what a beast he would be to attempt a petting party when she was so convulsed with sorrow!

No! It was manifestly unjust, ungentlemanly—almost un-American—to comfort her by taking her in his arms and holding her tight. And he did want to comfort her some way.

So much! He stood looking down at her, thinking hard.

Now any logician with a Victorian moral slant to his reasoning will tell you that worth while ideas are the inevitable result of hard thinking. As proof they might offer Bernie's experience. He thought hard and as a reward for his earnest effort, a little bird flew down and gleefully laid the egg of a good idea in his laboring brain.

"Listen," said Bernie. "I got a hunch. Tell me something: Did you leave Cameronville because you wanted to write or did you try to write just because you wanted to get out of Cameronville?"

"I guess I just wanted to get out of Cameronville," she confessed. "And teaching school. Did you ever teach school?"

"No," said Bernie. "Never been in Cameronville either. As you say, I've always been lucky. Now then, let's get down to cases. You don't really care whether you can write or not. What you want to do is to stay away from Cameronville or any of the ten thousand, eight hundred and forty-six dumps like it and tie on to some graft better than teaching school. Am I right?"

"I guess so," she admitted miserably.

"Fine!" said Bernie. "The writing thing is out. You're a flop at that. We won't bother with it. We'll start in now and put you over as a woman."

"A what?" said Nita.

"A woman," said Bernie. "They're sure fire if they're handled right and you're one of the finest prospects I ever met."

"I don't understand what you're talking about."

"I'll marry you," Bernie explained.

"Mr. McKay!"

BERNIE blushed. "Oh, I didn't mean that I would marry you personally," he said. "What I mean is that if you'll do as I say and meet the people that I tell you to meet, we'll soon marry you off to some likable fellow with enough money and position to give you all the things you really wanted when you left Cameronville."

"Why—why I think that's terrible!" Nita exclaimed.

"Why so?" said Bernie. "Marriage is a career just like writing or singing or painting. No use being old-fashioned or sentimental about it. It's a career for which you're eminently fitted. You've got charm. Lots of it! I don't know when I've met a girl who's got as much charm as you have."

"Do you think so?" she asked shyly.

"Think!" said Bernie. "I know!"

"But what about—I mean—uh—suppose I don't love the fellow who can give me all that?"

Bernie shrugged.

"If you're going to be old-fashioned we can't do anything," he said. "Just look at this love business cold-bloodedly for a minute. At the very best it's only a small part of what you want out of life. Even if you try it, give up every thing for it, it's no cinch that you get it! And no cinch either that you'd be satisfied with it if you did. On the other hand you marry some presentable fellow who's got money and position and maybe you'll fall in love with him after you marry him! You can't tell."

"It seems so sort of hard," Nita demurred, after a moment.

"That's it!" Bernie said emphatically. "That's the way to beat this town. Hard and wise. Be hard and wise and you'll be happy. Take me for example: I'm making pretty fair dough, but do you think I'd get married on what I'm getting? Wouldn't make any difference how much I loved a girl, I'd pass her up rather than take a chance of making a go of marriage on short money. Love is all right if you can afford it. Just like a yacht or a country place. If you can't afford it you can't—and that's that!"

Nita sighed.

"I suppose you're right," she agreed.

"I know I'm right," said Bernie positively. "Hard and wise. That's the ticket. Now I meet a lot of available men in the course of my business. I'll introduce you to the right one when he comes along and give you a big send off. Intrigue him. Tell him you're a great writer; potentially a famous literary woman! Most promising unknown in the United States! Just on the verge of being a great rage. Give him the idea that you love your art and wouldn't marry the best man in the world. Make him believe he can't marry you and he'll move heaven and earth to do that little thing, whoever or whatever he is."

"Suppose you do introduce me to a man with a lot of money and I do marry him, what are you going to get out of it?" Nita asked.

Bernie shrugged. "Oh well," he said. "I like you."

"Is it being hard and wise to do things for people because you like them?" she asked.

Bernie fidgetted. "Everybody's got to have a little relaxation," he argued. "Some recess from business. I'll put you across for the good of my soul and the fun of the thing. How about it?"

"Well—I'd hate to have to go back to Cameronville," she confessed in acquiescence.

Two days later Bernie called her up, excitement in his voice. "I think I've got the man we want," he told her. "Have lunch with me and I'll tell you about him."

He was aglow with enthusiasm when she met him in the lobby of an uptown hotel.

"You mustn't let this fellow's appearance and manners scare you off," he warned her when they had found a place in the dining-room and given their order. "He's a big contractor from the Pacific Coast. One of these self-made men who came up from the bottom fast. He's crude in a lots of ways, but oh, lady! Has he got money! And won't he fall for you once I've done my preliminary press agent work!"

"Bring him on," said Nita recklessly. "I'm game. If he eats peas with his knife I'll make believe that I couldn't possibly love a man who did it any other way."

Bernie blinked.

"Well, of course he isn't quite that bad," he said.

"I don't care how bad he is," said Nita. "I've been thinking over what you told me and I'm sure you're right. Be hard and wise! Believe me, I'm going to be. What's this man's name and when can I meet him?"

"Now wait a minute!" said Bernie. "You know if this chap is too objectionable to you, you don't have to take him. There'll be others. For one thing this fellow's kind of fat."

"Oh, I don't care," said Nita. "Fat men are usually good natured at least."

"This fellow isn't," said Bernie earnestly. "He's got an ugly temper."

Nita shrugged.

"What's the difference? He's got lots of money, hasn't he?"

"Say, you mustn't talk like that!" Bernie warned her.

"Why not?" she demanded. "If I'm going to be hard and wise, why—?"

"But you mustn't talk hard nor act wise," Bernie argued. "That spoils you. You lose all your charm when you do that and of course, that's what we've got to exploit. You've got to be hard and wise, but you've got to be clever as well. Gee! You gave me an awful shock talking about taking this fellow no matter how terrible he is. On the level you did! It was like a slap in the face. You've got to be careful about that. Of course it's all right when we're alone, but I think you'd better keep up the sweet unsophisticated young thing pose all the time, otherwise you might forget yourself when others were around and—"

"All right," said Nita resignedly. "Hard and wise and clever. I won't forget. Now when am I to meet this man you've picked out for me?"

"WELL, of course I haven't exactly picked him out yet," Bernie temporized. "I think maybe I'd better look him over a little more before I introduce him to you. He may not be just what we want."

The next evening Bernie took her to dinner.

"That fellow I spoke about to you yesterday won't do at all," he informed her.

"No?" said Nita.

"Not a chance!" said Bernie. "I went out on a party with him last night just to get a line on him. Terrible! You'd never be able to endure him."

"Well, of course if you think we can do better—" Nita began.

"Of course we can!" he said heartily. "You know I'm going to use all the brains I've got to get the right man for you. I feel sort of responsible."

"Responsible?"

"Well—well I talked you into this thing. I wouldn't have it turn out wrong for you for anything in the world."

"You mustn't feel that you talked me into it," she said. "You suggested the plan and I agreed to it. That's all."

"I know, but you're so darned nice," he said unhappily. "I'd like to help you get what you want—but I wouldn't do anything to spoil you for anything in the world. We've got to be careful."

"All right," she agreed gravely. "We will be."

"Fine!" he said heartily. "I'll keep my eyes open all the time and let you know just as soon as I meet some fellow that I think will do."

This was in April. May came and went and June arrived and still Bernie was keeping his eyes open looking for the right man for Nita to marry. Nita knew this to be true because Bernie met her at least three or four times a week, and frequently oftener, to tell her the details of his search for a prosperous and proper mate.

"It's a serious step," he reminded her time and again. "We've got to be careful, very careful."

One warm day late in June he called her on the 'phone and asked her to run out to Long Beach with him for a dip, a dinner and a dance.

"I'm awfully sorry," Nita said sweetly. "I'd love to go, but I've an engagement this afternoon."

"Oh!" said Bernie. The tone was the same as though he had said Ouch! "Well how about tonight?"

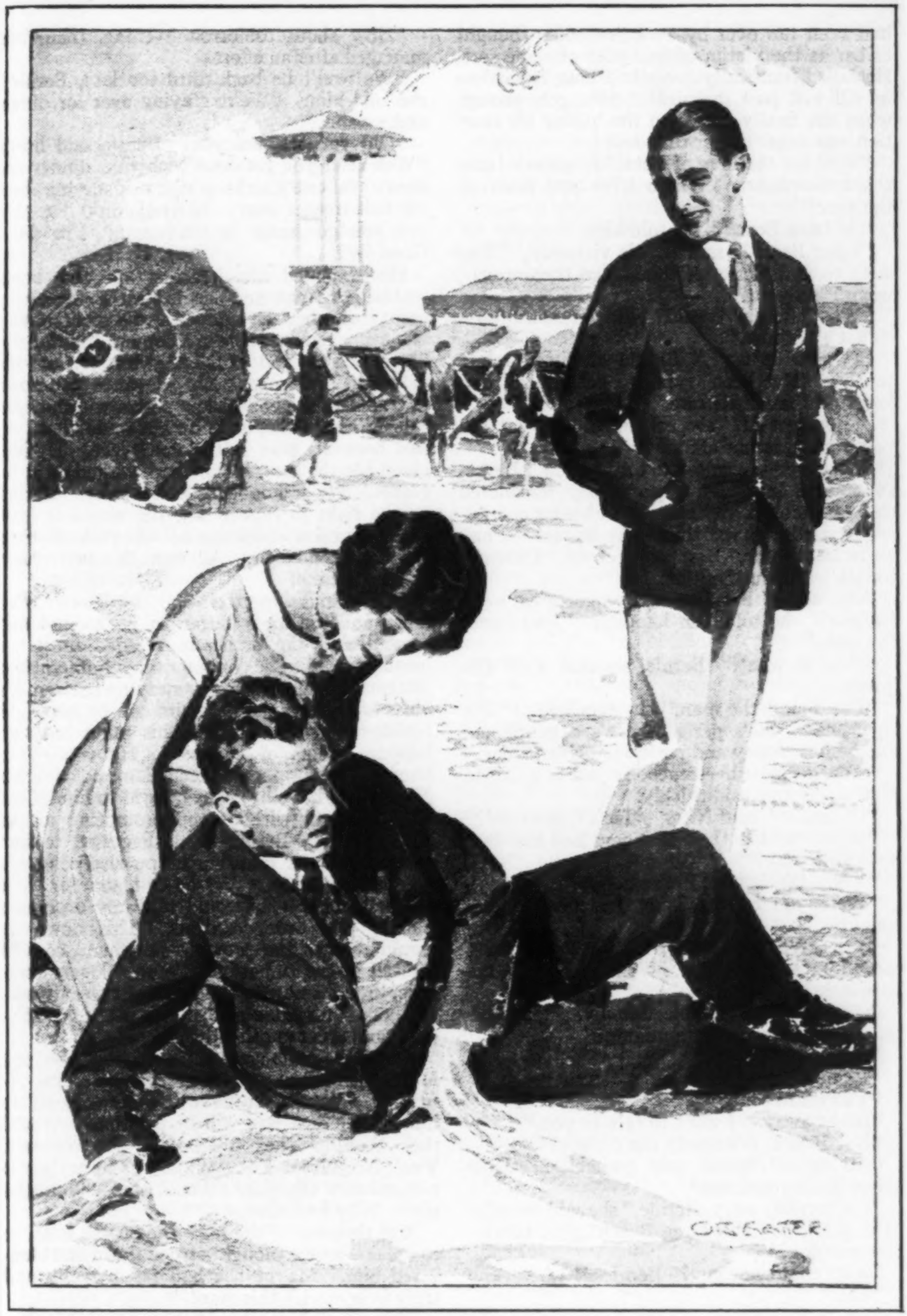
"I'm engaged this evening, too," she told him.

"All right," he said grumpily. "Some other time. Good-by."

It was the first time that she had ever had an engagement to interfere with any of their many meetings and it roused an unreasonable resentment in Bernie.

"I'll show her!" he promised himself spitefully. "Just for that I won't call her up for a week. Maybe two weeks."

Having made this stern resolve he called her before noon the next day. She was out. His heart beat fast with a senseless fear as he hung up the 'phone. Fifteen minutes later he called again. She was still out. His mind immediately fell prey to dire imaginings. He suspected that she had committed suicide, feared that she



Illustrated by O. J. Gatter.

Bernie opened his eyes and saw Nita's face above him. Near-by stood the husky young man. "Nita, listen," Bernie mumbled. "You can't marry him. I love you."

had been run over by an automobile, thought of her as the victim of foul play of some sort. He called frantically every half hour from then on till well past midnight. Strangely enough when she finally answered the 'phone his reaction was anger rather than relief.

"Well for the love of Pete!" he growled into the transmitter. "Where have you been all the time?"

"At Long Beach," she told him.

"Long Beach!" said Bernie viciously. "You seem to find plenty of time to go there except when I ask you!"

"Why Bernie!" said Nita reproachfully. "That's not nice."

"I know it isn't," Bernie admitted reluctantly. "I've been trying to get you all day long and I'm a little sore."

"I just got in," she explained. "What did you want to see me about?"

"Why—er—I wanted to talk to you," Bernie stammered, not having previously considered the reason for his calling. "I—uh—I met a fellow yesterday that I think may be just the one we're looking for. Best prospect yet. I wanted to talk with you about him."

"Oh, about that, Bernie, I've got great news for you," she told him happily. "I've found the man."

"You've what!" Bernie shouted into the 'phone.

"I've found the man," she repeated. "The right man. He's perfect. He's a gentleman and he has money and position. Everything."

"You mean—uh—somebody you're going to marry?" Bernie said thickly.

"Of course," said Nita. "Isn't it splendid?"

"Is he—is that the fellow you had the date with yesterday?"

"Yes. Oh, Bernie, I'm so happy!"

"Were you out at Long Beach with him today?"

"Yes. We had a wonderful time. You must meet him soon, Bernie. Won't you wish me happiness?"

"Oh, sure," said Bernie dazedly. "Say, listen. Can I see you for a minute?"

"Why of course."

"I'll be right down."

"You mean tonight?"

"Right away. I want to talk to you."

"But Bernie, it's nearly one o'clock!"

"All right," Bernie said grouchily. "How about lunch tomorrow?"

"I'm terribly sorry, Bernie," she said sweetly. "I'm going down to Long Beach again tomorrow morning."

"With that same guy?" Bernie asked.

"Yes."

THERE was a short silence. Bernie was trying to speak without swearing and he found it difficult.

"How about tomorrow evening, then?" he managed after an effort.

"We won't be back until too late, Bernie," she told him. "We're staying over for dinner and a dance."

"Oh, you are, are you!" Bernie said hotly. "Well after you get done with your dinner and dance you can just keep right on staying there till hell freezes over. If you don't like that you can go jump in the ocean! I'm done. Good-by!"

He slammed the receiver on the hook, grabbed his hat and headed for a Broadway night club where he enjoyed a wild night, sitting alone at a remote table in a corner, drinking dubious Scotch and pondering bitterly on the fickleness of women. His grievance, as he saw it, was that she had picked a man without consulting him. She had no right to do that. It had been his plan in the first place. He had given her the idea. They had worked on it together. He had done his best for her. Hadn't he the right to expect that she would at least ask his opinion about any one she picked? And she hadn't done it. All right for her! Hey, waiter. Same!

As the night went on and the Scotch went down and the room began to go around and around and the orchestra receded until the music seemed to be coming from a luminous far distant haze on the crazily swaying horizon, his ideas and grievances left him one by one until nothing was left afloat in his mind but two buoyant items of curiosity. He wanted to know what the man looked like and whether Nita would have become engaged to him of her own free will without the prompting of the plan that he—Bernie—had suggested to her. Over this latter question he puzzled solemnly for many a drink. Was he to blame for what she had done? He would solemnly exonerate himself and order a drink. This down he would reverse the previous judgment, convict himself of the ruination of a once lovely creature, brought now to the point of brazenly selling herself for mere gold by his accursed influence, and order another drink.

At last he no longer wondered what the man looked like, but still the other question remained. Would she have become engaged to him of her own free will and notion? Would she? Wouldn't she? She would. She wouldn't! Yes. No. No. Yes. What was he trying to remember? Oh, yes. Would she? Wouldn't she? Why had she?

And then out of the fog—the Scotch mist, so to speak—a new thought struck down and staggered him. Maybe she had fallen really and truly in love with this man!

This possibility should have given Bernie heart. He got instead, a despair so overwhelming that he was able to pronounce his words clearly when he called for his check, kick about the mistake in the addition without threatening to knock anyone's block off and walk out of the place without staggering.

He did not want Nita Ferris to be in love with this man she said she was going to marry. He did not want her to be in love with anyone. At least not with anyone else. And she must not marry anyone else either. Absolutely not. He loved her. He hadn't really known it before, but he knew it now. Oh, how fervently and painfully he knew it!

And she should have known it. She was a woman, wasn't she? And women had intuitions. Sure. Then why hadn't she known all along what he had just found out? And if she had known it why hadn't she waited for him? Oh, everything was all squiddle-dee-dee! The world was upside down and the bacon was burnt and he didn't care what happened.

And it was all her fault. Sure it was. She should have known. But it was too late now. Too late to do anything. Of that he was sure. So he got in a taxi and got out in front of the house in which she lived just as the sky over the roof-tops was turning gray with the first edition of a new and terrible day.

He stumbled up the steps and hunted vainly for a bell button that couldn't be found because it was in plain sight instead of the dark corners in which he sought it. He was growing fearfully sleepy and his head hurt. It occurred to him that perhaps he was not in condition to argue his case, even if he found the bell button, roused the house and got in. Maybe he'd better go home and get a bath and a shave and a bite of breakfast and come back around seven or eight o'clock when Nita and the sun would both be up and a caller might receive a more normal reception.

He tiptoed down the steps and away much pleased with himself at being so bright. He offered his action to himself as evidence that he was practically sober and was satisfied. At Seventh Avenue he hailed a taxi, drove home, disrobed, ran a hot bath and crawled into it.

IT WAS wonderful. He squirmed luxuriously in the hot water. Be stone sober in ten minutes. Then a shave and breakfast and—and— What was it he had to do then? Something important! What was it? Oh, well! Hi-ho-hum. Something or other. He'd remember in a minute. In the meantime—

He dreamed that he had fallen from a ship in mid-ocean and was drowning. He knew it was a dream, but it was terribly real. He didn't want to wake up so. He argued with himself that it was only a nightmare, but the conviction of reality persisted and he awoke yelling and threshing about—in the bath-tub half filled with tepid water.

He got out dizzily and staggered into his bedroom! It was full day. The clock on the dresser read eleven-thirty. His head ached horribly. He fell on the bed and tried to remember what had happened. Something had gone wrong. What was it? Had he had a fight?

And then he remembered. Nita! She had found someone she was going to marry. He must stop her. He got to the 'phone and called her apartment. No answer. Then he recalled that she had said she was going to Long Beach again.

Feverishly he began to dress! He was going to Long Beach to find her. For the time his plans did not go beyond that. He had bought his ticket and was on his way down to the Long Island train before he began to wonder what he would do if he did find her.

The effort to figure this out added unendurably to the persistent ache in his head. He gave it up and sat the trip to the beach in stupid misery. He would find her if he could. What he would do or say then would have to be left to the inspiration—if any—of the moment.

Long Beach. Hotel runners and taximen shouting at the station gates. Rude jams of heedless, hot people hurrying to get to a bathhouse. Bright sunlight that hurt poor Bernie's eyes. The ceaseless surf roar that hurt his head. Brilliant colors on the crowded beach. Striped umbrellas, bright bathing-caps, sheer suits of startling reds and greens and yellows, slim-legged chorus girls racing joyously along the wet sands, fat old dowds waddling resentfully near-by, handsome young men with dark-tanned bodies, ugly old men with blobby fat bodies, lovers and sweethearts, husbands and wives, mothers and children, roués and mistresses, peddlers and pickpockets, burglars and brokers, all a gay, wild, sand-smeared, heedless mob, reveling in the intoxication of sea and sun.

Through this mob on the beach, along the boardwalk, in hotels and restaurants, Bernie hunted dizzily, dazedly for two long hard hours, his heart pounding crazily each time he saw in the crowd a hat or dress that suggested Nita.

The end of his search came not in the throng, but in a secluded spot in the shade under the boardwalk far from the hotel section and the noisy center of gaiety, whither he went ultimately to stretch out and rest. And there on the sand sat Nita and a young man, a disgustingly good looking young man in smart summer flannels.

"Nita!" Bernie called huskily.

She turned, started, and stared at him.

"Bernie!" she exclaimed.

The young man sitting on the sand with her also turned and looked at Bernie. The young man's eyes were large and brown and eloquently expressive of an amused superiority.

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America's Most Unpopular Man

John R. McCarl is the most completely independent employee of Uncle Sam. It would take both houses of Congress to remove him from an office that was created to keep a tight hold on the national purse strings

by Herbert Corey

TROUBLE is the daily portion of the man who sooner or later checks up every penny spent by the Government. He has become expert in detecting unlawful disbursements and is relentless in collecting money illegally expended. Withal, he is a kindly, sensitive man and an optimist who cheerfully continues on his difficult way regardless of intensely bitter opposition. A host of enemies have failed to daunt him.

ONE regards McCarl with sorrow. Then one chuckles about him. He is a hermit, a pariah, hated; people chuck bricks at him. He is sitting pretty on top of the world. He is nice, friendly, likable, with all the proper qualities. One finds a longing for human companionship in his eyes, as though he would like to go out to a dance or the theater, or maybe a little party for sandwiches and gossip. There are thousands, perhaps, who are actually quivering with eagerness to be friendly. But he withdraws within his shell. Friends are too apt to want to trade upon their friendliness. He lives upon a little lonely pinnacle of ice. If he made a friend the time might come when he would be forced to hurt that friend. Better not make a friend.

People rage at him. John Raymond McCarl, Comptroller General of the United States, is the most unpopular man in the Government. That statement will be broadened. He is perhaps the best hated man in the United States. That seems a bit severe, but I've been thinking it over, and I can not find his match. The men who hate McCarl do so for motives that are as personal as hunger. They believe with all their hearts that he is a contemptible tyrant. If they could think of the words when they are angriest they would call him a satrap. Or a despot. They say that he niggles, that he interferes, that he asserts an authority that he does not possess, that he is poking his nose into their private affairs, that they will not stand it—

These are the honest men who hate McCarl. They are backed by the great departments of the Government. The Navy hates McCarl most—or on second thought perhaps the Army does. The other departments follow in a regular order, which changes from time to time as the Department of Agriculture learns to hate more than the Department of the Interior. The violence of the hatred increases in almost geometrical ratio to the importance of the hater. A clerk hates McCarl hardly any, but an Acting Secretary can grow hysterical at the bare mention of his name.

Think this is overdrawn? I do not. What would you think of a man who vetoed your acts, upset your plans, alienated your friends, proved you a lawbreaker, and finally dipped into your pocket and took money out? Especially as you found yourself helpless. You might have the last word, it is true—hundreds of people have had the last word in controversies with McCarl—but it would not do any good. Before you could get through with the last word the Comptroller General would have moved on to the next quarrel. Would you praise that man as a sturdy upholder of the law? Or would you hate him?

This is real hate, mind you. The sort of hate that makes men see red and haunt McCarl's doorstep so they may tell him about it, and makes their voices shake and quaver when they get him on the 'phone. They write him letters, too. Hundreds of letters. They are so sure they are right and wronged. The crooks, I fancy, have a more philosophical attitude. A thief rarely wastes energy in hating a policeman. The crook would be more apt to say:

"Well, McCarl got me that time. A smart

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John Raymond McCarl, Comptroller General of the United States, is the freest and most independent man working for Uncle Sam. The post he holds was created by Congress in President Harding's administration as a check on government expenditure. The chief accounting officer has a fifteen-year tenure of office, a $10,000 salary, and complete independence of control, but he leads a lonely life, takes no part in Washington social activities, and is cordially disliked by thousands of people whose ideas run counter to his conception of the duties of his office. Comptroller McCarl was born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1879, and entered law by way of stenography, which he learned as a boy from text-books that he borrowed.

Thomas J. Carroll, of Gloucester, Mass., early displayed the qualities of leadership that brought him to the top in the salt fish industry. At twenty-nine he became a partner in the business he entered as a fish cleaner at eleven. Mr. Carroll is now fifty-seven. His favorite recreation is baseball, and he captains a unique family team composed of his seven daughters and a son.

The Boss Codfish Man of Gloucester

Tom Carroll sees the other fellow's side because he never forgets the days when he cut fish for twenty cents an hour. He must handle human relations wisely with the trawlers who have to make a whole season's catch while the fish are running

by Alfred F. Loomis

BEHIND the fish that come to your table lies a story unlike that of any other big business you can name. Deep-sea fishing is still one of the most hazardous occupations and no one can control the supply, although efficiency experts have tried to do so with laughable results. There is no sharp dividing line between employer and employee, for owners, captains and men work on shares. Thomas J. Carroll is the one outstanding man who has been singularly successful in reconciling the differences between various groups, each stubbornly devoted to its own interests and traditions. Moreover, he has untangled the hopelessly complicated problems of a huge industry, unlike others in that it is built upon a delicate balance between a feast and a famine.

IN THE terrible period of financial depression following the war a large man of muscular build walked deliberately down toward one of the fish wharves at Gloucester, Mass., and looked gloomily across the misty harbor. Around him were some of the tangible results of his life's work—the large, sprawling buildings of the Pew branch of the Gorton-Pew Fisheries Company. Beyond the water at East Gloucester, shrouded in fog, was that other huge plant from which "Gorton Codfish—No Bones" first issued to delight the household world. At the left, another fish manufactory, and then a fourth—all merged into one another in the raw fog and just as intimately connected with this man's life and work.

Thomas J. Carroll, as he looked upon the familiar scene, as he listened subconsciously to the activities of the men who unloaded a cargo of codfish from a schooner lying at the wharf, wondered whether the end was in sight. The picture that he saw with his mind's eye was as dismal as the day. Behind him on Gloucester's main street a corps of "efficiency experts" ran riot in the offices of the world's largest salt fish company—offices which Carroll, deposed general manager, had quitted for a breath of damp, fresh air. These experts, called in by bankers of Boston and New York to save the fish company during the first year of post-war liquidation, had squandered money like drunken sailors, killed business, and brought the company to the brink of ruin. And still they carried on—still retained the confidence of the money powers.

The captain of the fishing schooner stepped up and stood beside the dark-browed, white-mustached captain of the fishing industry. For a moment neither spoke, and then,

"Tom, they tell me things are in a bad way with Gorton-Pew."

Carroll, recognizing the voice of a lifelong friend, and peering as fixedly as before into the fog, replied,

"Could hardly be worse, Hughie. I don't see how it can last."

"They—these efficiency men—ain't paying much attention to what you say, are they?"

A ghost of a grin twinkled in Carroll's gray eyes, and twitched the corners of his firm mouth. "They hear my advice," he replied, "and then do the opposite."

"That's bad," said the schooner captain. "I understand you've been offered a whopping big salary to go to another company. Why not do it?"

For the first time Carroll turned and bent his kindly gaze on his friend. There was warmth in his look, emotion in his voice as he asked:

"Hugh, if your vessel was blowing on the rocks and you felt you could save her—perhaps only you of all the crew; if another vessel came along and you saw a chance of getting off and saving your life—what would you do?"

"Stay with the ship," replied the captain, matter-of-factly.

"Then," said Carroll, laying his hand on the captain's shoulder before returning to the bedlam of his office, "don't ask me silly questions."

How Carroll stayed and fought the thing out and what the final surprising outcome was will be related in the proper place. The whole present status of the most important concern of its kind in the world has hinged on the personal character and past history of Tom Carroll. For in Gloucester, you know, they look a man straight in the eyes and take his measure according to the exacting standards of the breed of Grand Banks fishermen who for three hundred years have torn their living, winter and summer, from the teeth of the North Atlantic.

And these are the men who respect Tom Carroll for his courage, his loyalty and his integrity. Most of all they recognize that he has never forgotten the viewpoint of the man who skins the fish in the long Gloucester sheds, or the man who balances in a rocking dory and hauls the great cod off a forty fathom bottom. It all goes back to the time when young Tom Carroll stood behind a wooden slab and cut fish for twenty cents an hour.

His whole life has been an uphill battle—a hard fight, but always a fair one. Carroll well remembers its beginning when, one evening forty-six years ago, his oldest brother, a youth of twenty, sprawled on the lounge in their old home and discussed with his mother the prospects of the next day's fishing trip. Mrs. Carroll, a widow with seven children, maintained a fishermen's boarding house down on Fort Point, Gloucester, and her oldest son eked out the family's fortunes by fishing on a "two-hooker."

"Lost With All Hands"

DEEP-SEA fishing even today is classed among the most dangerous occupations, but in the late eighties fishing on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland or on Georges Shoals out in the Atlantic was war to the death. Nowadays the fishing schooners out of Gloucester and the other fishing seaports have "kickers"—powerful little motors that can yank a schooner off a lee shore in the teeth of a sudden gale. The men trawl from dories with long lines carrying hundreds of hooks and if the fish are biting well it doesn't take so long to get a boatload of great flopping cod. When a sudden storm comes up or even more dangerous fog begins to settle, the engined schooner is generally successful in picking up her dories and running clear of the shallow banks before the sea has become too rough for a small boat to live.

But in the old days nearly every gale took its toll of fishermen. The two-masted schooners were seaworthy and beautifully handled, but they were smaller than those today and, anchored directly over the great shallow banks, they sometimes took incredible chances in rough weather. Their crews fished directly over the side with hand lines till the water about the vessel was foul with fish cleanings, and then they took to the dories that had been nested on deck. From the dories they fished with hand lines fitted with two hooks from which originated the term "two-hooker." All went well while the sea was what they called "ca'am." To a layman it always looked like a nasty sea as the dories bobbed out of sight behind the great, gray-backed rollers.

Sometimes the dories fished right up to the edge of great rocks like "The Virgin" that lie just under water till, in a freshening sea, one wave, deeper than the rest, laid bare the black menace with a suck and a roar of raging white foam. Then God help the dory that was caught there! And God help the schooner with a dragging anchor when a storm turned the shoals to leeward into acres of menacing breakers.

They had the choice of remaining at anchor or of weighing and running the slender chance of clawing free before the wind drifted them into the breakers. Generally they chose the lesser risk and stayed at anchor. But ofttimes as the waves built up into mountains and the gale increased its violence, some vessel to windward of the fleet began to drag its anchors. That one swooped down and fouled another, or two, or three. And often, despite the efforts of the valiant, death-defying fishers who manned them, the whole conglomerate mass of vessels would sweep to destruction in the raging surf.

On that winter's night when Tom Carroll was eleven years of age, Ma Carroll was attempting to persuade her oldest boy not to go out to Georges Banks.

"I don't like the looks of it, boy," she said. "A storm has been making for days. You are the youngest man in the fleet and I want you to stop ashore this trip."

"And what'll I do if I stop ashore, mother? Loaf around the wharves? We're not too rich as it is."

"Remember what happened to your father. I don't want to lose you, too, in those terrible breakers."

"I do remember it, and there hasn't been another such gale since he was lost on Georges eight years ago. They don't have storms like that these days."

"If you should get wrecked," put in young Tom Carroll, "couldn't you swim ashore?"

His brother hooted in derision. "Georges is a hundred miles from land. Could I swim that far?"

"Then," persisted Tom, "if there isn't any land, why do the waves break?"

"Because the water is shallow where we go to fish. The waves can't roll along the way they

Not much the air of a school room about this picture, is there? Yet the Gorton-Pew fish-skinning loft has been the nursery of some exceptional talent. The president of the company, one of the partners, a poet, a judge, a physician and half a dozen other men of mark in Gloucester once skinned fish here side by side.

do in deep water and they tumble down and crush a boat to pieces."

"*Please* miss this trip, son," urged Mrs. Carroll. "I can't bear to have you go."

But there is stern stuff in the Carroll blood and the boy went, like his father before him. And like his father before him, his schooner was lost with all hands. When the ragged remnants of the fishing fleet returned to port, bearing the tragic news of one hundred and forty men lost on Georges, Tom Carroll left school and went to work.

It is an old story that in the big packing houses of Chicago they use every part of the pig except the squeal. In the fish business they do even better than that. Tom Carroll's first job was picking codfish sounds. It should be explained however that the "sound" of a fish is inaudible. It is otherwise known as the air bladder. When cured and dried it is made into isinglass which, in the old, unregenerate days, was principally used for clarifying beer. Tom Carroll picked sounds on a wharf at Fort Point for the munificent sum of six cents an hour.

But this job, which consists of tearing the sound from the backbone of the cod after the fish has been split by another worker, did not hold Tom long. The boy's parents, miserably poor of purse, endowed him with brains. His father, Irish born, had been a ship captain before coming to Gloucester to fish, and as a sideline had taught navigation in an era when comparatively few fishing skippers had more than a smattering of the science. Tom's heritage was good and his ambition was excellent.

AT SIXTEEN, with a man's physique, he was doing a man's work, splitting the fish as they came from the vessels for salting, and extracting backbones with tireless fingers. And at this time, which was shortly after he had entered the employ of Slade Gorton, principal founder of the present firm, he had his first experience in a dispute between employer and employee. In this dispute he placed himself firmly on the side of fair play, establishing a precedent that has guided him through life.

Going to work one morning he was intercepted by three fellow workers, all older than himself, who announced that they were on strike.

"What for?" asked young Carroll.

"Because the foreman is handing us a dirty deal. He gives the three of us all the little fish to cut and the other guys get the big ones."

"That's not worth striking about."

"It isn't, eh? Don't we do all the work and they get all the money?"

"Have you told Mr. Gorton? He'll listen."

"No. It's none of his business."

"But," said Carroll, "if you strike, you hurt his business."

"Oh, hell," said the spokesman of the three strikers. "This is no time for words. Are you with us or against us?"

"I'm neither one thing nor the other," replied the boy. "You can strike if you want, but I'm going to work."

Tom Stands by the Fish Skinners

THERE was a certain amount of grumbling against the inflexible young fish splitter, some use of the word "scab," even some threat of bringing keen-edged fish knives into play as fighting weapons, but Carroll maintained his position. He had his living to make, held no grievance against his employer, and refused to be a party to another man's trouble-making.

However, a difficulty arose shortly after which found him aligned solidly on the other side with the workers. Carroll had then progressed to fish-skinning, a process in the manufacture of salt cod that calls for a high degree of skill. After the fish has been split and laid flat it is placed in huge hogsheads or butts between layers of salt. The salt draws liquid from the soft flesh and forms a brine in which the fish is pickled for a matter of four weeks. When properly "struck," or cured, the fish is removed from the butts, drained, and dried in the open air. Then it goes to the skinners, who with sharp knives and deft fingers, strip off the parchment-like integument. The skin goes into the manufacture of glue and the fish is boned and prepared for packing.

Fish-skinning has always been paid for on the piece basis, and at that time higher prices were paid at Gorton's than in any other loft in Gloucester. As a natural result Slade Gorton employed the best and the fastest skinners in town. Word came to these men one day that the boss was about to announce a drastic cut in prices.

For some time Carroll had been a favorite with blunt, hard-working Slade Gorton. The boy's skill, enterprise, and the qualities of his leadership which were already becoming manifest were what had brought him to the attention of the employer. Now that a crisis had arisen in the fortunes of the workers, they turned to the boy by tacit consent.

"Come, Tom," they said, "you may be the youngest skinner in the loft, but you're the 'white-haired boy.' Gorton likes you and will listen to you—and you'll know what to say. Speak for all of us, and we'll back you to the last word."

The next morning before turning-to time the crucial moment came. Tom Carroll, a boy in years, but a man in size and self-reliance, stood with his back to the round-bellied stove, warming his hands, and mustering up his courage. About him were the dozen-odd men who had elected him their spokesman.

Into the loft came Slade Gorton, round as the butts in which he cured his fish, heavy-jowled, pop-eyed. In one fleshy hand he carried a slip of paper announcing his cut in prices. His prominent eyes traveled the circle of the men and came to rest on Carroll.

"Well, boy," he said, "you look as if you had something on your mind. Spit it out!"

Tom Carroll cleared his throat nervously, but he spoke up like a man. "Mr. Gorton," he began, "the men have asked me to speak for them, and before you announce that cut I want to give you our side.

"We know," he went on, "that we get better pay for fish skinning than any other men in Gloucester. On the other hand, you've got the best and fastest workers. We make more money for you, but we're not getting rich. If this cut goes through you won't take the money out of our savings. No sir, you'll take it out of our stomachs or off our backs. And we can't stand it. Now we're not trying to run your loft for you. We won't strike. If you try to cut prices we'll simply quit fish-skinning and get jobs where we can earn a living."

Carroll stopped speaking, and Slade Gorton strode toward him. With one hand he brushed the boy aside. With the other he opened the door of the stove and cast the slip inside. Gorton spoke no word as he left the loft, but the ready flames, licking up the unannounced price cut, were more eloquent than words. The unanswerable fairness of the boy had won a victory for the men.

And it did more. Slade Gorton, hard in some ways, but always just, felt that in Carroll he had found a young man of rare promise—one who could skin fish with the best of them, could express himself, lead his fellow workers and still see both sides of a question. At twenty-two Carroll was made foreman of the fish-skinners, and at twenty-nine admitted to the firm of Slade Gorton & Co.

I talked the other day with Mr. George Ira Tarr, of Gloucester, about those early days in the Gorton skinning loft. Mr. Tarr is a jovial young man of seventy who was last year elected for the first time to the Massachusetts state legislature. He it was who first lifted

Tom Carroll to a bench and showed him how to pick sounds.

"I suppose," said Mr. Tarr, "that you have never heard of the Gloucester Academy."

"Never did," I confessed.

"That's natural," said the septuagenarian. "That's my own name for the Gorton skinning loft at the time Tom Carroll was foreman of it. Quite an institution that was—no books and no frills, but a remarkable student body. There was Dr. Philip Moore and his brother William, now dead. Dr. Moore is one of the leading physicians of Essex County, and Will became a partner at Gorton-Pew. And they skinned fish alongside John Perkins, now retired, a big business man and a director of the Gloucester National Bank, and the late John J. Flaherty, judge on one of the higher benches in this state. In addition the 'academy' turned out a poet and a lawyer and half a dozen other men of mark."

I pressed Mr. Tarr for more literal information. Did Mr. Carroll gather the boys around him and instruct them after hours?

"No," he replied. "They just worked there."

"And was there magic or inspiration in the atmosphere of that loft?" I asked.

"Nothing in the atmosphere but the smell of salt fish. Those men at the time were all ordinary fish-skinners. But they had the makings of big men in them. They were attracted to Tom Carroll because he was a big man himself."

It was not until 1902, when Carroll was thirty-four years of age and general manager of Slade Gorton & Co., that he had opportunity to practice on a large scale his ideas about the equitable relationship between employer and employed. In the summer of that year Gloucester's fishing industry suffered a general strike for the first time since the town's foundation in 1623. A thousand men and women formed a union and walked out after naming their demands and refusing the compromise offered them by the producing companies. Fall elections were coming on and a boom was started to nominate the leader of the strike for the mayoralty of Gloucester. Feeling ran high and much of it was directed against Tom Carroll, who was said to have forgotten that he was once a common working man.

But Carroll had not forgotten. He remembered those two incidents of his early youth—the one in which he had denied the right of three men to keep him from working when he wanted to work, and the other when he had denied the right of his employer to give him less than a living wage. Though he was the chief prop of capital in this fight against labor he was also the chief (though unsuspected) friend of labor.

The strike lasted three weeks and then suddenly exploded. The unionizer lost his prestige and the men and women agreed to go back to work.

"Fine," said Gloucester's fish magnates. "They'll resume at the old wage scale."

"No," said Carroll. "We'll start them in at the compromise wages we offered them. I feel they're entitled to—and what's more they need—the extra money."

The factories reopened and the day soon came when every splitter, skinner, cutter and packer in Gloucester was again employed—every one, that is, with the exception of the organizer of the strike.

He met Carroll on the water front one day.

"Well, Mr. Carroll, you've licked me and I'm out of a job. Nobody in town will give me one," said he. Carroll instantly replied:

"I'll give you a job. You can start right now."

"B-b-but," stammered the unionizer, "I thought you had it in for me for starting the strike."

"I haven't got a thing against you," was the startling reply. "I thoroughly believe in unions. Workers have to hang together for mutual protection. But I don't believe in the closed shop. And I won't have it. Nobody can tell me who I may or may not employ. But anybody who is capable can work for me whether or not he belongs to a union. You are capable. Go to work."

There were tears in the organizer's eyes as he shook hands and said, "I'm damned, Mr. Carroll, if you ain't the whitest man I ever met."

So well was the strike settled that not for sixteen years did another major disturbance occur in Gloucester's fish industry—and then it concerned a branch of the business with which Carroll was not directly connected. In the meantime three of the most prominent salt fish producers had consolidated with Slade Gorton & Co., and it is significant that the owners of all four companies agreed to combine only on condition that Thomas J. Carroll was made general manager of the lot. He was fast earning the reputation which now places him at the head of his profession.

Hazards of the Fishing Banks

IN 1918 the deep-sea fishermen of Gloucester declared a strike against their captains. If there is romance in the fish business these men experience it—and fail to recognize it. In small vessels they put to sea, summer or winter, blow high, blow low, and in diminutive dories shove out from the vessels' sides to trawl for fish. They go where the fish are—to Georges Banks, a hundred miles off Cape Cod; to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland that stretch five hundred miles out into the North Atlantic across the track of fast steamers from Europe and great icebergs from the Arctic. They venture boldly up the Arctic coast of the Labrador.

They endure the ordinary perils of the sea—cold, storm, and shipwreck—and in addition the extra hazards of their calling. Hundreds of miles from land in fifteen-foot dories, they may be separated from their schooners by sudden storm or fog. Then they must shift for themselves, and there are cases on record of men who have rowed to land with their hands frozen to the oars, or of others who have been blown half-way to Europe before they were rescued. Many are never heard of, and many more in boats large and small have been ground under the blind bows of heedless, speeding ocean liners.

These men were mobilized during the war to supply fish for the country so that our meat might be sent overseas. They cut short their time in port, put out when the fishing was bad, dared everything to increase the output of sea food. And then, being human, when they discovered that they were working harder than landsmen and receiving less money, they struck.

But the captains of the fishing schooners were up against it, too. Fishing is different from almost any other business that one cares to name. In another business if the workers demand higher wages, their demands can be met with higher prices to the consumer or with increased production. But if the fish won't bite there's no way of making them, and hence production cannot be arbitrarily increased. Moreover, if the fish bite all at once the market is flooded and the price slumps. Again, the men who catch the fish are not paid on a wage basis, but on shares of the value of the catch. If the men's share—or "lay," as it is called—is increased, the owner and the captain suffer a corresponding loss. Since the owners and the captains, who are at least part owners, are as human as the fishermen and as jealous of their purses, the strike of 1918 soon came to a deadlock.

How Carroll Stopped the Strike

THIS did not meet the approval of the government at Washington. Fish and more fish were needed to feed the country. A commission was dispatched to Gloucester to inquire into the situation. Fortunately for the fishermen and for the country at large that commission was headed by the late Henry B. Endicott, whose fame for his equitable handling of labor in his shoe factories was nation-wide. The element of good fortune in selecting him lay in the fact that Mr. Endicott knew nothing whatever about the fish business—and knew that, too. He came to Gloucester, sized up the difficulties, and at once appealed to Thomas J. Carroll to settle the matter.

Carroll demurred. Gorton-Pew were by that time owners of a large fleet of fishing vessels, but he was not in charge of the maritime end of the business. Endicott insisted and Carroll capitulated. A meeting of the fishing captains and ship owners of Gloucester was held in the town-hall on April 19, 1918. The date is important because in Massachusetts, April 19th is Patriots' Day. Endicott presided and Carroll sat by, saying nothing as effectively as only a man of his eminent poise can.

The captains wrangled. They told the presiding officers that they would die before they would yield one inch to the striking fishermen. The captains beat their chests and called the Lord to witness that on this Patriots' Day none were more patriotic than they. This one had given a son to the cause, that two sons, and this other one had put all his money into Liberty bonds. They were virtuous, patriotic, and the right was on their side. They'd be eternally hornswoggled if they'd give in.

To Thomas J. this beating of the tom-toms seemed a trifle apart from the issue. Of course the captains had made sacrifices—real sacrifices for the war, but so had the fishermen, so had every loyal American. Suddenly Carroll was on his feet. Smiling diffidently, he looked down on the uproarious throng of mariners, apparently willing to wait all day to gain their attention. But the noise stopped a second later. Carroll was going to speak and he'd probably have something to say.

He did. The words were not transcribed verbatim, but the result is still remembered.

"Gentlemen," he said in effect, "I am glad that you have called attention to your acts of patriotic devotion. As you are well aware, today is the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, when the early patriots of Massachusetts shed blood to protect the welfare of their children. On this Patriots' Day of the year 1918 little children, the children of the striking fishermen, are going hungry in the homes of Gloucester. I beg to remind you that the children are not to blame. The fault is equally divided between their fathers and you. The fishermen started it, but you won't let it end."

"They've got to end it," some one shouted, "by giving in."

Carroll took that interjection as if it had been a cue in a play.

"You know," he went on, "that the striking fishermen are a proud people—of the same blood as yourselves. It is not in them to give in as a body, and as individuals they cannot bear to be called scabs. They will let their children starve and starve themselves before they yield. But they *want* to give in, being men of heart, and they will leap at any compromise. So the question is, what minor concession can you make to end the strike? Won't you think over all the incidental expenses of operation and see if there is not one item that can be taken off the shoulders of the fishermen?"

The speaker seated himself and the hubbub began again. He well knew what concession the captains could make without mortal injury to their pocketbooks or their self-esteem, but he was too much of a diplomat to mention it. In a

Long before shredded codfish was obtainable in packages at the corner grocer's, salt cod was a staple item of diet in New England homes. After the dressed fish is cured by pickling in brine, it is drained and dried on these racks in the open air. Eventually every scrap from head to tail is used, the inedible portions being converted into glue, fertilizer and isinglass.

sense he was an outsider—the suggestion must come from them.

What happened next seems like anti-climax. The tumultuous arguments continued, and finally out of them came one small, brilliant idea—which any of the captains might have thought of days before. A spokesman arose and announced that he and his associates would be willing, in order to end the strike, to discontinue the practice of charging the fishermen for repairs to their fishing gear. It was a traditional holdover from other days, a small item in the expense of operating a fishing vessel, and one that could be absorbed without injury to the owners.

CARROLL was on his feet again, unassuming, soft-voiced as ever. He desired to say that the compromise seemed an excellent one and that he would propose it to the men. He refrained from saying that the suggested concession was the one he had had in mind.

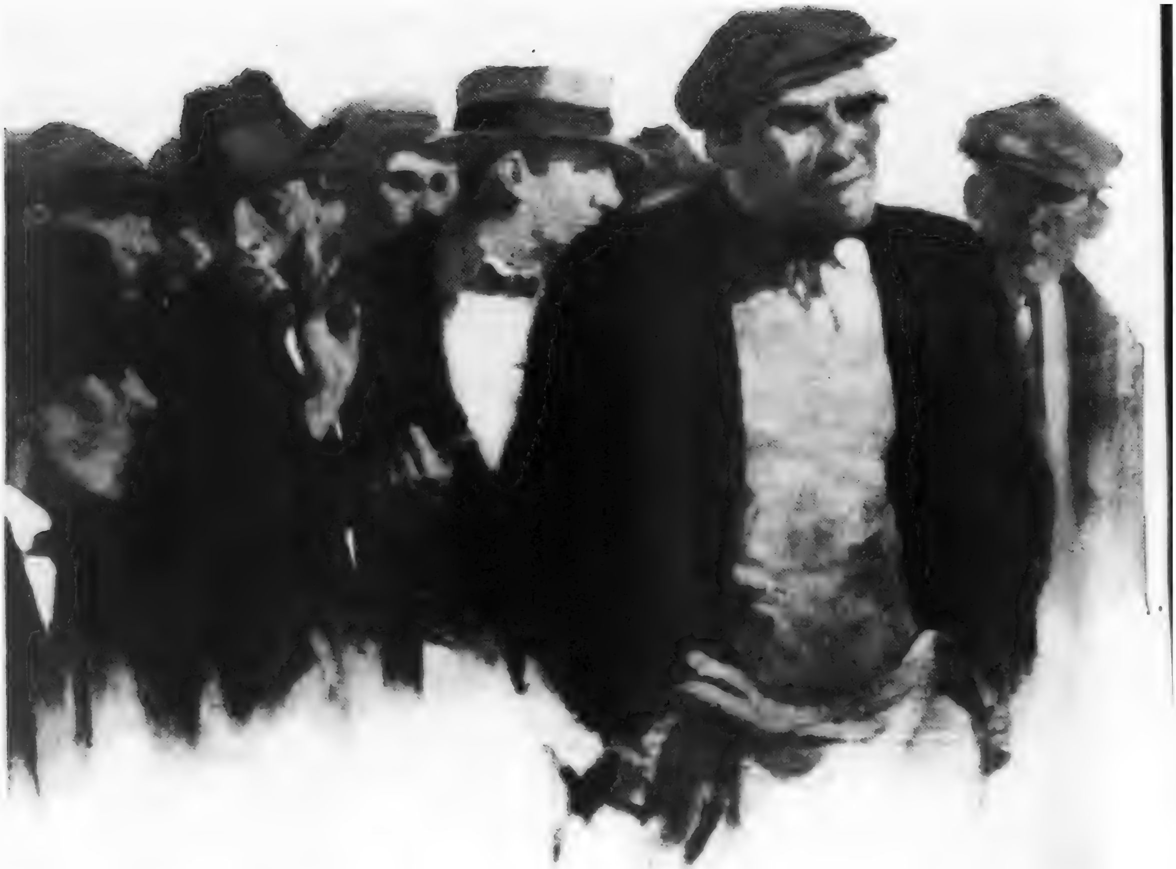
The meeting ended quietly, and the mediator made known his will to the strikers. They, their pride salved, their concession won, manned the vessels, and the strike ended as quietly as the meeting.

People said afterward that if the captains had held out a day or two longer they would have won the strike without compromise, but Carroll, with his innate love of fair play, with his knowledge of the working man's psychology, knows otherwise.

Labor worries are now virtually unknown in Gloucester and the fish business is on a firmer footing than it was even in "the good old days" when a fleet of a thousand sail crowded the fishing wharves. This story of a quiet, successful executive who knows his fellow men and who bides his time, comes to a climax with the "troubled period" in the history of Gorton-Pew.

"Don't ask me silly questions," said Tom

[*Continued on page 167*]



"You one of them!" Davey breathed. There was a murmur of astonishment from the

Illustrated by
Stockton Mulford

The Padre's

A sporting parson trains a boy

A BLADE of grass in his mouth, Davey sat watching the scrap. It was no more than that. Two lads like himself, but not as big as himself, were sparring. The ring was marked out with stumps in a meadow behind the vicarage garden, and the padre, back from the war with a D.S.O. in place of a finger, held the watch.

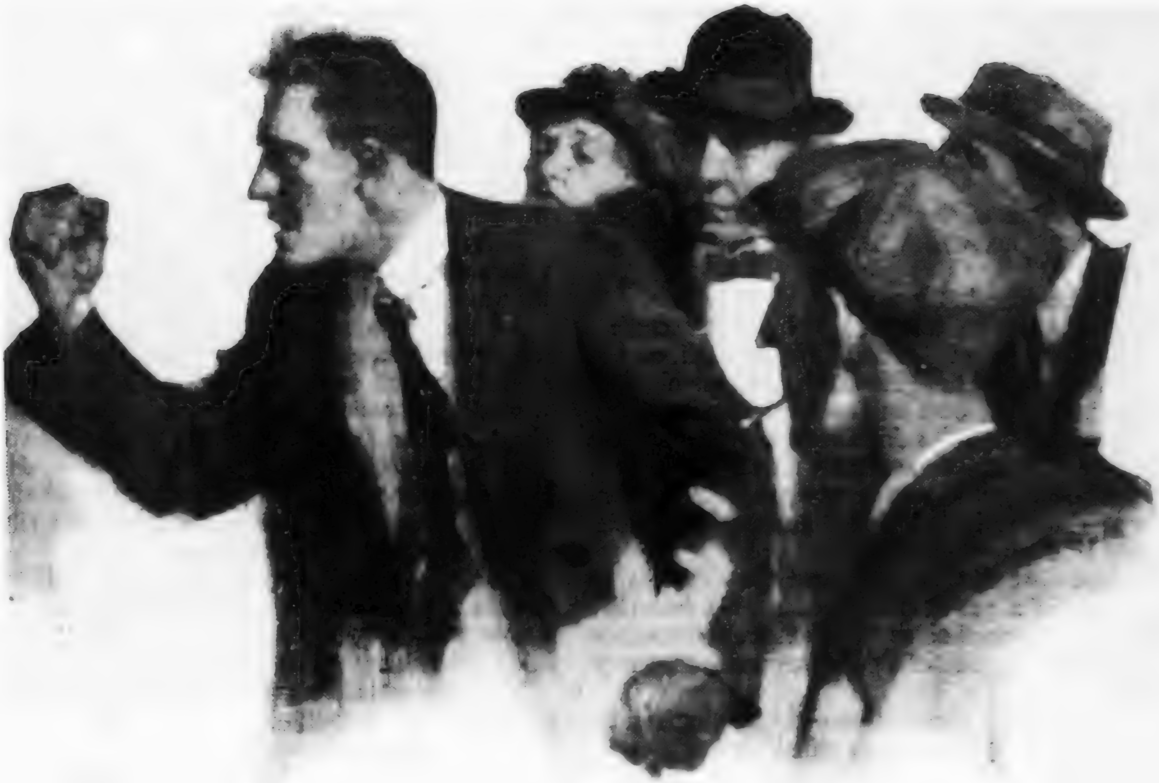
"Time!" he called; and the lads sank to the grass. And then he said: "You can't pack a punch like Davey."

How Davey thrilled. To be seventeen and praised by a hero; what more could life offer? Nothing, he was sure. But it was coming to an end; this boxing under the sporting vicar, this fast-flying interlude between school and work, the doting on him by his mother; all that meant life up to now.

"Now, Davey!"

Up he sprang and put on the gloves, for his coat was off already. Ding, dong, they fought to win. That was the padre's slogan. It mattered nothing that one was a parson and the other the penniless son of a war-widow; nor did it matter that this was only sport, exercise, fun. They fought as if they were fighting for a belt at the National Sporting—and Davey was floored by a straight right to the chin.

But he was up again—his blood roused; he led and the padre countered. A hammer-and-tongs struggle in the meadow in sight of the church. He was winning, he knew he was



onlookers. But Davey didn't hear it; only saw a great blackguard with a leer on his dirty face.

Colt

By
Guy Fletcher

for the fight of his young life

winning. He feinted with his left, and crashed a right swing to the vicar's jaw.

"That was a good 'un, Davey," the padre said thirty seconds later from his posture on the grass.

A sportsman—the hell of a sportsman. Long after, when Davey was up against it, when the wrong thing, the weak thing might so easily have been done and condoned, Davey had cause to remember the man who served out in France and came back to teach the lads of an English village to fight to win. . . .

Four years had passed. Davey had lost his mother, and had long been working in the city. On a certain summer evening, when a fine rain was falling upon London, he and a girl, both in waterproofs, boarded a west-bound bus at Ludgate Circus, and climbed to the top.

They were compelled to do so, but had the inside been empty they would have done the same. They loved fresh air, they loved each other. Here, under the sky, they could hold hands.

"Saving, Davey?" she asked presently.

"Not a cent. You?"

"Not a nickel."

They both laughed.

"Year, isn't it," said Davey, "since we saw the house we are going to buy?"

"Fares, please," said the conductor; said the girl: "And time to wake up!"

Rain fell on their faces; wet faces kissed. And the bus throbbed on, and Davey said: "Sha'n't see you tomorrow, Gwennie."

"Why?"

"Going on a train.'

"Where?"

"Hundred miles off."

"Why?"

He squeezed her hand. "Want us to get married," he said. "Do you want us to get married?"

She nodded in the rain.

And then he told her of his mad scheme. There was a horse called Holiday Hall, and it was "out to win." He knew, because his boss was putting £5 on it and he came from Scotland. "Good enough," said Davey. And he had drawn £10 out of the Post-Office by telegraph, and he had got it, and he was going sick tomorrow—but really to the Midlands to back Holiday Hall—for them.

And Gwennie, having spent the day totting figures in a gas-lit vault not a mile from St. Paul's, cottoned on to the idea, seeing romance in it and the ghost of a possible chance to marry her Davey.

They rode on through the night holding hands.

"Oh, Davey, suppose it wins!"

He kissed her again.

"How much will you get?"

"Chap in the office says it ought to be ten to one."

"Ten tens. . . . Oh, Davey, a hundred pounds!"

He echoed: "A hundred pounds!"

It was raining, but they were in fairyland. And he was seeking adventure tomorrow for their sakes. The night seemed radiant with stars.

"TWO ter one the fiel'—two ter one the fiel' —six ter one bar three!"

In rows, in the silver ring of the race-course outside a midland town, each stood yelling in a raucous voice beside his clerk who penciled in a ledger.

Bookies. Fat men, most of them; their faces red with winds and shouting; their lips blue and white from constantly wetting thumbs and rubbing out chalk figures.

The usual crowd—and din. Then over the heads of all, beyond the rails, a scarlet splash against the sky, and a gorgeous, spindle-legged creature, shining with health and muscle, ambling to the post.

Davey glimpsed it, then looked at his race-card. "13—Holiday Hall—Scarlet." He had waited till the last moment to get the best odds, and, now it had come, he pushed frantically down a lane of bookies lest he should be too late.

Now a kaleidoscope of colors was floating by. . . . 8—Holiday Hall—one man offered 9; but he was a thin man, and Davey somehow felt inclined to entrust his money to a fat one. He seemed more substantial.

"I want ten pounds on Holiday Hall."

Like a flash the fat bookie rubbed out the 8 on the black margin of paper flanking the runners, while he called with the rapidity of lightning: "Eighty poun' ter ten 'Oliday 'All—number 329." and gave Davey a ticket on which was printed his beautiful face.

Davey turned from that to another face which was staring at him hungrily, and shoved his way to the stand.

As somehow he edged up, the roar behind him was deafening; he felt the whole world must be here. He could now get no higher, and turned. Now he couldn't stand upright for the human weight behind, and was only kept from falling by the human resistance below. He peered out over caps and bowlers and soft hats, but could see nothing but white rails and a ribbon of grass under a leaden sky.

A bell; a shout; "They're off!" The sudden, hushed silence on top of such noise was electric. A man at Davey's side gazing through glasses said impressively: "The favorite's there."

"Can you see Holiday Hall?" he asked, for he could still see nothing. . . . He could now—a blur across the ribbon of green.

"There's something in Lord Derby's colors."

Now from the blur showed a white blob to his naked eye.

Nearer, nearer they came; he could see colors now. "Ten to one bar Juno!" His heart sank. But, after all, what right had he to expect to win? Now he could see riders, chestnut and brown and bay horses, a blaze here, a white leg there, the jockeys' arms moving up and down and whips cutting the air. Amid cheering the field swept forward in almost a straight line across the course, and Juno in magpie colors was half a length in front.

And then suddenly, unbelievably, a horse whose name had not even been shouted, shot from the ruck and seemed to leave the rest standing still. And its jockey—its jockey wore a scarlet jacket; and on the white saddle-cloth was "13"—it was Holiday Hall!

Who could believe it? Anyone but Davey. He had *won!*

He found his bookie.

"I'll pay on the 'All Right,' sir."

Bless his dear, fat, hot face! He would pay, that was all that mattered. Feeling lighter than air, Davey looked at Mr. Alf. Smith's photograph on the face of the ticket, and once again that other face—the hungry one he had noticed before—stared into his own.

"All Right! . . . All Right."

"I'll pay over 'Oliday 'All."

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety pounds in notes were pressed into Davey's trembling hands. Thinking of Gwennie, thinking only of Gwennie, he folded them into his pocketbook and dropped it in his hip-pocket. Then he thanked Mr. Alf. Smith and withdrew from the crowd.

Ninety pounds—a fortune—but what a thirst he had! He found himself in a dense mass of humanity clamoring for drinks. He waited, then decided it wasn't worth it: he would get one presently.

Outside, behind the stand, where there was no one about, he put a hand to his pocket to draw out his precious winnings. He put a hand there—kept it there. They were gone.

God, they were gone!

His pocketbook—his pocketbook with ninety pounds in it—stolen!

Gwennie! . . . What could he do? What *was* there to do?

HE RETURNED to the front of the stand, found and told his tragedy to a policeman—who shrugged. And Davey looking at the multitude knew why. What a hope of ever finding the thief! Oh, and what a damned fool he was! Unconscious even that he had put his return-ticket in his waistcoat instead of the filched pocketbook, he passed out of the cursed enclosure.

Damn everything! . . . And he had won the money—he hadn't lost it on the horse. Many were leaving before the last race to avoid the crush. He joined the stream.

And suddenly he stopped, rigid as a setter when a bird's in the grass, and suddenly he ran.

He collared a small man from behind, then a big man dived on him. Smashing up a fist, Davey flung him off. And now he had the little swine with the hungry face on the ground—what a bit of luck!—and was going through his pockets, when a hand gripped his collar and he went hurtling through the air.

He fell heavily. There was a crowd; but no longer a sign of that hungry face. Of course, they worked in gangs; he rose. The crowd stared at him, and he stared at the hulking brute who had defeated his ends.

"You're one of them!" he breathed, rising and approaching him. And then there was a murmur of astonishment from the onlookers.

But Davey didn't hear it; only saw a great blackguard over six foot tall, with a leer on his dirty face and his hands hidden to the knuckles in breeches pockets.

"You're one of them!" repeated Davey; and the bully's lips opening showed a black cavity where the teeth were missing.

"You leave well alone," advised an unknown friend.

And another: "Don't you touch him."

But Davey had jumped already—jumped in the air with clenched fist at the ashable face. And hit it. And hit it again. The bully countered; but Davey attacked—always attacked.

The crowd swelled—like the lips and eyes of these men: the one a young clerk from London, the other a North country rough. There were tipsters there, and Old Kate who sold race-cards, and two policemen, but they didn't interfere. And Davey was fighting as he had fought those years ago in the meadow in sight of the church—but with bare fists now.

A knuckle fight—his first; and they bled—knuckles and nose and ears—but so did this bully's. That was glorious! Somehow, punching this giant who, he was convinced, was in the swim, Davey felt utterly happy. His money was lost, but he was fighting to win—if not money, revenge. And there, on a race-course, in sight of a race-crowd, he gave a race-course rough the very father and mother of a hiding.

One last straight drive—the bully reeled and crumpled to the ground. And lay there. . . . Cheering. Why were they cheering? Davey wondered as he was led away. They told him, but he couldn't take it in. He was nearly dead.

Someone sponged him down—it was a Gipsy. Then someone else said: "London?"

He understood that, and nodded. Then fainted away.

Next morning, in the gas-lit vault not a mile from St. Paul's, Gwennie sat totting figures. Came a girl to her side, laid a hand on her shoulder and whispered:

"Holiday Hall!"

Gwennie looked round.

"It won."

"I know."

"Aren't you frightfully bucked?"

"Yes, frightfully."

"Seen Davey?"

"No."

"Fancy going all the way to the Midlands to back a horse!"

Gwennie's pretty face smiled. "He knew it would win."

"Instinct. Do you believe in instinct, Gwennie?"

"Every time."

A man came in, and, passing, dropped a letter in front of the girls. Gwennie opened it; and her heart went slow and her brain ran quick, for she knew the writing.

Dear Gwennie, ("He's never affectionate in a letter," Gwennie thought.)

Can you come round to my digs any time tomorrow evening? I ran into a wasp's nest at the races. Ever, DAVEY.

A wasp's nest? . . . Then if she was to go round to his rooms he couldn't be at business. What did it mean?

. . . She found him that evening sitting in a chair, but she couldn't see his face, for it was swathed in bandages.

She swung herself on her knees and cried: "Oh, Davey!"

Came a muffled laugh.

"You're hurt!"

"Bit."

She caressed his hands, she found his swollen lips between the bandages and crooned to him.

Then he told her everything.

"Poor Davey! Poor, poor old Davey!"

She sat on the rug before the fire holding his hand. "Never mind, Davey. Your poor face 'ull get better, and you'll soon have another ten pounds."

He laughed dryly, terribly dryly. "Gwennie, I'm sacked."

She looked up aghast. "Sacked!"

"Yes," he explained, "they smelt a rat and sent down here yesterday. I got on the 'phone to a pal just now, and he told me of the letter that was coming through the post."

"It isn't fair!"

"Oh, but it is. You take a risk with your eyes open—can't squeal when you're found out. Don't think me a prig, Gwennie—I'm just the unluckiest blighter—" he touched her hair and added— "except to have you."

"You'll have me always," cried Gwennie passionately; and he laughed again.

"Have to clear out, I reckon."

"Clear out!" she echoed with terror.

"Work my passage to America, make good and come back." His voice was broken; he used the short sentences one does under emotion. "No references. Sha'n't get a job."

She said angrily: "Don't talk like that, Davey. I won't have it. Is the whole world so honest that a harmless lie can keep a good man from a job?"

He shrugged, his fingers playing nervously in his waistcoat pockets. And presently he pulled something out.

"What's this?" He looked at it puzzled; and then recollection showed on his face. "A chap must have given me that yesterday when I was half in the next world."

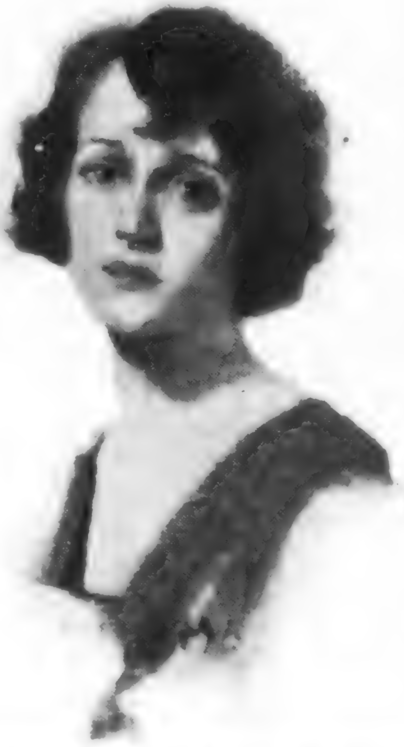
"His card? Let's look at it."

She took it and read out: "Mr. Bertram Hanway;" and an address in London.

"He gave it you? What was he like?"

"God knows—I don't."

"Davey," she cried excitedly. "I've a hunch about this. Go and see him—go and see him directly after your face gets better."



Gwennie hadn't the slightest idea that anything was crooked: for Davey was ashamed.

A FEW mornings later a dark, middle-aged man took a side-turning southward of the busy Strand, and entered a house which was let in offices. He wore a brown soft hat and a brown suit, and his eyes were brown and his face was sallow. A rather shabbily dressed fellow, with the cut of a bruiser about him, he carried a despatch-case which was also the worse for wear.

As a fact he was nearing the end of his tether—it had been a long one. He climbed the stairs, inserted a key and entered a small room. Stale cigar smoke still hung about it, and it showed prints and photographs of boxers. There was an autographed one of a middle-weight well known in the ring today, and Bertram Hanway had trained him once upon a time. But Bertram Hanway had since done a year in jail.

Such was the man who without removing his hat now sat at a desk to read the letters which he had picked up from the floor.

He perused the first three with a set expression; but the fourth brought a glitter to his beady brown eyes, and he gave a number through the telephone.

In a few moments he was saying:

"That you, Grossen? Well, listen. He's coming. . . . Why, the chap I told you about. Yes, you fool; Davey Brunning—that's his name—fellow who did in 'Bill Sykes.' . . . Oh, I told you he'd come. . . . Now get on with it. Fill in the name on the proofs—yes, Brunning, two n's, and order the printing. . . . Seen my little puff in the paper this morning? Thought you'd like it. . . . By the way— How do you like your potatoes cooked?"

With that he chuckled, hung up the receiver and read the rest of his letters. They were mostly threats. Yes, he was a rat in a trap—unless his stunt came off!

Very shortly afterward steps sounded on the stairs, followed by a knock. He called, "Come!" and stared intently at the door.

So, Davey entered to his destiny, urged there by the girl he loved.

"Morning, Brunning," said Hanway, with a smile of welcome. "Sit down."

Which Davey did.

The other pushed back his hat and appraised him. "Got rid of 'em quicker than I thought," he said, with a nod to Davey's still-bruised face. "Remember me?"

"No, sir."

"Don't wonder—you were seeing stars."

"Shooting ones."

"By God," said Hanway, "you put up a great show."

"I'd been robbed of ninety quid," Davey explained.

Come pat: "Then how would it suit you to win a hundred?"

The young man gaped. "Damn well! Why, I've lost my job and I've about twelve quid in the world."

"Um! . . . Ever heard of 'Sledge-hammer Lee'?"

"Ever heard of him! Have I ever heard of the Kruschen Feeling?"

Hanway laughed. " 'Sledge-hammer's' forty and fat and a back number. But I'm giving him a show."

"I see."

"You're going to take him on."

"*I* am!" cried Davey.

"Yes, *you* are. You can fight."

"But in a ring—with gloves on," stammered Davey. "I've never fought in a ring—I'm a clerk."

"Out of a job," said Hanway quietly.

"Yes," agreed Davey.

"But don't you put it all in as you did at the races."

Davey looked puzzled. "Then aren't I to *try* to win?"

"Now, listen." Hanway folded his arms on the desk and leaned forward. "Fall in with this, and a hundred pounds is yours."

"Then it's dirty work?"

"I don't give a damn what you call it. This has got to be the hell of a fight, and you're to do everything but knock 'Sledge-hammer' out—for a couple of rounds."

"What then?"

"In the third round he'll knock you out."

"Why?"

"Because I'm *backing* him, and *you* get a hundred quid."

The effrontery of this astonished Davey, and he said spontaneously: "How do you know I sha'n't split?"

"Split? You want the money."

"Yes," admitted Davey, with burning cheeks. "But why choose me?"

"They're talking about you." He showed Davey his "little puff."

And Davey read what was written, and his head was going round. He was offered a hundred pounds. And he had been robbed of ninety. He had nothing—no job, no money. And there was Gwennie—and marriage—and a home.

The man sitting opposite said slowly:

"A hundred pounds to fight like hell, but *lose*. Will you take it on?"

ON A morning, a few weeks later, the padre who had exchanged a finger for a D.S.O. sat in the vicarage veranda reading a newspaper. His foot rested on a basket which held a spaniel bitch and her litter of puppies. She was licking them fondly.

His eyes stopped suddenly at a paragraph headed, "The Padre's Colt;" and the paper rustling caused the mother to look up and wag her stump of a liver-colored tail.

"Davey Brunning," he muttered, reading. "But it's never my old Davey. He's a clerk in the city."

And he read on. This Davey Brunning was to fight "Sledge-hammer Lee" tonight in the east end of London. And there was an interview with him. He had told the reporter that he guessed he had a tough job ahead, and he had *learned all he knew from a country parson*—"

The padre jumped up, and the paper dropped, covering the family in the basket. "Davey!" he said. "My old Davey. The young rascal turned a professional boxer!"

With her nose the spaniel uncovered her babies, but the padre was staring through the window at his desk. Some sheets of foolscap showed there, confoundedly white. That sermon! It called him; but something called him more. His "colt!" That youth he had taught, he had bled and who had bled him, in the meadow down there by the river. East London—in a prize-ring—old Davey! . . . There was an A. B. C., there was a train. He was going to catch it. . . .

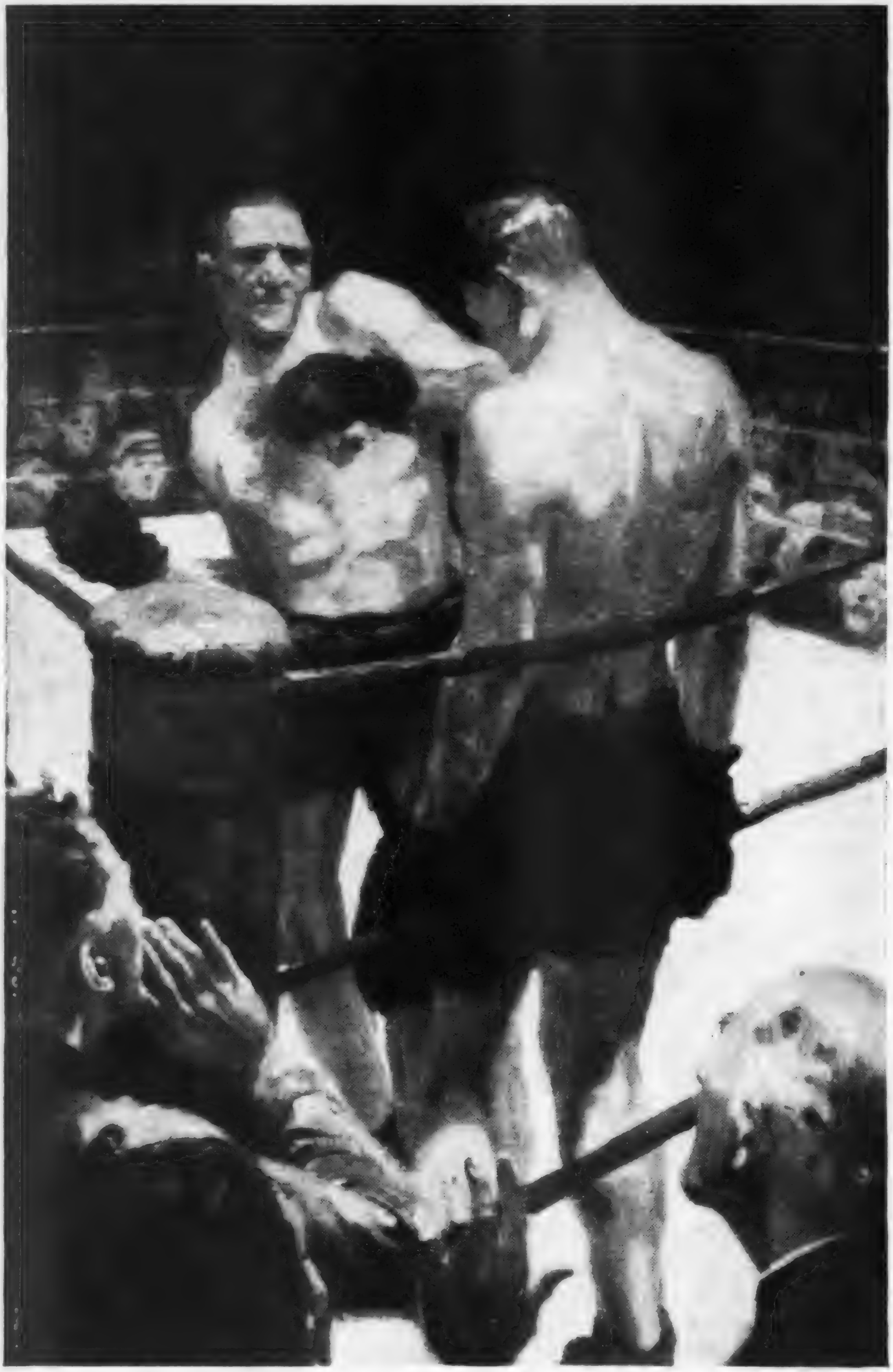
All roads led to Grossen's tonight, for the fight to be staged by that enterprising individual who had given his name to the most up-to-date hall in East London had caught the popular imagination.

"Sledge-hammer Lee" had been an idol not so many years ago; he was out to come back. And the young man he had been pitted against had leapt suddenly into the limelight for half-killing a notorious bully of the race-course.

All knew about that—it had been good copy. And they came, duke's son and cook's son, fan and pug, the racing fraternity and a handful of clerks from the city, expecting no sensation but sure of a fight to a finish.

Yet none doubted the finish. Even those whose profession had to do with horses, fired as they were by the caliber of a man who could put paid to "Bill Sykes," had to admit that nothing but a fluke could give him the verdict over "Sledge-hammer."

Which was Hanway's cunning. Though he



The great panting "Sledge-hammer," his right arm drawn back and coming over—slowly, slowly to Davey's face. And then on the breathless silence came a voice. "Now, Davey!"

must get shorter odds to his money, he had arranged for the obvious to happen. If "Sledge-hammer" won, there could be no possible surprise. Hadn't he the disadvantage only of years? For the rest, hadn't he ring-craft, experience—why, wasn't he a champion of yesteryear?

And all the silver money betted by the pen-pushers on one of their kind, and all the paper money betted on him by the horsey gentlemen out of their belief that he must be a phenomenon to have "murdered" "Bill Sykes," didn't prevent "Sledge-hammer" starting favorite at 2 to 1 on.

Now, while under sizzling arc-lamps a packed house backed their fancies and watched the preliminaries, in a dressing-room, toward eight forty-five, this same "Sledge-hammer" sat in a yellow dressing-gown smoking a cigaret. He had an air about him, though he was inclined to corpulence and his hair was silvering at the sides. Yes, it was "Sledge-hammer"—bound to a dirty compact, like Davey, because he was broke to the wide. To a compact, too, that disgusted him.

Yes, it's a rotten life when a man gets old and hasn't saved.

"Sledge-hammer" looked round at one of his seconds. "Give me a whisky," he said savagely.

"You wait till it's over."

"Blast you, give me a drink. Think I need to be fit to floor this pup?"

And in that crowd upstairs was a girl—one among many; one who was there because her life and happiness were centered on one of the top-liners who was to take the arena tonight. She hadn't the slightest idea that anything was crooked; for Davey, too, was ashamed.

HE WAS downstairs in another dressing-room, unconscious of her presence. He was going through hell. As he sat there in a gray bath-robe, his face in his hands, he recalled the mental torture of the last few weeks; the lies, the deceit, the dirty game he had joined in of his own volition for dirty money.

He threw up his head; and a man in a sweater grinned.

"Wind-up?"

Davey nodded.

Yes, he was afraid. Not of "Sledge-hammer," not of a thousand "Sledge-hammers," but afraid of his conscience. It was damnable to have a conscience. It pricked him with sharp little hot pins. He mightn't have a hope of winning, but he wasn't even to try.

A face looked into the room. "Soon over."

"Yes."

For one instant, gazing at that mean face, Davey wanted to cry: "To hell with you and your hundred pounds!"

But for only an instant. The old arguments flashed through his mind. The same impossible economical position faced him—no money, no work, nothing—and a girl who loved him, a girl he loved, a home he wanted to share with her.

His face was in his hands again. Time passed—he didn't know it; a voice said, "Your show"—and he didn't hear it.

A hand fell on him—he looked up.

"Come on."

He was pushed upstairs. He heard a great volume of sound.

His eyes now on the level of the stage, he glimpsed the audience. Fools! Cheering a man, that big fellow in a yellow dressing-gown, who was to win by arrangement in the third round.

He entered the ring—they cheered him, too.

He sank back in his corner, his wrists on the ropes, and tried not to think. After all, it was too late to think. He was here; and the gloves were and the seconds and the referee and the crowd—and "Sledge-hammer."

Just for a second he felt sorry for "Sledge-hammer." He had been a big man, had beaten his big men on the square. This must hurt him so. He was old, he had wasted the substance he had won from the past; the future held none, the present offered none but this. . . .

Davey watched the preparations like a man who was dazed, like one in a dream. They seemed so silly. Why go through all this—why examine his bandages when the result was fixed? But it was over at last. "Sledge-hammer" was shaking his hand. . . . And then a slap in the face awoke him to facts.

The sting goaded him; he let fly, and a right and left landed to his opponent's ribs. That bucked Davey. He had got through a champion's guard—he could do it again. But "Sledge-hammer" pierced his own—make no mistake about that. He could both box and fight. He did both, desperate to hand out a K. O. while his adversary was "trying" and to impress the critics that he was not alone a light of a bygone day.

Yet Davey once had him on the ropes and hooked bone-shakers to his jowl. In those seconds, with "Sledge-hammer's" head jolting back, Davey was exultantly conscious of his youth and power.

At the end of the first round Bertram Hanway was delighted—all was going so accordingly to plan. It was a damned even fight up to now, as genuine as 22-carat gold, and either *might* win.

A cigar in his mouth, a smile of satisfaction on his face, he looked round.

"What price Davey Brunning?" he shouted to a bookmaker.

"Six ter four, an' I don't want much of it."

He rejoiced. This, and the hum and humor

[*Continued on page 149*]

A Daughter *of* Pioneers

A bleak logging camp on the shore of Pudget Sound cradled the present head of the American Women's Hospitals. Since her Klondike days one professional honor after another has been earned by Dr. Esther Lovejoy in a career of service

by Alissa Franc Keir

"EVERYBODY is good to a boy or girl who really wants to work, and there was always somebody to help one," says Dr. Lovejoy. When she was a little girl hanging out clothes, hoeing cabbages and pitching hay in a backwoods settlement, all kinds of obstacles were in the way of the woman who wanted to study medicine. Esther Lovejoy met them with a cheerful resolution that disheartening set-backs have never since been able to down.

FROM a logging camp on Hood Canal in the Territory of Washington to the presidency of the Medical Women's International Association—a world-wide organization—is a long trail for a backwoods girl to travel. Especially when it leads by way of Skagway and Nome in the days of the Klondike gold rush and gutted Smyrna at the chaotic end of the Great War. Dr. Esther Pohl Lovejoy has traveled this long trail to her present honors through sheer grit and an ability to do joyous hard work whether the odds were stacked against her or not.

One of the highest honors any woman doctor can receive, the Presidency of their International Association, was hers from 1919 to 1924. And for the last seven years she has been Executive Chairman of the American Women's Hospitals, in charge of an organization which is doing one of the finest pieces of constructive work for the unfortunate and helpless ever done by any group of women. From her executive offices in the great, humming metropolis her dramatic life goes back through some of the most stirring scenes witnessed by this generation, to a primitive pioneer settlement on the shores of Puget Sound, where her girlhood began.

At the end of the earth you will always find a certain type of Englishman. Such an Englishman apparently was Edward Clayson, Dr. Lovejoy's father. He went around the Horn with the British Navy and obtained his discharge on the way to this country, to which he came without any definite plans. He settled among the logging camps, on Hood Canal, an arm of Puget Sound, then Washington Territory, now the State of Washington, and his daughter was born there in Seabeck.

"He had married my mother before he sailed, and when my brother was a year old—she was but twenty-two—she crossed the Isthmus with him and joined my father. Great was the rejoicing on her arrival at Port Gamble on Puget Sound. She was the eighth woman to come to that town amid the crowd of men, and they could now at last have four full sets of quadrilles. Before that one poor chap always had to act the perfect lady with a kerchief tied over one arm to designate the rôle. That was in 1868 and I was born a few years later."

Contemplating Doctor Lovejoy, and contrasting her snow white hair with her youthful countenance, it seems almost impossible that the slim figure, the stupendous dynamic vitality and gaiety could belong to a woman of that age. "You don't call that old?" she asked in amazement. "Why, I'm young," and what's more, she meant it!

"My father became an American citizen and secured a contract from the United States Government to deliver mail around the camps on the Canal. There were no roads and he carried it in a sloop, and that sloop was the whole mail system for the district. He was his own whole crew, and he would sail or row according to the weather. It would take him about a week to go the eighty miles of his route—there was no set time for the mail to arrive. It just got there when it could.

"My mother in the meantime worked as a seamstress. She had come from England with lovely clothes she had made herself. Everybody wanted to have things like hers, and so she worked for the women in the town. She even worked for the men. There were no tailors and she made trousers and coats for them, taking their old ones as a pattern. To

[*Continued on page 168*]

In the days of the Klondike Rush, Dr. Lovejoy (left) accompanied her husband and brother to a cold pathless country where clothing and supplies arrived once a year and grinding toil was the daily program.

Dr. Esther Lovejoy is executive head of the American Women's Hospitals, ex-President of the Medical Women's International Association, and author of "The House of the Good Neighbor," a study of the effects of warfare on women and children. Her English parents were among the pioneer settlers of Seabeck, Washington, where Dr. Lovejoy was born and spent her girlhood years in the frontier lumber camps.

The unique occupations of Jack and Della Moore fit each other perfectly. Jack lived among horses and cattle on a Texas ranch before he was big enough to go to school. He was a deputy sheriff and a cattle inspector before he went into the movies. Mrs. Moore is the champion woman rider of Arizona and doubles in dangerous riding stunts for famous stars of the screen.

The Tall Captain of the Sierras

Herding horses and cattle for the movies is Jack Moore's unique job. Mrs. Moore shares with him the thrills of organizing wagon trains and buffalo herds. Sometimes they assemble as many as fifty thousand animals for one picture

by Alice L. Tildesley

"IT TAKES a woman to conquer the meanest horses. A horse that will buck a man will be gentle with a woman," according to the "Tall Captain," who has been handling horses since long before he was old enough to go to school. To him, horses are no great problem. "Buffalo," on the other hand, "will fight you," he says. "If you want to go on living after handling them, you must stay as far away as you can."

IT WAS cold. It seemed colder because it was so dark.

Snow lay thick on the high Sierras and carpeted the ground where the "Thundering Herd" company had pitched their huddled tents. Wind howled about the peaks and swept down upon the canvas city like a demon god, spitting icy flakes as if they had been sparks, and shaking icicles in sharp showers from the pines.

The company stopped fussing over futile oil-stoves and took their stiffened fingers and frosted feet to bed.

In the corral near-by a sick horse whickered.

From her fleece-lined sleeping bag Lois Wilson heard its pitiful complaint again and again, and the low, reassuring, "So! So there!" of its master.

The demon wind twitched at the tent wall. Sharp cold sent Lois's nose burrowing under cover.

"So-o! So there!" she heard. "Chilly—hey?" then the sound of footsteps passing to a tent over the way, and presently coming back. "Better?"—and a grateful whinny.

"I believe—I do believe—" Lois sat up. "Jack Moore has given his blanket to the sick horse!"

Camp was crowded. Extra blankets didn't exist. She peeped out of the crack about the hole where the stove pipe should have fitted and didn't.

In the lantern light beyond rose the ragged corral fence with vague shapes of horses behind it; where the glow was brightest, she could make out the blanketed form of the sick animal and the towering height of Jack Moore. . . .

That is only one of the great store of stories told of the "Tall Captain," as the Indians love to call him.

His eyes are blue and look bluer in his sunburned face; they are as kind as his smile, but they can be cold and stern—as when, on the "Vanishing American" location trip, he caught a man hitting a mule with a rock.

"Put in your time," he ordered. "Back to Hollywood for you!" And he would not relent, although Flagstaff, the nearest railroad stop, was more than a hundred miles distant across the Painted Desert.

Jack Moore's job is unique and was created for him, but his two-year contract with the movies, just signed, does not give him a special title. He goes on location with big productions, taking with him from thirty to forty of his own horses which are trained for motion picture work, and arranging for the other horses needed, which may vary in amount from fifty to five thousand head.

If the picture calls for cattle, Jack Moore oversees the assembling, care and handling of the herds during the time contracted for their use. Buffalo, in overwhelming numbers, have been his charges, and long-horned steers and wagon-trains have been many times guided through their cinema careers by the man from Arizona.

It was during the filming of the "Covered Wagon" that it first became apparent what a vital element Jack Moore represented to producers of feature "Westerns."

The crossing of the Platte River was a vital scene in that particular story. The wagon train must be brought across the raging stream, with from two to four horses hitched to each wagon.

At that time, Jack was with the company as a cowboy rider. He it was who roped the first buffalo and made some of the spectacular rides and falls in which the picture abounds. But even then he knew many of the horses by name and took a warm interest in their welfare.

"How you going to fix up the wagons for that crossing?" he asked James Cruze, the director, as the critical scene drew near.

It appeared that a technical expert had arranged all that. A cable was to be used to draw the wagons over the river.

"What's it weigh?" asked Jack.

"Twelve hundred pounds."

"Well, gee whiz, are you figuring to drown all the horses?"

"The expert ought to know."

"Be too late to cry about 'em after they're dead," observed Jack. "You are sure goin' about it to sink all our horses and wagons.

Cruze was unimpressed at first, but the tall cowboy's earnest explanations, and the distress in his very blue eyes softened the young director. He compromised. They would try out the expert's plan with just *one* wagon the day before he planned to shoot the scene. Jack could see for himself.

It was Cruze who saw, for the heavy cable pulled the team—two horses, wagon and all—under water immediately and the animals were drowned before they could be brought to the surface.

The train was put into Jack's hands at once. Soon a framework of logs enabled each wagon to float. The horses were so hitched to the wagons that swimming was easy. And the crossing was made with no further mishap, exactly as it must have been made by the overland immigrants in the old days.

His Wife Takes Desperate Risks

SINCE he can remember, Jack has lived among horses. His father raised thoroughbred race-horses and cattle on a Texas ranch when the boy was born, and almost before he could walk, Jack could sit on a certain silken-coated mare, holding the mane in his baby fingers.

Before he was big enough to go to school, the family moved to Arizona, which Jack calls "home" in his heart, though a ranch in Lankershim outside Hollywood is the address at which he may be reached by mail.

He has been deputy sheriff of five different counties in Arizona; he knows every county in the State and was cattle inspector for five years. His friends seem to number every man, woman and child who lives within its borders. But the chief reason that he loves the beautiful State is that there he met the girl who became Mrs. Moore—Della Moore, as she is known to fame.

For she has fame, this shyly-smiling slip of a woman who goes with the "Tall Captain" everywhere. She is the champion rider of her native State, and has a medal for winning the most races of any rider in Arizona for the year 1924. She can handle any horse, having ridden since she was five years old, and even the Indians on their fleet steeds fail to overtake her on their own familiar desert tracks.

These triumphs are for all to see. Little Mrs. Moore can hang her cups, her bridles, her spurs and her blue ribbons in her living-room, if her modesty does not forbid. But very few know about her other claim to celebrity.

She is a motion picture double!

Made up to resemble your favorite star, you may have seen her gallop down steep cliffs, jump over high walls, make desperate rides through the night or the dawn, and take the terrible risks no high-salaried queen of the movies would be permitted—even if willing—to take.

The occupations of Jack and Della Moore fit into one another's like two parts of the same perfect instrument. They feel and think along similar lines. Often they can be seen to communicate by the merest glance. They agree that animals are charges worthy of the best and most devoted care. Many a time in the days before the movies held out their glittering rewards, the Moores fed their horses when they had not half enough to eat themselves.

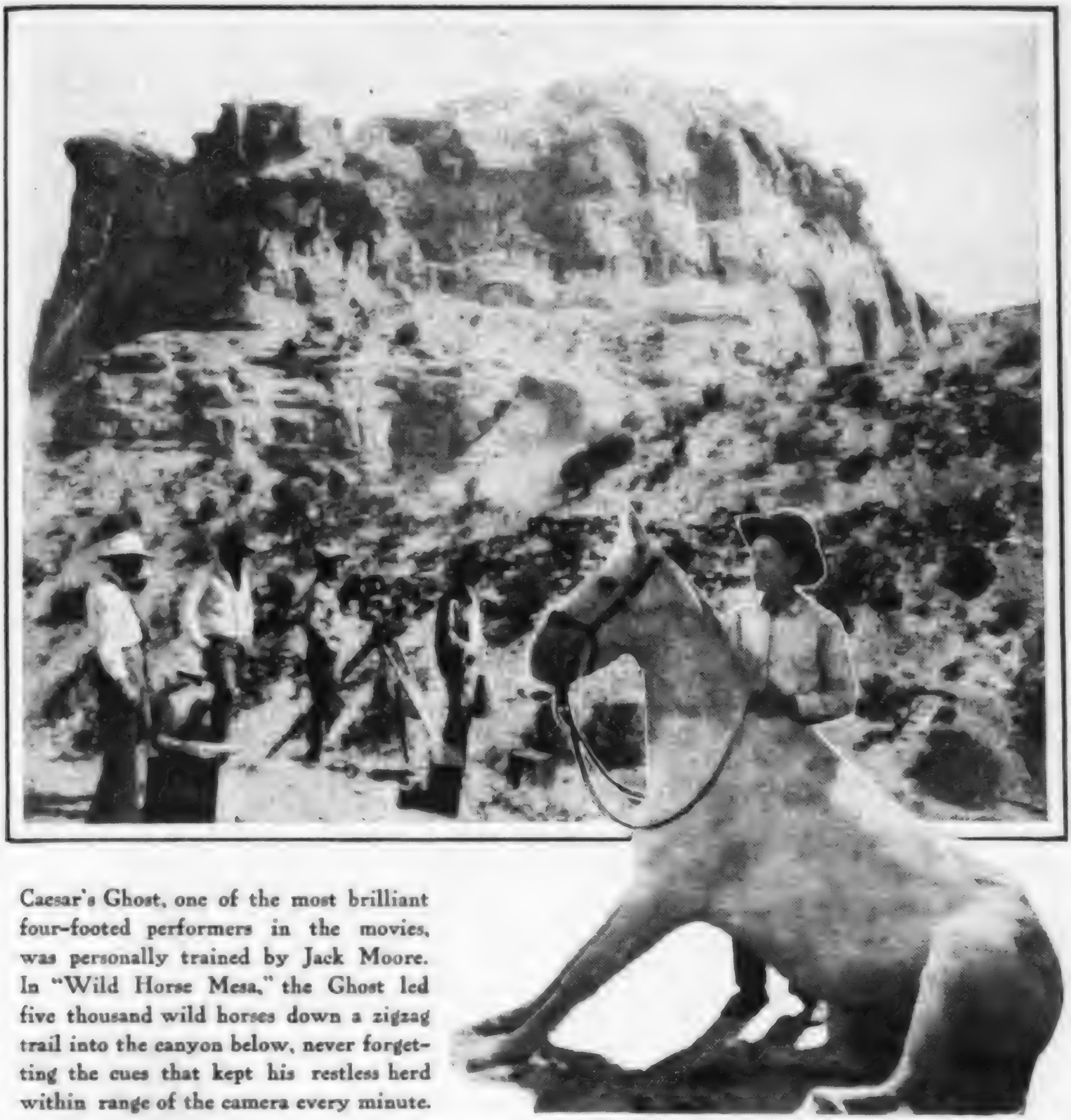
They talked of those times, once in a while, as they sat in the shade of the cook tent at Moenkopi, the horse-camp location for "The Vanishing American" company. Beyond the stretches of Painted Desert, umber and salmon and green blue, broken by mesas and buttes of amethyst and purple, the San Francisco peaks rose in majesty.

Old "Chief," the cook, bumbled about the stove, and "Red," his cowboy assistant, replenished cups with his delectable coffee.

The Ghost, star horse in "Wild Horse Mesa," munched his noon-day ration in a near-by corral; "Skookum," chestnut ridden by Richard Dix in the present Indian romance, tossed his haughty head under the cottonwoods close at hand—two priceless thoroughbreds, brilliantly trained, a commentary on the new status of the two who shared the rough bench before the cook-tent table.

"I have no set rules," drawled Jack, when asked for his guide to success. "Only being kind to horses and letting 'em see they can trust you. If they trust you, they are willing to take a chance on anything you ask them to do. My horses know I won't make them take a risk I wouldn't be willing to take myself.

"When I begin to train a horse, I show him



Caesar's Ghost, one of the most brilliant four-footed performers in the movies, was personally trained by Jack Moore. In "Wild Horse Mesa," the Ghost led five thousand wild horses down a zigzag trail into the canyon below, never forgetting the cues that kept his restless herd within range of the camera every minute.

what it is I'm after. For example, I teach my horses to kneel and to sit down. When I am teaching one to kneel, I hold up—and back—one of his front feet. Then I pull him to his knees. Immediately I let him get up and pet him so he will know that he has done something to please me. Then I do it again and again until he understands that lifting his foot is the signal to kneel.

"I can get horses into any position on cue. I teach them that when a handful of sand is thrown into the air, they must stand still and look at it. That's a useful trick when the camera man wants to take a 'still' picture of him.

"If I press a horse on his neck, he nods—that is a natural reaction of any horse, but it answers to good purpose when I want to make him apparently say 'Yes.' If I shake my head, any horse will shake his—which means 'No.' . . . Tricks, you see, in all trades!"

"Yes," put in Della Moore, "but there was a time when a cue came near being fatal. Jack has taught our horses that when he crowds them up to the edge of a cliff, they are to jump off. He knows, of course, where they will land and what risk they are taking, and has never had an accident in a leap.

"But while Jack was up at Rainbow Bridge where we shot the Navajo prayer scenes for this picture, he went out with Mr. Lucien Hubbard, the supervisor, to look for locations for scenes for the prologue. Jack was interested in finding places where our horses could do what they would have to do, and he rode to the edge of a bluff to look at the valley below. He only wanted to look, but the horse he was riding thought he meant to jump off and got all ready. If Jack hadn't realized what was in the poor thing's mind, they would have been over the side in another instant—and it was several thousand feet to the bottom!"

"Must use a little judgment in cues," laughed Jack.

"When I was teaching the Ghost his part in 'Wild Horse Mesa,' I found that he would have to lead several thousand horses down a zigzag trail into a canyon. There were dozens of places where the Ghost might turn off, but if he did he'd be out of the camera's range.

"Twice I took him over the trail I wanted him to follow. Then I let him go alone, and then the director called 'Camera' and Ghost led the wild horses down.

"Wild horses are hard to handle. In the 'Heritage of the Desert' I had to see after fifteen hundred of them who were driven to market, but that was nothing to the job in 'Wild Horse Mesa.' There were so many difficult and dangerous scenes. But we got 'em through without hurting one of the lot."

Horses are no great problem to the "Tall Captain," although he admits that he has met some rather vicious samples in his career.

"It takes a woman to conquer the meanest horses," he observes, his eyes caressing his wife's bobbed brown head. "It's nature for a horse to like a woman better than a man, just as a man naturally likes a woman best. A horse that will buck a man will be gentle with a woman. . . . Of course, there are women—and women. Della can do anything with any horse I ever saw."

When The Bison Herd Stampeded

BUT if horses are a fairly easy commodity in which to deal, buffalo are everything else but—according to the Moores.

"Buffalo will fight you," explained Jack. "They are great lumbering, slow-witted things, but they take fright at nothing. If you want to go on living after you handle them, you must stay as far away from them as you can. You can't crowd them, as you can horses, to show them the way you want 'em to go. You have to scheme and contrive. But when you corner a buffalo, he gives up very easily. You can conquer them the very minute that they see no way out.

"We used seven hundred and fifty buffalo in one picture, and we had the time of our lives getting them close enough to the camera to be photographed. They'd go everywhere else."

It was in this picture that Della narrowly escaped with her life. She had the one serious accident of her career, in fact, and the mention of it turns the "Tall Captain" grave.

Della was driving one of the covered wagons across the rough plains. Indians in war paint were in swift pursuit. The buffalo herd, it was planned, was to stampede and, rushing madly forward, separate the girl in the wagon from the blood-thirsty redskins.

A few of the buffalo, it was also planned, would crash into the wagon, wrecking it, and going on. Della was to spring out to the tongue between the two horses, the wagon being so fixed that when she stepped out and jerked a rope, the vehicle would be loosed and she could then ride on, standing between the two running horses.

The girl drove her covered wagon, as directed.

The Indians hi-yied, doubled over their thin horses, and pursued—as directed.

The buffalo, for a wonder, stampeded—also as directed, and cut the pursuing off from the pursued.

But they had reckoned without the roughness of the plains. Before the rocking wagon there suddenly loomed a three-foot embankment, dead ahead. The wheels hit that with a crash of splintering wood. Instantly the neck yoke of the lead team broke. The falling wagon tongue buried itself in the ground, point foremost, catapulting Della into the midst of the plunging horses. Entangled in the reins and broken parts she was dragged across the coulee in a smother of dust and cruel flashing hooves. Within a hundred yards two ribs were smashed and another torn loose. The spectators, frozen with horror, expected to see her mangled beyond recognition—

"But Jack stopped the team," put in Della, softly, her birdlike glance on her blue-eyed husband.

"Della had a sort of feeling that something would happen that day," he observed, "but I felt a lot more nervous when she rode through the prairie in another picture—"

"And nothing happened to me then!" smiled Della.

"Seems like accidents come along when you least expect 'em," philosophized Jack. "I remember I spent hours figuring out what to do in case the wagon train in 'The Thundering Herd' got in trouble on the frozen lake, but all my plans were wasted. They slid and skidded a bit, when they hit the ice, but not even a wheel locked and no one in the company took the slightest risk.

"It's a part of my job to see that horses and stock and wagon trains are kept in good shape and I try to look ahead and side-track the troubles as they come."

Indians are also a part of Jack Moore's unique job, and in "The Vanishing American," made up as a Navajo, he was one of the band of "Hollywood Indians" who mingled with the desert variety and helped handle unwieldy mobs of red men.

Leading his several score braves, he charged upon the fort in the Indian attack, made many a wild ride down the canyon above Moenkopi, and guided the "early Navajos" along the Valley of Marching Rocks below the castled cliffs of Tsaga. (Guiding, in the sense of keeping the band in range of the battery of cameras.)

When producers of "Westerns" went in for scenes showing wagon trains crossing a river, they had to learn over again the methods of the pioneers. After horses and wagons had been sunk in one attempt to drag them across by cable, Jack Moore got his wagon train safely across the River Platte by floating the wagons on a framework of logs and harnessing the horses so they could swim.

But his most critical experience with the copper-hued brothers was in "Wild Horse Mesa."

The Indian tribes, in that picture, had furnished more than twenty-five hundred of the horses used—"wild horses" that they actually had captured in the canyons and on the mesas of the Painted Desert.

The most difficult scenes were in progress, those involving the thousands of animals in the stampede, and the Indians' horses were herded on top of White Mesa used in the picture.

Jack and William Griffith, business manager for the company, were eating their "canned willie" and biscuit after a hard day's work, washing the food down with coffee from a tin cup, as they sat by their camp fire, when an Indian appeared, as Indians have a ghostly habit of doing, across the greasewood blaze.

"More dollar," he brought out, in painful English.

"Doata," returned Grif, which is Navajo for "No!"

"More dollar!" repeated the Indian, firmly.

"Doata!" seconded Jack, as firmly.

The Indian disappeared, with that disturbing ease, and they took another swallow from their tin cups and another bite from their biscuit sandwiches. Then Jack jogged Grif's elbow. Another face was staring at them across the smoldering fire. The half-breed interpreter stated, with dignity, that the Indians had decided to quit unless their pay were raised from the agreed upon three dollars to five dollars a day.

Jack explained that the rate was five dollars only if Indians were required to work before the cameras. Three dollars was the rate for horses and three dollars it would remain.

"They say they quit," said the interpreter.

"Tell 'em to go to it," shrugged Jack and went back to his supper.

The Indians evidently thought that if they struck and retired to their hogans the horses, with no one to look after them, would have to be turned loose, and, since the picture couldn't be finished without the animals, the business manager would ultimately have to pay the price asked.

The two by the fire watched the red men silently filing down the trail.

"I've ridden herd before and I can do it again," said Jack, rising.

"I'm with you!" agreed Grif.

There were three cowboys within reach, and presently, as the moonless night blotted out the last of the striking Indians on their dignified pilgrimage back to the home hogans, five men with ropes coiled about their saddle horns rode out among the wild horses.

Across the mesa rose the mournful old night herd song that has lulled cattle to sleep since the Chisholm trail was opened:

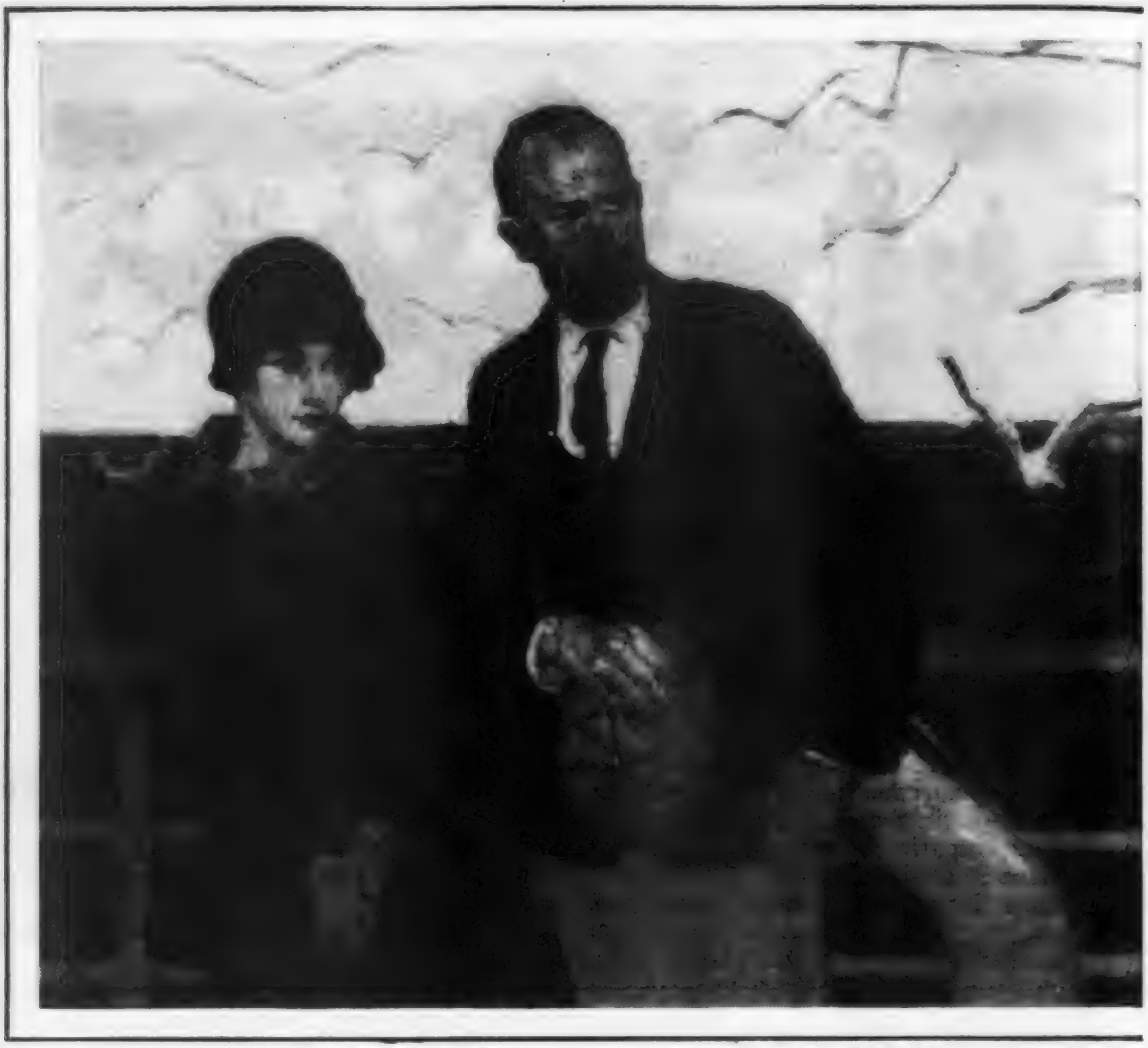
"Don't bury me on the lone prairie
Where the coyote howls and the wind blows fire"—

All night they rode herd, five men to more than twenty-five hundred wild steeds, and when the dawn brought the first opalescent loveliness to the desert, not one Indian pony was missing from the herd.

The sun began to glint on the rocks and the long shadows shortened. The "Tall Captain," riding along the edge of the mesa, suddenly reined in his horse. There, across the desert trail, slowly but certainly came the striking Indians!

"Back to work?" signed Jack, as the first of them came within communicating distance.

"Ooh!" said the Indian—which is to be translated: "Yes!"



John took a deep-rooted aversion to Williams, when he came upon the two

High

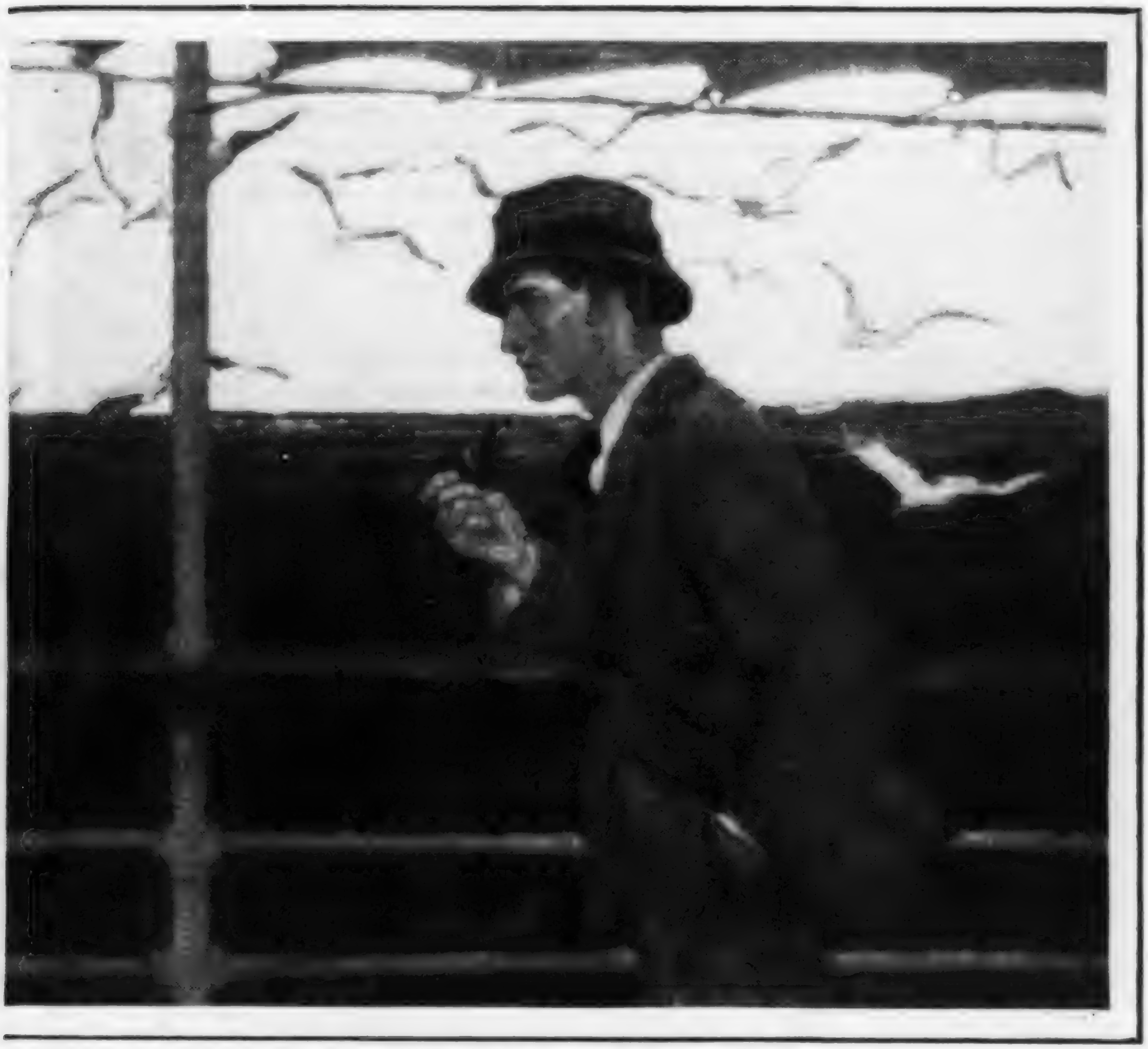
By Berthe K. Mellett

A story of two hopeful hearts that

Illustrated by

MARGARET MANNARD left the orange painted, palm-adorned sales-office in Knightsbridge with little birds of valor twittering in her heart. They weren't dead then, those tunesters that had sung her so bravely through the war. They'd been only wet blanketed for seven years under the sturdy English virtues embodied by her father-in-law's West Kensington house. Margaret realized how fed up she was with sturdy English virtues.

There had been no need to return to the office where the Sunblest Inland Florida Farms Project was but mildly eulogized between pæans of praise for Miami lots, and hallelujas dedicated to water-front opportunities in St. Petersburg. John had already signed on a row of dots, and made a payment from the advance charged by his protesting solicitor against the settlement of his father's affairs. But she liked to hear the



standing at the boat-rail. Margaret saw him at last, and Williams blushed.

Emprise

A Complete Novelette

sought Florida as the promised land

Ray C. Strang

salesman talk. Even his suggestion for reselling, rather than farming the Sunblest parcel they had chosen, amused her. Americans were naïve. In the Empire land was bought for the land's sake, not for speculation. Besides, a possible profit on ten acres wouldn't help in their present predicament. She explained to the salesman that she came from Africa where princely estates grew from small beginnings, and that she and John were setting out to make their fortune. She loved the idea of a quest for fortune in Florida. There was the clink and chink and rattle of adventure about it. One thought of Ponce de León, and De Soto and Menendez.

She could almost feel the tug of wind in painted sails as she returned to West Kensington and began wrapping the silver service which was all of ponderable splendor she proposed taking with her.

The war had thrown life into new perspectives for Margaret. Mis-stating her age, ever so slightly, she had got from Africa to London on the strength of it, been absorbed into the Woman's Auxiliary Army Corps and given a motor lorry to drive. A motor lorry is a destroyer of traditions. The freedom of it. The high glory of responsibility. The long nights on the road, racing heavy cargoes toward destinations that count. The sun of Dover warming fingers chilled in London. The acceptance of oneself as a part of things, a warrior equal with warriors.

When John Mannard had come along with his captain's pips on his sleeves, she had married him at a registry office—he in his uniform, she in hers—and had merged into one shining whole the associated elements of love and patriotism and gallant deeds.

After that even the agony of watching the casualty lists had been fraught with romance—terrible romance. Under pressure of the new courage which the world boasted, she evolved from a vehement girl into a wife worthy of a soldier. She carried on. Making herself as beautiful as her alert, brown prettiness would permit, she specialized in keeping up morales. She drove her lorry tirelessly, and just as tirelessly she danced wherever veterans relaxed from the strain of war. She took her leave in Paris when John had his leave there. After their parting at Versailles, she packed her lovely clothes, donned her uniform, and picked up her lorry at Dover again.

It was adventure, elevated to tragedy, pitched to the key on a new music played on tight stretched nerves. And through it beat the pulse of an era that was all todays and no tomorrows; the frantic urge of souls hastening to fill the golden bowl over which the sledge of death hung suspended.

Born too young into the war, Margaret assimilated its elements too thoroughly to be satisfied afterward with the dull ingredients of peace. And that was why, as she packed the heavy silver service, she hummed with the pleasure of anticipation. She and John were setting their faces into the wind again. Good riddance to the money that had maintained stuffy post-war ease, and success to the inheritance tax that had eaten it up.

JOHN came into the room with an armful of shirts and boots, and deposited them soberly upon a chair from which they tumbled in a torrent of color and thumps. Margaret laughed, and pushing back the crinkle of reddish hair that always fell over her left eye making her look like a particularly intelligent terrier, straightened from her task.

"Heavy things on the bottom." She explained the silver she was putting into a chest. "What time is it, I wonder?" She shook her watch against her ear. "John, I must have a new watch. My birthday's in October. We'll have a party then, in Florida, when all our nice fat crops are coming up, and you'll give me a shining new watch emblematic of the new life."

"Silver?" John had caught one idea from the rush of words. "Far better to store it."

"It's a standard, John. We advance under a banner of the family silver and a watch with twinkly stones. No grubbiness for us."

"We're going onto a farm." Undeniably John was solid and lacking in inspiration at times. He might almost be accused of the sturdy English virtues. That was why it was so well to get him away, and into an atmosphere of American enterprise. "We're going onto a farm," he repeated. "And from what I gather at the sales-office in Knightsbridge we're unique in buying a Florida farm to farm. The salesman said we'd probably have no neighbors, as the Sunblest Project tracts were being sold again as fast as they were bought."

"Who wants neighbors!" Margaret seemed delighted. "Mouldy lot—neighbors. We'll do with smart guests coming down from town. The silver will come in nicely there. I can see it now, all set out on some quaint old Florida dresser, with the bacon for breakfast simmering on a trivet, the coffee steaming on its burner, and heaps and piles of tropical fruit in the basket."

"I've been to see Thoring," John visualized her tropical breakfast, and then returned to practical affairs. "There'll be about two thousand pounds left from father's property after deductions are made."

"Two thousand pounds! What a whopping lot of dollars!"

"Not much to buy and start a Florida farm going. Got cheek, those Americans, asking what they do."

"But it's developed land! It would be different if we had to do the messy work to get it going. The canals to drain it are already dug, and there's a house with water all laid down and a regular American bathroom. You've got to admit John, that it takes Americans to put in bathrooms. Besides, there is a lake in front, and a little wharf where we can keep a boat. I'm frightfully thrilled about the boat."

"Sometimes I wonder, Magsy, if we ought to use the last money we have in the world for a thing we've only seen in pictures. It isn't as though we could afford to take a chance. We've got to stick, once we're in it. It may mean work for you, Magsy—"

"Work! I'm not afraid of work. It's only dullness that frightens me. John, when I think of the people we've had around us for seven years! When I think of them! Old men who thump their canes and say 'Here—Here!' when anything reactionary is said! Women with hats teed high above fringes! I can hardly wait to get away from them all onto acres of our own."

"Not many acres, Magsy."

"Of course not, at first." She left her work and came to him, snuggling close against him in the eager little way she had. "But more as time goes on and we get rich. I'll adore getting rich. Getting rich is a brilliant and dashing thing to do. It's real conquest. We'll add to the farm and enlarge the house, and ask folks down to hunts over our own fields. I wonder what they hunt in Florida. Foxes—or what?"

"What probably." John kissed her eyes. They were feverish, the lids warm with the fire that burned back of their deep, hot brown. "Remember—we'll have to stick."

UPON learning that propitious entrance to the lower back country of the new Eldorado might be effected through Miami, via St. George, the Mannards booked passage on a leisurely southward tending carrier junketing between Liverpool and the Bermudas. Jealous of her own optimism, Margaret suffered a qualm when the observation was forced upon her that few other, if any, British expeditions were setting out upon the latter day conquest of the new world. But, true to her own fervency, she fought down the momentary timidity with recollections of the unimaginative quality of the country she was leaving, and turned ardent attention to the Americans on board.

In them she found not only restoration, but exhilaration. They were electric. They had quick, successful voices. They had smooth, confident faces, and the manner of victorious lords. She allied herself with America as wholeheartedly as she had once allied herself with England. Then she met Jerry Williams.

Williams was tall and thin and literally anointed with wealth. She liked all that. His money had come suddenly from Western oil, which was inspiriting. He was reticent to the point of embarrassment, and that was engaging in a Crœsus. Anxious lines ran from his nose to his chin, exactly as artists in Punch depict them upon Americans. He was interested in Florida, and had invested there. But—after three days out—he was utterly averse to an eager, rusty-haired, bewitching little woman going onto an inland farm she had never seen. Apprehensive of the effect this aversion might have upon John, Margaret managed to keep him to herself. She did it so thoroughly that John began to eye Williams. Margaret chuckled to herself. The war had taught her that any man is apt to evince more than ordinary interest in any woman, if the circumstances are right. And John ought to know that she was anchored to him, as to a rock of ages, no matter what sentimental squalls might blow up.

But John, unaccountably, seemed not to have learned as much from the war as Margaret had. He took a deep-rooted aversion to Williams, when, five days out from Liverpool he came upon the two standing at the boat rail so absorbed in each other that they were unaware of his approach. Margaret saw him at last, and making a place for him between them, she sidled close to John after her custom.

Williams blushed to a weather beaten maroon color and John stared. Unable to tolerate the inference of his own confusion, Williams launched into disobedience of Margaret's command.

"I've been telling Mrs. Mannard," he said, "that the Lake Miriwamba country where this Sunblest Project's located, is no place for a woman."

"My watch!" Margaret lifted her wrist abruptly. "It must be near dressing time for dinner, and I've no way of knowing. I'm to have a new watch for my birthday, late in October, when things really begin to show how well they are with us. A glittery one. As glittery as our outlook."

"It's all right for speculation," Williams continued doggedly. "But Miriwamba's a small lake that the state has just discovered, as you might say. You'd be surprised how much of that country has been unexplored until recently. Especially the lower end. It's true that Miriwamba is high—stands up like a kind of water-topped mountain in the middle of the swamp. And the country immediately around it has some natural drainage besides the canals that the state has rushed to put in. But it's no place for a man to take his wife—"

"You were right, Margaret. It is time to dress for dinner." John shot his own watch back under his cuff, and huddling Margaret before him, he left Williams to the full consciousness that something unforgivable had taken place.

All evening he paced the deck watching for Margaret. She did not appear. But next morning when she opened her cabin door at the early hour nervousness always bade her be awake, she was on the promenade, for all the world as though she had never left it.

"Look here," he stood in her path as she would have passed with a merry nod. "I said something foolish last night, but my intentions were good."

"Hell is paved—"

"You can't go into the Everglades." He was as dogged as he had been with John. "I saw my mother pioneer, and I never want to watch any other woman that I care about—"

"What a beautiful word Everglades is." Margaret always diverted the conversation when men began to talk about their mothers. Dangerous. "Cool and shadowing and moist. I've seen pictures of Lake Miriwamba—standing high and clear above the Everglades—"

"Pictures! Those development companies are named right. They develop pictures. You're not going to that God-forsaken place if I can help it."

His face was so honest, the lines on his cheeks so deep with worry, that Margaret's innate friendliness embraced him wholly. Tucking her arm under his she wheeled him into a walk.

"You're a duck to be so interested," she said. "But you're not consistent. If your mother hadn't pioneered, would you have found an oil well in the West? If I didn't go along, would John ever conquer the Everglades? We're adventuring, John and I. We've been as dull as ditch water for seven years, but now we're out on the open road again. And you'll see how it comes out. John will be all over his huff by October, and you'll come to the party we have for my birthday, and see how gloriously it's all come out."

Failing with Margaret, Williams made an onslaught upon Mannard again. It was the last day out, and hunting the boat desperately he finally came upon his man, standing in the bow looking toward a low, pearly cloud which a deck-hand had just announced as St. George's Island. Smashing through the barrier of obliviousness which Mannard raised around him, Williams struck straight at the issue.

"Look here," he began with the habitual behest, "I'm buying pretty heavily in Florida. What did you pay for that plot up at Miriwamba?"

Considering his interrogator coldly John decided that a straight answer might be a more decisive rebuff than an evasion.

"When the payments are complete it will have cost me a thousand pounds."

"Five thousand dollars—for a place to bury a woman!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Williams." John moved away. Williams fastened a strong hand on his sleeve.

"I'll pay you a fifty-per-cent. increase on that."

"Thanks." John disengaged his arm. "I'm not selling."

"All right—hang onto the land then. Keep it until the state does what it aims to do for the district. But in the meantime—I'm looking for a man to take charge of my business in Florida—some one to live in Miami or Tampa or any other civilized place."

"Do you mind telling me why you are interesting yourself so amazingly in my affairs?" John faced Williams squarely.

"I'm not taking any particular interest in your affairs." Jerry Williams was not lacking in honesty. "You can go to Lake Miriwamba and sink or swim there. But taking a woman there is another matter."

"I understand. Good-by!"

The war had thrown life into new perspectives for Margaret Manning.

STRIDING the length of the boat John entered the stateroom where Margaret had finished packing their things and lay stretched out with a book, and slammed the door behind him. Margaret put her novel down, and very slim and brown and pretty in her blue frock, sat erect.

"What's the storm about?" she asked.

"That insolent Williams!" John got no further.

Margaret studied this new phase of her John, this primitive male aspect, and her hot brown eyes narrowed.

"Other men could have done the same thing, and done it differently, and you wouldn't have minded," she said finally. "It's his manner, not his purpose that is wrong."

"His purpose! Look here—"

"You're catching it!" She laughed and sat up on her knees. "You're talking like him. But John—to be serious—if what he says about the Lake Miriwamba country is true— Mind, I know it isn't—but if it should happen to be—"

"We're in it. And I told you before that if we went in, we'd stick."

"John! That sounds so British. Don't, I beg of you, have the sturdy virtues. Don't."

John did not laugh. Grabbing a volume from a stand in the corner and slanting his back toward her, he pretended to read. Margaret picked up her novel. Over the top of an unturned page, she smiled. Dear, funny John. Man had to be managed. Jerry Williams for instance. If someone had managed him, he'd never have put things so badly to John. Good thing there were women to manage most of the men in the world. Otherwise— Well, it was too bad. If John persisted in his wrath she'd have to recall that invitation for October, and they'd never see Williams again. What a shame. He'd have made a pleasant friend, and been a prize exhibit when people came from town for the week-end. Did he ride? she wondered. Of course. Western. Rode, sitting the trot as they do in cinemas when wild and woolly dramas are shown. Yes, she would be very sorry not to see Jerry Williams again. Perhaps John could be brought around.

She did see Williams again. Landing at St. George she had seen his eyes searching for her in the crowd. She waved at him, just the merest flutter of farewell, and sighed to think that a man as nice as he hadn't the manners to keep himself friends with people.

And then, on the afternoon of their arrival in Miami, he called her on the telephone. John was away arranging for supplies to be shipped to the farm from a company on the water-front.

John, a man of mud, draining earth and water onto the floor, blustered in.

"This is Williams." He spoke hurriedly over the wire. "I must see you."

"Oh—well. Perhaps I could manage tea. Wait in the lounge."

But tea in Miami in early summer proved to be an unattainable feast. The dining-room of the hotel was closed. There was a shop across the street, but it exuded an aroma of dinner in preparation, discouraging to an appetite that still remembered lunch.

"Shall we walk?" The heat of the day was intense, and Margaret's small brown face had a wan, unnatural look.

Heading toward the bay they found a park that had withstood the temper of the times sufficiently to remain a park.

"Look here," Williams halted under a palm. "I was going on to Cuba. But I can't do it, thinking of you up in that place."

"I don't mind, really." Margaret's response was lifeless. It was hot and moist under the trees. "I wish you wouldn't bother about me. It only makes things worse. It's beastly hot—isn't it?"

"It's going to be hotter. This is barely the beginning of summer."

"I'll get used to heat again. I was raised in Africa."

"All right then, we'll pass up the heat, and consider things that really matter. Some day the Miriwamba country may be a bonanza, but now it's a hole. Out of all Florida to choose from, how you picked that place, gets me. The salesman who—"

"Oh, let the poor salesman alone—please. He'd much rather have sold us something else, probably. But we hadn't much money, and we wanted to start where we could buy more land as our own began to pay. You've been awfully kind, Mr. Williams—"

"Kind, nothing! I'm suffering, and trying to find some way out of the thing that's torturing me. I—you're different from any woman I ever knew before—there's something about you—I think of you all day and dream of you all night. I see visions of you—up there alone—"

"I'll have John." Instinct told her that it was time to mention John, and mention him decisively. "I sha'n't be alone, ever, as long as I have John."

"That's just it. If you were really alone, you'd leave when it got too bad. But Mannard'll stick—till hell freezes over. I know that type."

"Let's go back to the hotel." The heat of the out-of-doors, reflected and intensified by the flashing bay, was a bit too much.

"Promise me—" He held her as she would have turned.

"Don't make me promise anything. It isn't necessary. You're coming in October. I'll remind you by letter. And when you come you'll see that there's nothing to promise. And now—I want to go back to the hotel."

In the room she found John bent over a table, drawing little plans and maps.

"Mags!" The pallor of her face recalled her sweetness to him, and beckoning her close he laid his arm around her waist. "We'll put oranges here, between the house and the lake." He indicated a square on a map. "The trees won't bear for five years, but there is a hollow behind the house and other crops to keep us going can be grown on the slope."

"IT LOOKS nice, John." She spoke wearily, and seating herself on the arm of her chair she laid her cheek against his head. "Let's get started as soon as possible. I want actually to see the place, and get back the feeling of adventure that I had in London. Something of brilliance and fun has been rubbed off—and I want to get it back."

THEY began their journey inland next morning. Packed into a crowded motor bus they tore across the dry pinelands back of Miami, traversing fairy regions of spreading stucco houses and sub-division entrances that Michelangelo might have built, but that only prodigal nature could have flanked with palms, and fired with the scarlet flame of hibiscus.

Away to the west, above the clean reseda of palms and pines, dark clouds of mangrove piled themselves sullenly against the sky. Folk descended from the bus. The wide highway over which they rushed began to narrow. More folk, tight lipped with hope, got down at the line where splendor ceased and meager things began. The road was no longer a road. It was a causeway of coral stone, white above the sinister murk of a swamp. Misty rain began to fall. Hammocks of mangrove moved forward from the distance and walked beside them, tip-toe on their forked roots above the sludgy gloom. A canal, like a huge, slothful serpent, came close to the causeway and followed it. A family got down from the bus. They stood on a board culvert where canal crossed canal, and stared into the waste surrounding them. Their garments hung limp in the windless air. Margaret closed her eyes. She and John were alone in the bus now.

"But our land is high." Back of tight shut lids she determinedly visioned bright and happy things. "Every one admits that Lake Miriwamba is high—a sort of crater of water held up by a mountain of coral and soil rising in the Everglades. This is close to the sea."

"The canal isn't very active." John studied it through the window of the bus. "Water seems to back and spread. Must be a lot of it coming from the uplands."

The rain continued to fall. Dropping from a gray blue sky, it was a warm and pearly mist that curtained the world. The high crowned road dropped again. It became a mere stringer of stone, crumbling at the edges into the canal beside it. The bus crawled slowly now, feeling its way. John laid his hand on Margaret's and she clutched his fingers tightly.

They came to a sort of oasis in the morass—an island of pine and palmetto, lifted above the swamp level by the coral insects of a million years before. At the center of the island a rude shelter of pine poles and palmetto thatching had been set up against the everlasting mist. Above the door, painted on an unplaned board were the words, "Ocelot Barbecue and Real Estate." Beyond the hut, under a peaked roof of sheet iron, a gangling, saffron colored boy stood beside an upright, charcoal grill, turning a spit threaded through steaming, dripping lumps of meat.

"All out. End of bus line." The driver seemed relieved that he could go no farther. "Take the boat from here."

John got their bags and set them under the shelter. The boxes were following on a truck that could already be discerned wallowing along the road. Surfeited with the way they had come, they gave heed to things immediate. There was a rough back wall to the shelter and against it was set a cage of pine palings, from which a desperate, cat-like animal looked out.

"That is probably the ocelot," John said. "But I don't see the real estate. Have—" he nodded a hesitant gesture toward the grill—"Have—some of that?"

"No." Margaret shuddered. A clammy hand gripped her digestive organs. She had a feeling that henceforth food would be hateful. "I know now what carniverous means."

"There's more than enough for both lunch and dinner in the hamper," he said. "The truck's coming. I'll see about getting things transferred to the boat."

Margaret clutched at him.

"John—perhaps we'd better go back—the proposition Mr. Williams made—"

"No more of that." And he shook himself free bruskly.

Hidden by the low mound of the island a small, flat barge was moored in the canal to a contraption of poles and planks, that by means of another painted plank extolled itself as the Ocelot Wharf. Breaking the mesmerism that kept the gangling saffron colored boy turning the spit, John bargained for his assistance with the boxes on the truck. Terrified by the frantic, motionless eyes of the animal in the cage, Margaret took her handbag to the barge, and buttoning the collar of her rain-coat tight about her throat, stood in the prow.

"I've got to be an army with banners," she said to herself. "I've got to—or I can't go on." Responding as she always did to her own spiritual efforts she called to John. "Oh, I say—I've just had a thought. We're pioneers, pathfinders. We're out of Fenimore Cooper."

Answering her call to courage John grinned over the slanting plane of a packing case on which his head seemed to ride.

For some unexplainable limbo on the tight island a man with a pole appeared.

Waiting until the last box was loaded, the man cast loose from the landing and setting his pole into the mud, pushed off into the canal.

"Where going?" he asked when his primitive method of navigation had fallen into rhythm.

"Lake Miriwamba," John answered. "Sunblest Project."

"Farm?" The man poised his pole incredulously.

"Yes."

"That propity's selling propity—not farmin'. I ought to know." The pole swung down again.

Under the necessity of keeping the atmosphere up to the buoyancy she had attained, Margaret leaned forward on the box which was her seat.

"The water is running faster in the canal," she said. "We must be getting into higher country."

"Oh ye-a." The man spat to indicate his contempt for the water, fast or slow. "We keep on mountin' all the time, but no matter how high we git, the lake's higher."

"Is it pretty—the lake?"

"Oh, I reckon. I dunno. Pretty is as pretty does, and that there pesky saucer full of rain, ain't what I call a pretty doer."

"It can't rain all the time." Margaret turned her eyes to the warm, sad sky.

"Can't it? Have it your own way. Don't ask a man that knows. If you're goin' to the Sunblest location, you likely got a house."

"A lovely house. Small—but we'll build it larger when we're rich."

"I see." The man took a full minute to digest this prophecy. "You're the fust I've took to Sunblest since the builders left," he finally continued. "Most folks is satisfied to buy a description on a paper, and pass it on to the next sucker. But we all got to learn, I reckon. Anyways, I'd best land you at Heller's for the night."

"Hellers? What are Hellers?" Margaret's extremity drove her to this sorry wit.

"Dunno. Queer birds. Keep the water off their place. Witches, likely. Vamoosed, Heller did, all the time they was putting up shacks at Sunblest. Acted like he was afraid of folks. Hiding out, maybe. Woman's all right though—plenty to be grateful to the woman for. Oil well on their place. Give us all hope when Heller drilled for oil—but nothing came out. You'll see the rig tomorrow. All rig and no oil. Oh, well, some folks live one way, some another. Heller's got the devil behind him to keep the water down on his place, and I pole. Heller'll be sore—but I reckon I'll take you to the woman tonight, anyways. Could leave you at the village. They's a village where the canal comes close to the lake. Could leave you there—but I'll take you to Mis' Heller's."

AND having disposed of their immediate future he resumed the rhythmic swinging of his pole.

At nightfall the man lighted a lantern and hung it over the bow of the boat. It marched along ahead of them, on reflected stilts of light. The mist abated. Passing through a village strung along the waterway, the boatman flung a sack of mail to a shadowy figure on the bank. Then getting out himself, he manipulated the machinery of an unseen lock. The boat lifted gently above the level of the canal and swam out into open water.

Even in the darkness Margaret could see the coral walls of Lake Miriwamba white against the blackness of cypress forests and the night. The boatman had said true when he called it a saucer in which the rains were caught and held. Straining eyes and ears she stood in the square nose of the boat. Silence. She had never heard such silence. Except for the swirl of water around the pole, there was no sound at all. Not a bird—not the night-call of an animal—not the cry of a child on shore. Finding her way to John by the feeling of comfort which he radiated, she huddled her body close against his.

"It's all right—isn't it?" she whispered.

"Magsy!" he answered, and his arm went tight around her.

They knew of their approach to Heller's by an opening in the trees, and by yellow streams of light falling through windows. Punting to a landing the boatman hallooed. A figure appeared in a doorway back of a screened porch, and after a moment's hesitation came down a path. Another figure, skirted and tall, took its place in the light.

"That you, Mullins?" The man on the path had a nervous, low pitched voice.

"Brought some folks. Sunblest settlers," Mullins called back. "Woman along."

"People? Here?" The figure halted.

"A woman?" Tones clear and rich in greeting came from the doorway, and the skirted figure passed the halting shadow on the path. "Did you say there was a woman, Mullins? Give me that lantern."

In the smoky illumination of the lantern Margaret saw Anna Heller for the first time. Tall, angular, as rich of eye and as tender of mouth as she was of voice, she seemed the very embodiment of refuge and security. Climbing over the low side of the boat Margaret went to her.

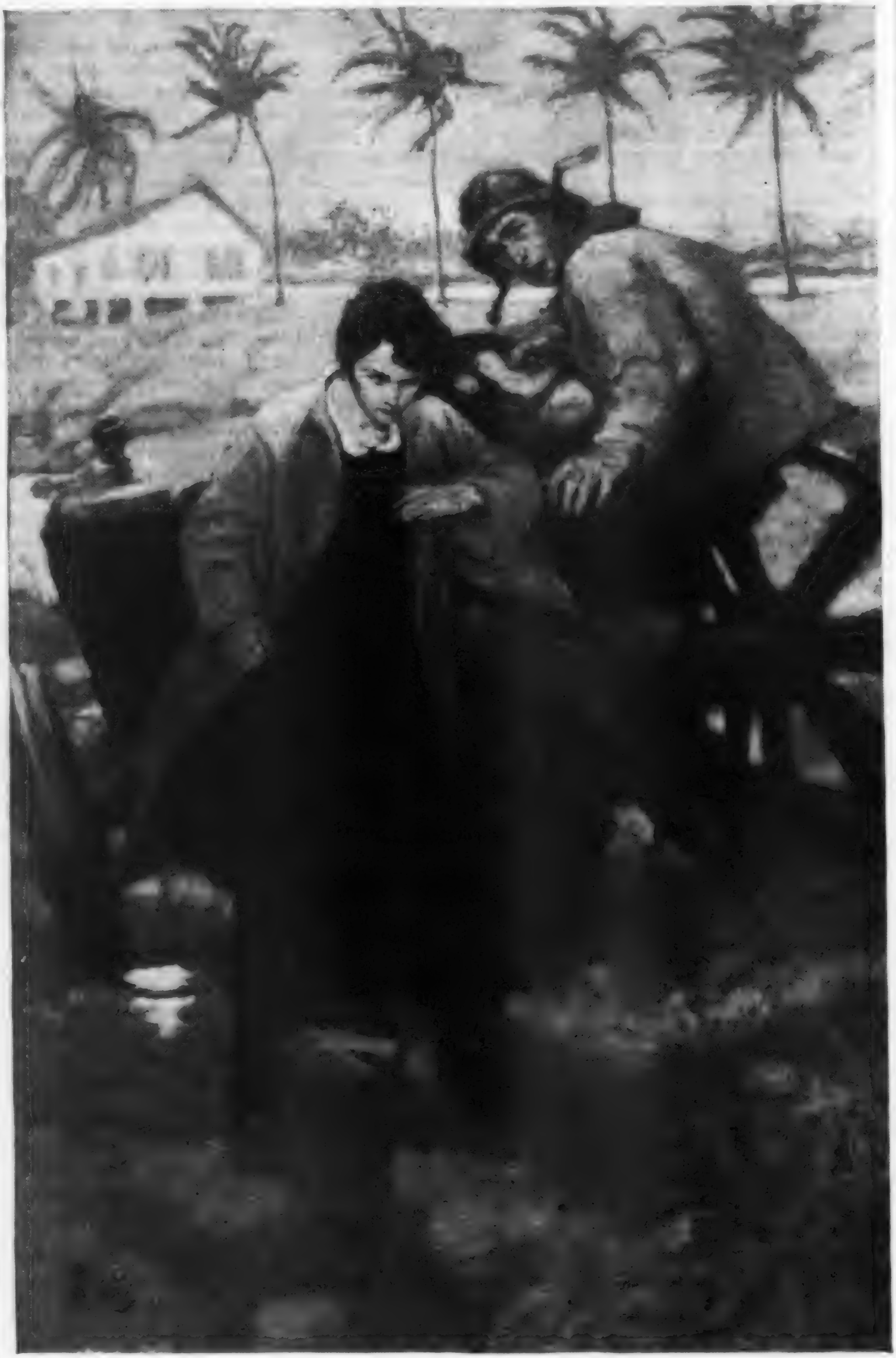
"I'm Margaret Mannard," she said.

Anna Heller did not speak. Margaret got the feeling that she was somehow too moved to speak. But any comfort she got from that was quickly dispelled by the man who stood back from the lantern light and flung out directions.

"Look here," he explained irascibly to Mullins, "we don't keep a hotel."

"Hugo, Hugo." The woman had authority as well as warmth in her voice. "Any place is a hotel when guests arrive. Help Mr. Mannard with his bags. Mullins can pole the other things down to the Sunblest landing, and I'll send Cain over to help him unload. Come along, Mrs. Mannard. I can't tell you what it means to me to have a woman visitor. You're English. I know that from your voice. I've a kettle of water on the oil burner. We'll have a cup of tea."

"We'll go on with our boxes. Thanks just as much." John addressed his decision to the man beyond the lantern light.



"We're going to dig for oil," said John, laughing. Infuriated by the laughter, Margaret snatched at the steering gear. John struck at her hand, and she dropped backward.

"No." Anna Heller delivered the negative firmly. "Your wife is of more importance than your feelings. And if we're to be good neighbors, we'd better begin overlooking things at once. Hugo is ill. He was about to go to bed when Mullins hallooed."

AS THOUGH released from some horrible fear by her excuses for him, the man beyond the light skirted the path to the house and disappeared. Margaret lifted a pleading face to John.

"Let's stay here tonight, dear. Oh, please let's stay."

It was not until tea had been drunk that Margaret was able to detach herself from absorption in her hostess, and view the room into which she had come.

A strange place. Untidy, but with the essence of some wonderful plan and system pervading its disorder. Against the walls were high pine shelves lined with books. Books everywhere—on stands, on window ledges, on the floor. A table spread with ink-stained green felt, held a lamp. There was an empty fireplace, florid with tiles. Against a wall, in an aperture between book shelves, stood a white cabinet with glass doors.

"I'm the doctor here." Anna answered Margaret's implied question. "Hugo is a better one than I, but he's turned farmer and leaves the cases to me. Mostly I give quinine for malaria, and bring black babies into the world. Now and then a white one. There are three Mullinses to my credit."

"A doctor." Margaret addressed John. "Did you hear— Mrs. Heller is a doctor."

John had made the usual British failure of instant fellowship with a stranger. Drawing his pipe from his pocket he was heading for the door. Margaret would have detained him, but the other woman forbade.

"Let him smoke," she said. "He could do it here— Hugo scatters ashes like a volcano. But I haven't had a woman guest since—well, in years. Tomorrow I'll take you to your place. It's only a step, and I have a Ford. Tonight, I'm greedy for your company. I want to talk. Until I saw you I didn't know how starved I was to talk to a woman."

They sat late, arms on the green felt table, heads close. And as they sat, the day that was behind her washed itself from Margaret's memory. The crowding fears of the journey, and her own desperate clutchings at hope, were forgotten.

From the window of the bedroom to which she finally ascended, Margaret looked out. A tall gray skelton rising from a hollow back of the house, looked like the ghost of an Eiffel Tower lost in inky space.

"That's probably the oil well Mr. Mullins spoke of," she said to John. And when he was beside her, she reached a kiss toward him. "That woman is a doctor," she said. "I feel new born."

But the healing that had been accorded her the night before, reversed itself and became a malady of vague dreads as they approached their place next morning, and a dreariness, rendered more dreary by sporadic clearings and plantings of palms, broke upon her view. Fronting the high rimmed lake, a little box of stucco, skimped in proportion and hard in outline, stood back of a palmetto ridden area, on an open foundation of cement piers. Beyond this house that was hers, empty, cheerless, travestying gaiety with their vari-colored plaster coatings, other houses, identical in outline, ranked themselves like sentinels of desolation.

Economical of water front, the Sunblest Project presented a file of oblong farm tracts that, rising in front to the level of the lake, dropped into a long swale beyond which cypress spun long webs of Spanish moss. Threading the ground, like a pattern sketched on a loom, little ditches ran in scattered, frightened pattern toward a main canal in the hollow.

As soon as the Ford stopped, John got down, and scratching up a handful of earth, examined it. For all that the rain was falling lightly, mistily again, the soil was fairly dry.

"Loam," he said. "Countless centuries of vegetable decay have made it. Ought to grow anything."

Anna Heller smiled at him, but spoke to the little figure that seemed frozen to the driver's seat beside her.

"This is civilization compared to what our place was when we came," she said. "The development company has at least cleared the ground and put up a shelter for you. You're the first to buy in Sunblest with the idea of farming. But—perhaps you're wiser in the long run than those who have bought simply to resell. The soil is here, rich and deep and generous."

"The house looked so pretty in the pictures." Margaret was battling once more for courage. "I even brought my silver."

"Good! Put the silver out. I've a long trestle table that I'll have brought over for you to keep it on. Polish it—shine it—love it—and live up to it." Then, almost shoving the still rigid Margaret from the car, she headed around and started for home. She made a gallant figure, riding her snorting Ford like a general riding his charger. The two left behind did not hear the sob that escaped her throat.

BY THE aid of a tractor loaned by Anna Heller, John plowed ground and sowed his first seeds. When they were in, he began the laborious business of budding orange stock onto wild lemon plants.

Heller kept himself aloof from the newcomers and their affairs. Once when Margaret, walking off a threatening gloom, came upon him standing beside the high scaffolding back of his house, he turned such hostile eyes upon her, that she shrank. But almost instantly, resorting to the methods which had always won to her whatever friendships she desired, she advanced with pretty, halting bravery, and interested herself in his interests.

Under the oil tower a heap of discarded farm machinery was gathered into a sort of interlaced, covering cone. And toward this cover, coming from the higher land, a multiplicity of small ditches converged.

"How odd. Like irrigation reversed," she said. "I mean, I've heard of wells sunk on summits as fountains for ditches carrying water down hill. But this is the other way around."

Heller was a tall man. At one time he had been a handsome man. Arrogance, that residue of gentle demeanor lost, was still with him. But now, under the stress of some occult agitation, it changed itself to weakness that shook through him like wind through a high, uncertain tree.

"Just out for the air," he stammered. "Work to do— Good-by." And was gone.

Waiting under the doorway of a shed until Margaret had vanished up the swale toward the village, he turned in a kind of panic to the interior of the shed and hauled an iron strapped box from under a tool bench. It was empty and lined carefully with paper. Leaving it with the lid up, he locked the tool shed, and approached the house. From one of the porches, he listened. There were voices. Anna was talking in the living-room where the cabinet stood. There came the clink of surgical instruments. A patient. She would be occupied for a time. Making way softly to the front of the house, he climbed the stairs in the hallway and cautiously opened a door. A wardrobe stood against a wall of the room he entered, and stooping furtively he removed a bundle of clothing and books from it, and descended the stairs again. Back in the shed once more, he stowed the bundle in the iron-strapped box, locked the hasp fastener, and shoved the whole under the bench again.

He made a great clatter on the porch as he returned to the house, and called to Anna.

"Who was that?" he asked when she came to meet him, and he indicated a scuttling figure crossing the fields.

"Sally Harper."

"You said you were through with her. She makes that rotten red-eye whisky out of the corn she grows, and gets into rows, and you have to mend her up."

"Nonsense. One's never through with people that get hurt, even when they are to blame. This time, however, I'll admit a selfish purpose in my good offices. Sally has influence with her color hereabouts. She's going to get me some men to help Mannard. He'll work himself to death alone—and then the rains will come and wash out all he's done. There isn't much hope, of course, but if he gets more ditches dug, he may save something."

Heller's excited eyes went as blank as the eyes of a betrayed animal.

"But if he saves something—anything—he'll stay. And if he stays, more people will come. The whole district will be settled up!"

"He's put all he's got into his place, Hugo. Not only money, but heart and soul and labor."

"How about me? How about me?" In his frenzy Heller danced till the boards beneath him rattled. "I've put more than heart and soul and labor into this place—and if the country's settled up I'll have to leave and go some place else, and start all over again. I've trusted you, Anna, more than I trusted God—and you're deserting me."

"I'll never desert you, Hugo. You know that."

His crazy dancing ceased, and a crafty smile crossed his face.

"Ditches won't help him," he said at last. "No matter how many he digs, they'll overflow when the main canal backs up with the flood from the lake. There's just one thing he could do. And you won't tell him that. You won't tell him that, Anna—you promised me you'd never tell any one that."

"I won't—tell."

His relief was so great that he sank down upon the porch step and covered his face with his hands.

"I get so nervous." His voice shook as Anna knelt beside him and brought his head against her breast. "I get so nervous, watching what is going on over there, and worrying at what may happen. If I went away again Anna—and stayed—until it was all over—you wouldn't despise me? You'd remember the man I used to be—and not despise me for what I am now?"

"I couldn't despise you, Hugo. I know too much about the things that happen to people to despise anyone, least of all you. You see, I love you Hugo." And putting her arms around him she drew him to his feet.

SUMMER toiled itself away. Autumn, differing from summer only in name, approached. Heller remained at his house, avoiding Mannard, and watching operations at Sunblest through a window in a sort of look-out perched upon the roof. Then one day the thin gray clouds over the Everglades weighted themselves with liquid lead and descended in thundering torrents. The rains had come—the long and pounding deluge that for a month would pit the lake and the soil, filling the inadequate channels for its disposal until they backed and discharged in floods of destruction. Anna heard the rain, and waking saw that the door between herself and Hugo was closed. She did not call out nor stir. She lay there, listening to muffled sounds in the room beyond, and finally to a stealthy step upon the stairs. Arising at her regular time, she found the house empty. Following footprints in the wet soil she came to the shed, and gazed for a long time at the dustless oblong under the tool bench where the iron strapped box had been.

Returning to her house, she was shaken by its emptiness, and sought Margaret. She had not seen her for weeks. After the treason of providing workmen for Mannard, she had devoted herself to Hugo—walking the fields with him, standing beside the tower in the hollow, reading to him from the books that came by every mail. But now that he was gone, she went to Margaret.

Grotesqued by waterproof and rubber boots and umbrella, Anna followed the swale to Sunblest, and climbing toward the Mannard house she stooped over the little plants that made a sturdy promise of the hillside. Celery, lettuce, the frail spindles of a first year's showing of asparagus, peas for the fall market in the north, and a generous sowing of beans.

Margaret saw her, and throwing a rubber cape over her came down from the house.

"Your man has worked," Anna said.

Margaret did not answer. Her face was white under the recalcitrant crinkle of hair, and her eyes burned with fever.

"Come in," she said. "Come back to the house. I'll make you some tea."

Entering from the back, Anna followed Margaret through the kitchen and came into the living-room which occupied the major portion of the three cubicle box. Tarnished with moist air and neglect, the heavy silver service arrayed itself grimly along the trestle table.

"I'll make the tea." Anna gave Margaret one swift, discerning look. "You'd better rest."

"I can't rest. When I rest I think. And I mustn't think."

"It won't hurt you to think, if you think straight." Anna disguised her moralizing under a cheerful clatter of spoons.

"I can't think straight. Asking me to think straight is like asking a child to be a philosopher about the wasps that are stinging him."

"Is it as bad as that?" Anna turned from the spoon drawer.

"It's worse than that. I've lost—John."

"You couldn't—"

"I have. He's up in the morning before the sun rises. I get his breakfast, but he swallows it without knowing that I've done it. He's out all day, and comes in too tired to do anything but roll into bed. I might as well be a servant. I might as well not be here at all. I've tried everything to bring myself to his attention. And I've failed. I've tried being hard and practical, and talking crops. He is too engrossed with his own anxiety about crops to listen to mine. I've tried being pretty and amusing. He doesn't notice. I've asked him to leave this hateful place, and go back to England where, even if we were poor, we could be together in spirit again. He stared as though I had asked him to murder his grandmother."

"This year has been hard," Anna countered. "But your crops are coming, and if you get ditches—"

"I don't want crops to come up. I don't want ditches. If things grow, John will plant again next year—and again the next—and be lost to me forever. It's John I want. I can't live without love."

"YOU'RE not living without love. Just for a time you may have to seek consolation in your house—"

"I hate my house. It's full of ants. There are cockroaches as big as mice that scrape their wings against the wall. I flung a towel at one yesterday, and my watch flew off and smashed to a thousand bits upon the floor. I'll never have another. John was to give me one. I've a birthday late in October, and we were to celebrate. We were to be gay and happy—we were to go wild with joy at the way life was treating us. We'll have no celebration. John has forgotten that I have a birthday coming, as he has forgotten me. I'll never have another watch. I don't know why I should care—gauds never mattered to me except as they stood for something more than themselves. But I do care. Seeing it smashed there on the floor was like seeing a symptom of death—like blood on the handkerchief of a man who wants to live and knows he can't."

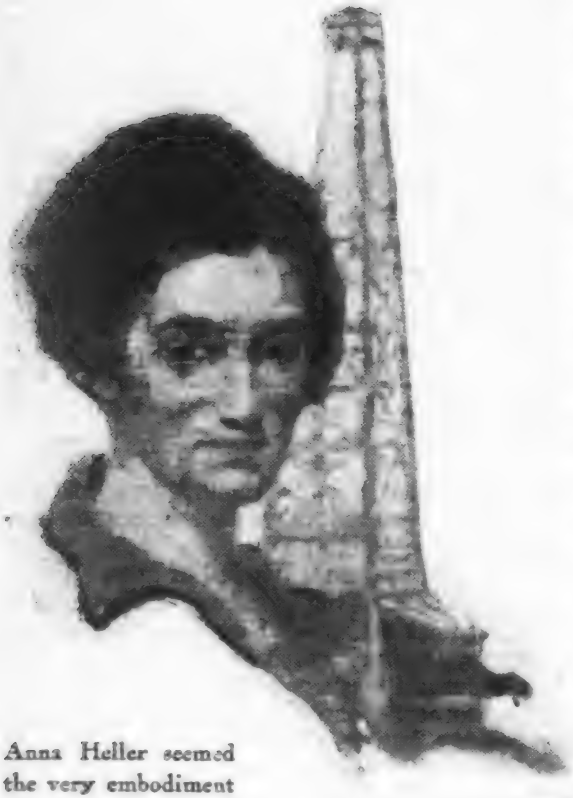
"Get yourself another watch at the village. The man who runs the store there is a Frenchman with more temperament than judgment when it comes to buying stock. He probably has a watch that he would be delighted to sell."

"No. The substance of life is gone for me—and so let the symbols pass, also. John has forgotten me. I'll never love any one but John, but the time may come when—"

"That is dangerous talk, my dear. I'm a doctor of bodies, but I've doctored more than bodies, too. And I've learned what it means when a woman says that she's lost love out of her life."

"I've faced that. I know what it means. I can't love again. But the time may come when I can tolerate being merely loved. There is a man who will take me on any terms. He hasn't said so. But I know."

"I see." Anna took the blackened silver pot into the kitchen and poured it full. "Tea is ready," she called and pulled two chairs to the little table there.



Anna Heller seemed the very embodiment of refuge and security

She did not stay with Margaret long that day. Returning to her own house she went out to the hollow where the oil tower stood. When Mullins passed that night, poling his barge, she called to him from the landing.

"Mr. Heller did not return to the village?"

"No'm."

"The rains have begun, Mullins." She spoke as one country gossip to another, face up to the almighty sky. "Mr. Heller will probably not return until the rains are over. They add to his nervousness."

"I don't blame him none. Feel them myself. Reckon I'll pole my folks down to Ocelot tomorrow and maybe git 'em to the coast. Rains there too—but somehow it ain't so bad. Don't drown your heart out like it does up here. I can git a boy to pole the mail up and down, and there won't be no passengers. Save yourself is what I say."

"I think you're wise to take the family away."

With his long lance poised above the water, Mullins paused to say something more.

"Them kids at Sunblest is sure going to learn something about rain."

"I'm afraid so. You know, Mullins, I don't think much of that doctrine of yours—that one about saving yourself."

"No." Mullins thrust down his pole. "I don't reckon you do."

Anna spent that night as she had spent the one before, in wide-eyed thought. When morning came she dressed herself, and finding a slicker and sou'wester in a closet, covered her garments and went again to the hollow where the old rig stood. Down the converging ditches from the hill water was pouring and disappearing under the thatch of rusting machinery on the ground.

Leaving her own place she followed the swale to Mannard's and hallooed softly. John answered from the hill, and she climbed up to him. Drenched and draining water from every stitch that covered him, he was driving a spade into the ground.

"Deepening the ditches," he said between his teeth. "If those negroes from the village come today, we ought to get them deep enough to carry off the rain as it falls."

As though protecting him from something that he should not see, Anna put herself between him and his view of the lake.

"Yes," she said. "They ought to carry off—the rain."

Turning toward the house she entered without knocking, and paused at the sound of a little humming song from the bedroom.

"Hello!" she called. "You're in better spirits."

Margaret burst through the door and flung impetuous arms about her visitor.

"I am," she laughed. "I'm on the top of the world."

"That's splendid. Let's hear no more talk such as we heard yesterday."

"You never will. Never. You told me everything would be right, if I thought, and thought straight. I tried to do it, and succeeded—and now I know what you meant. It's the rain—the miracle of the rain."

"The rain?" Anna removed her sou'wester the better to see the other woman.

"Yes—the beautiful, blessed rain. It's only begun and already the ditches are choked. When the country down below fills up with the water draining from here, they won't be able to carry any of it away. Then—the lake! The lake is filling now. I went out to see this morning, and it had risen. A mark I had scratched on the coral was gone. The lake had risen—too little to make any difference yet—but enough for a whole revelation of the future."

DO YOU mean that you understand what the lake will do to this land, to this planting that the man you love has made, and yet that you can rejoice?" Anger burned under Anna's question.

"Yes!" Margaret threw her arms up in a gesture of deliverance. "I can rejoice at anything that gives John back to me. He'll never plant again, when he sees the work of months washed away, and knows that the rains return every year. We'll go away—John and I together—out onto the open road again."

"Hugo and I have seen a dozen rains. And we are still here."

"But you're witches!" Margaret thrust at her hair and laughed again. "Mullins told us you were witches, that you must be, because your ground drained. John and I are not witches. We are people. We will go."

As abruptly as she had entered, Anna left the house.

"Mannard," she came beside the laboring figure on the hillside, "your wife sees something about these rains that you do not. She sees that, with water pouring from the sky for a month, the lake will overflow."

Crouching over his spade John did not answer. Anna went on.

"Your ditches might as well be so many hen scratches for all the good they will do then, since at the first sweep of water over the rim the main canal will fill and back."

John's crouch over the spade stiffened.

"This crop will go." Anna was relentless. "All you have sowed and planted will wash into the hollow there, and rot."

"I will plant again."

"A thousand centuries of nature's plantings have been washed away."

The face that John lifted was like a mask of stone.

"I'll plant and plant again," he said. "I'll plant until I, too, am washed down into the hollow—to rot."

"Have you ever—" Anna hesitated, then rushed her question to a conclusion. "Have you ever thought of drilling for oil?"

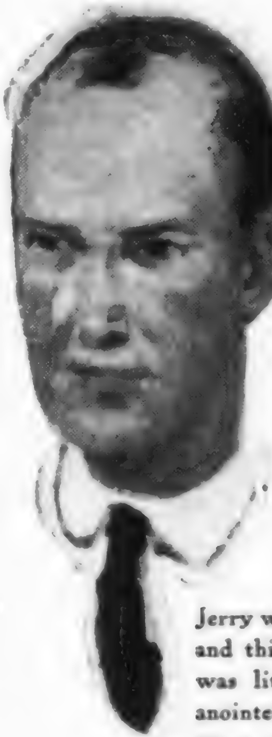
John's mask of stone cracked into a mirthless grin and he laughed.

"Oil!" He shouted the word. "Drill for oil, while the crop I've put my heart into—"

"You can't save the crop. It's going to rain a long time. It rains a month at least, every year. The ground will wash away faster than you can dig it. You'll have to stop work. If you sit in your house and watch destruction tumbling past you to the hollow, you'll go insane. You'll have to work to save your mind. Why not drill for oil?"

"Why not embroider table doilies, or tat, or pull yarn through sacking to make a rug?"

"Listen to me, John Mannard. There is more in the proposition I am making than I can say. There is that in it, which I have promised not to say."



Jerry was tall and thin. He was literally anointed with great wealth.

"You didn't find oil on your place. You drilled—and covered the drill hole with dèbris."

"Nevertheless I'm asking you to sink a prospect hole for oil."

"I'm a farmer."

"You're anything you have to be. Everybody is. From now on, until the rain is over, you are a driller for oil."

Her intensity, rapping out its message in a command, focused his own. The mask of his face went back to flesh and blood again. The light of a daring hope broke in his eyes and settled into a conviction. An idea, born of the instant, became a plan.

"Machinery?" he asked.

"I've got it. All you need. The barn is piled with casing. We thought when we started to work that we might go deep—but we didn't need to. There's not time to put down a concrete base for the drill, but stones from the ridge below the lake where the quartz crops through will do. I'll patch up Sally Harper again, and she'll send men to help with the tractor and the hauling. Better get the rig down and over here first, before the roads are too soft. The place to bore is in the hollow, this side of the main canal. The small ditches will keep you fairly clear of water there until the lake overflows, which won't be until the rains are nearly over. Will you do as I say, and ask no questions that I cannot answer?"

"Yes," he agreed after a moment. "It may be foolishness—but I've got to work or go mad watching what the rains do to me."

"People have saved their minds, and more than their minds, by foolishness before this, John Mannard."

"I'll go with you, now." And driving his spade into the earth John and Anna set off, two drenched and hurrying figures.

Margaret polished the silver. When it was bright, she went to the storeroom and selected some delicacies from the shelf. Shrimps. She would curry some shrimps for John's lunch, and cook rice in the Indian way. Fruit salad would be nice, with tinned milk custard. She didn't like tinned milk, but there was no other, and in custard it wasn't bad at all. Bread was a difficult problem. She had never mastered the American art of hot quick bread. But there was rusk, and warmed in the oven of the oil stove, it added the fillip of a party to any meal. Bringing the table from the kitchen into the living-room she set it as nicely as she could.

When all was done and the curry hot in a trivet with a burner, she bathed and dressed and sat down to wait for John.

At one o'clock she went to the door and called into the rain. No sound of his spade. She went back and found a book. Another hour passed. The alcohol flame under the trivet died. The rusk scorched in the oven. Instead of the printed words in the book she held, Margaret read words of wrath in her mind.

Dinner time arrived. She left the chilled things on the table.

At eight o'clock John materialized from the inky deluge of the night. He wore an oil-skin coated with mud, and his face was streaked. Washing away the worst of his grime, he sat down at the table and ate hungrily. He failed to note the frigidity either of the atmosphere or the food.

Margaret stood the silence till she thought it would madden her. Then she broke out.

"You might have dressed—bathed and dressed. If not for my sake then at least for the sake of your health."

He jerked himself into consciousness of her.

"Sorry," he said, "I was thinking and forgot. But you—" he looked at her as at a stranger who had caught his attention— "you look like a May morning."

The caustic thoughts she had intended to change into speech, dissolved themselves in an engulfing wave of pity for herself. Leaving the table she flung herself into the bedroom and across the bed.

FOR all her misery, Margaret slept profoundly that night, lulled by the thunderous lullaby on the roof. When she awoke next morning John was gone.

For a moment, after calling at both doors of the house and receiving no answer, alarm gripped her. Then anger came back and occupied the whole region of her mind. John was finding something to do—something to employ him against the terrific monotony of the rain. All right—let him amuse himself. When the lake overflowed and the pitiful ditches he had dug could no longer carry off the water, her turn at entertainment would come.

Protecting herself with raincoat and galoshes, she went out to see how near the consummation of her hope had approached.

She did not reach the lake. Pounding down upon the earth the rain had already made little ditches of its own in the soft loam around the roots of John's newly planted orange trees.

Comprehension of the full disaster that those first exposed roots expressed came to her. John had labored and hoped. Over each pit into which a tree was digged his body had bent, and the prayer of his effort had ascended.

"John!" she moaned. "Oh, my dear—my dear!" And holding one hand across her writhing mouth, she felt her way towards the house.

At noon she was roused from her wretchedness by a sound upon the road from Heller's. Some huge and lumbering event was advancing. Reclaiming her coat, she went out to meet it.

John called, and voices answered him. When the screen of the rain thinned with his approach, she saw him.

He rode the iron saddle of a tractor, and behind him toiled a wagon loaded with spraddling beams and the segments of a gigantic wheel. After the wagon an engine yelled its advance like a demon of steam. Men, cowled in oil skins, marched with the engine.

"What are you doing?" She leaped to a foothold on the tractor and shouted. "Where did you get this crazy load?"

"Heller's." He was as wet as a drowned man pulled from the sea, but his face was alive with holy fury. "The derrick from their place. We're going to drill for oil."

"Oil! You're demented!"

He laughed. Infuriated by the laughter she snatched at the steering gear. The tractor lurched and swung. John struck at her hand. She dropped backward into the mud.

She shut herself in her house. She heard the tractor stop, and the air was full of the clang of a wagon unloading. The engine slewed to the hollow and was still. The tractor roared and rattled, and began a Behemoth crawl back to Heller's again. At six it returned. At seven John, a man of mud, draining earth and water onto the floor, came in.

"Supper!" he called. "Plenty of it for the men and myself."

"Me?" This new phase of the pervading horror numbed her. The world was unreal, a nightmare through which she moved, helpless. "Me—food—for everybody?" she questioned unbelievingly.

"Yes. Hurry. We're as hungry as lions."

She got cans from the storeroom. Beans. Cans and cans and cans of the scorned American stuff. Meat that slipped from tins in chunks and blocks. Bread—where would she get bread? The figures of this hideous phantasmagoria that possessed her would probably clamor for bread.

Anna Heller appeared in the unreal manner of a character in a dream, and threw a slicker on the chair. Rivers descended from it to the floor.

"I'll make pone," she said. "Get me meal and lard and milk. Make the oven hot."

The meal was prepared and eaten. Standing at the stove Margaret watched it disappear. Into the jaws of white and black alike it went in swift, Gargantuan lumps.

She did not question John or Anna Heller. Why question the negative phenomena of delusion? Too weary for weeping she crept into bed and slept.

The vile spell had not gone when morning came. John wakened her before the sun was up, and hurried her toward another meal. Anna Heller came again. They worked silently—baking, washing up, cleaning. They set the silver on the living-room floor, and dragged the heavy trestle table to the kitchen and spread it with food for giants. Noon arrived and another feast. Night and another. A week, two weeks of days went by. She worked and was silent and slept, to rise and work again.

Only once when John spoke to her did she feel a flare of her old, clear consciousness. They were in their room. He had hung his saturated garments around the oil stove in the kitchen, which now never went out. In the morning the tiny room would be filled with their steam.

"The casing is down below the level of the soil," he said. "It's going through the coral as it would go through soap. We'll be on bedrock soon, and when we've bored through that—"

"The lake?" She lifted herself on her elbow. "Hasn't the lake overflowed yet?"

"No. But when it does—let it spill! I'll have found what I'm after by that time, and I'll know that I've got the better of the lake."

"When it does—you'll see your folly—and we'll go. Before October's gone, we'll go. I planned things for October John—I planned—"

"We'll stick, Mags, old girl! We're going to stick!"

AT NOON of a day that followed, Margaret did not know how long thereafter, Anna Heller poised her hands above the bowl of dough in which they had sunk, and held her breath. The wheeze and shriek of the donkey engine was still, the heavy drive and lift of the derrick had paused. There was no creak of cable around the mighty windlass of the bullwheel.

"Come down to the hollow," she said.

"John!" Margaret flew to the door. "Has anything happened to John?"

"John's all right." Anna stopped her. "Get your coat and boots, and come down to the hollow."

Hooded and hurrying they went down the hillside torn into little valleys by the rain. Green things were tumbling in those valleys, sluiced from their rooting and carried away. Lettuce, celery, beans with their small white blossoms like dead faces in the mud—rushing downward to destruction.

Margaret had not been near the rig set up in the swale. Now as the clouded glass of the rain became less opaque between it and her, she lowered her eyes from its high, gray spectre, and sought John in the motionless group around its base.

He was staring at the ground. They were all staring at the ground. Around their feet water made little eddies and flowed on to—drop. It dropped with a sucking sound, like the water of a bathtub into its vent.

"You've got it!" Anna broke the silence with her resonant voice. "You've struck it!"

"We've struck it," John answered.

"Struck what?" Like life forcing its way back into chilled veins, Margaret felt the keen ache of thoughts and dreams and prayers of hope returning. Oil! The unaccountable had happened. The miracle was enacted. If John had struck oil—why, the very glory of the whole world could come from oil. With oil behind them, they were free. They could go away—out into life again—out into the universe of laughter and high, glad happenings.

Horror and miasma and drudgery and loneliness were past. Margaret was herself again. The crisp bright machinery of her mind snapped into action. Plans spun themselves together on the instant, and trailed their gauzy joys before her.

"Struck what?" she repeated. "Oil?"

"Drainage." Anna shouted the answer into the rain muffled air. "Your John has found what we found when we drilled for oil. We went through the bed rock and found an emptiness beyond. Along the bottom of that emptiness there must be an underground river running to the sea. We struck it, drilling for oil, and it has kept our fields dry. I couldn't tell—I had promised not to tell—but I could let him drill."

Shining in the armor of her one more functioning thought, Margaret launched at this new, unlikely enemy of a subteranean canyon.

"That little hole won't drain a farm." She pointed to the bore hole where the water eddied and sucked. "If a canal ten feet wide won't carry the water off, do you think a thing like that can do the work?"

"Not this time." John watched tender green things turning and twisting in the flood. "The lake is pouring over the rim now, and by tomorrow this basin will be a reservoir. But before another season of rain arrives, I can have the bore widened and cased, and a deep lateral ditch along the lake front with channels running down—"

"Another season! Do you mean that you will stay another year?"

"Another and another and another. We're sticking, Mags! I said we'd stick!"

Returning to her kitchen, hastening toward the consummation of another meal, Margaret was no longer a dream shape drudging through a nightmare. She was awake and thinking. And every thought fanned an anger that licked through her like a flame.

"I'll take the men along when I go," Anna said. "You won't need them again. You'll lose what you've put in this year, but John can stand that now. Another year is coming when he'll know he can't lose."

Margaret laid plates on the trestle table. The rain still fell. It had filled the lake at last. Below the thin floor of the house she could hear water running, pouring from the lake and drain downward to the hollow like a sheet.

"That is why the house is set on stilts," she said, "to keep it above the spill."

It was her own remark while the meal was being prepared and eaten and its traces removed. When Anna and the men were gone, and while John stood like a man enraptured on a ridge overlooking the hollow, she went into her room and taking a portfolio from a drawer, sat down to write.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:" she began.

"You said that if the time ever came when I could stand it no longer here, I was to call on you. I have—"

She snatched the paper from its fold, crumpled it and began again.

"This is to remind you that my birthday comes October 29. Yours, MARGARET MANNARD."

Sealing and addressing the brief note, she stowed it under the flap of her raincoat pocket. John was still rooted like a statue to the ridge. Ploughing a circuitous route around him, and avoiding Heller's house, Margaret walked the long road to the village.

The Frenchman who ran the store greeted her volubly.

"You should have sent," he exclaimed. "Such a walk for a woman like you. You should have sent, and if necessary I would have transported my entire stock for your selection—"

"I came to post a letter. The post still goes out, I suppose."

"The boy who does for Monsieur Mullins will come for a certainty if he is not drowned. And now that you are here, may I offer you—"

"Thanks, nothing. But please make sure that the boy gets my letter."

ANOTHER week of deluge passed. Choked with vegetation and muck the narrow bore hole under the derrick had ceased to drain. The hollow was an ever filling cistern of water and mud and swimming plants. But John went about with the look of a new heaven and a new earth upon his face.

"I'll get that scaffolding down and set up again at Heller's as soon as the rain stops," he said one day. "She's done something Heller wouldn't approve, by letting me drill. I don't know why he shouldn't approve—there's something queer there, Magsy—and putting the scaffolding back won't protect her. She'll tell him, first off when he returns. But I'd like to get the thing back and up, anyway. She's a glorious woman, Mags."

"I hate her," Margaret answered. "She's ruined my life."

"She's saved it, you mean. Both our lives."

"I hate her."

"You're tired, sweetheart. You've overdone yourself these past few weeks. I'll never forget how you've stood by and helped."

"And I'll never forget— Oh John, my dear, my dear—" Panic and her love for him rose out of her bitterness in a wailing sob. "Give up this horrible, this terrible thing, that is destroying us. What's become of our life together, John? What's become of the just you and me who set out to conquer the world?"

"We're conquering it. Conquering is always slow business. The flash and music are reserved for the parade afterwards. We're making headway, and next year when I get the drainage system in—"

"If you say drainage to me again, I'll shriek."

Since he could say no more to her of drainage, and since drainage was the subject occupying his mind, he said little in the days that followed. The sullen muteness of the house was as heavy as the rain upon the roof.

During the night of the twenty-eighth of October the downpour ceased as abruptly as it had begun. Margaret awoke to the sudden hush with the merged feeling of calamity and change and prayer in her heart. The decisive day had arrived. John would after all remember the time and its significance. Williams might come—Williams would come—but if John remembered and relented, Williams would be wiped from the scheme of things as utterly as though he had never existed. Motionless, hardly breathing, Margaret lay in her bed and waited—for John to remember.

He rose and dressed. He didn't speak. Once when she thought he was going to, she tensed herself for the spring that would bring her to him, with her arms about him, and her head against his breast. He looked out of the window at his ruined orange planting, and turning back smiled beatifically. Now he was going to speak! Now he was going to tell her how wrong he had been, and what amends he would make! Now he was going to come to her and bend above her as he had always done on her birthday morning and wish her the joys that only he and she could ever realize.

"I'm going to Hellers's," he said, "and then on to the village. I want to study that main canal and see what's the matter with it. I'll get my own tea before I go. You'd better lie abed a while."

She closed her eyes and bit at the twisting of her lips.

She heard the clatter of his light meal in the kitchen. Her teeth loosened their hold upon her mouth. Perhaps he'd bring her tea to her—tea set on a silver tray—with one of his funny, tender greetings written on a card laid on the

"What's that?" John was beside her. "Nothing." She tried to hover her skirt over the brilliance. He took it up. "I see," he said. "Makes my gift look rather measly, doesn't it?"

plate. Other birthday mornings he had done it—brought the tray himself with mysterious shufflings outside the door.

He was doing it. He was coming now. She brushed the pillow behind her into smoothness and pushed back the crinkle of her hair. She brought all the glad gratitude of her heart up to her face in a smile.

"I think I ought to tell you." He stood in the door. There was no tray in his hand, no card of greeting, no hint of that old sweet awkwardness that she loved. "I'm going to take out my first papers in America. There's a notary in the village. I'm going to become a citizen."

"What?" She shot erect. "You can't. The country you fought for—"

"I've fought for this country." His face was grim. "This last month in the mud was worse than anything I saw in Flanders."

Stiff and still she lay back on her smooth pillow. When John was gone she rose and dressed and set the house to rights. After that she got a hand-bag from a cupboard and set it on a chair in the living-room.

WILLIAMS came at noon. Margaret did not answer his first knock. She stood like a woman petrified, poised over the hand-bag she was packing. He knocked again, and her rigid throat emitted a sound.

"Come in," she said.

Williams turned the knob and stood flushing with embarrassment in the doorway. She did not speak to him, and his own words failing, he thrust a small parcel toward her. As desperate for some cover to the situation as he, she went to him and took it from him, and tore the paper away.

It was a box, a small gray box of velvet with rounded top and corners. She opened it, and a colorless glory of diamonds and platinum caught the light and flashed it through the room.

"A watch." He explained his gift as clumsily as a boy at a birthday feast. "I remembered the day—and you said you wanted a watch—I hope you won't mind—"

"It's lovely." As though the light of the jewels hurt her eyes she snapped the box closed and set it on a shelf beside the door. It was the shelf where John kept his pipe. "It's lovely," she repeated, and then lamely: "It's very nice."

"You sent for me." He blurted the whole purport of his coming in the four words. She had not expected it, she had invited it, she had sought it—and yet now that the thing she sought voice itself, she backed from it and put her hand upon the knob of the door.

"Yes, I sent for you." Her voice had a far away, unfamiliar sound. "But you're earlier than I thought. Please go, until I send again. There must be a room in the village where you can stay."

"Margaret—"

It was the first time he had used her name, and her spirit rose against the presumption.

"Go," she said. "I'm terribly upset. I can't think now. Can't you see how I am suffering. I sent for you, because I had determined to go away. I've got to go. I can't live unless I go. And yet—John—"

"I'll wait in the village." Williams's embarrassment had left him. He was possessed of the calm that lays down life for another to take or leave. "I brought a special boat to Ocelot and came in it from there. It is at your disposal—for whatever you decide."

Shamed by the fine courtesy of Williams's withdrawal, Margaret flew to renewed preparations for flight. She owed something to Williams now. She had called, and he had come. She had commanded, and he had gone. A woman could not play at fast and loose with such a man. Decision was required of her, and since her heart rebelled against it, her body must act.

She completed the packing of the bag. She wrapped the silver and laid it in a drawer. It was John's. It had been a banner of courage to her, but she had let it soil and trail. She must take up other banners now—the diamond flashing jewel in the case—the special boat from Ocelot—the car waiting beyond the boat to carry her away.

The autumn day was graying when there came another knock. Williams had grown impatient, she thought, and returned. She tried to force the ultimate consert of her soul, but it tarried and sought excuses. Dinner must be prepared for John, prepared and set waiting. She must still have a little time. Turning the knob, she fell back with a sob of relief. Anna Heller's house boy flashed white teeth in the dusk, and shot a basket across the floor.

Margaret took up the basket. It contained a chicken, trussed and baked, three swelling avocadoes, and a layer of mangoes heavy with scent. A card dangled from the handle. "Happy Birthday" it read.

As though an asp had flickered its tongue among the perfumed fruit, Margaret thrust the basket from her. More than any event of the day that friendly basket with its dangling card had frightened her. Controlling her trembling, she got a plate and cup, and spreading a napkin on the table in the kitchen, set John's place. She did not set her own.

She heard John coming just as darkness had made black mirrors of the window glass. He was whistling. She lighted a lamp in the living-room to make his entrance bright.

He laughed as he came in, and without noting that she retreated from his swooping kiss, pulled a chair to the table in the kitchen and attacked the scant array of food.

"Not eating?" he looked at her anxiously.

"No."

"I'm late. I suppose you've had yours. Sorry, dear."

"John, today—today—" Words could not dislodge from her frozen throat.

"Yes, I know. Many happy returns!" And hunching sideways in his chair he reached to his pocket. "Shops don't allow much choice hereabouts—but what I could get comes with all my love."

A box. A flimsy paste-board box. A glare of cheap white satin, and against the satin a small ticking thing of silver threaded on a black ribbon.

"Oh!" Her throat was not frozen now. It was swelling, throbbing, bursting with love and joy.

"Oh!" she repeated, and then suddenly the whole world, lately so radiant with light, went black. The box on the shelf—the velvet, rounded box, with the flashing thing inside! She must get it, fling it out into the night, have done with it before John knew! Flying to the other room she snatched upward to the shelf. She struck the perfect spring of the box. It flew open and down to the floor.

"What's that?" John was beside her.

"Nothing." She tried to hover her skirts over the brilliance, but the telltale glory still glittered malignantly.

"What is it, Mags? Give it to me." He took it up.

"It's nothing! I tell you it's nothing! Jerry Williams came today. He remembered what I'd said on the boat—"

"I see."

"John, don't look like that! Oh, John, if you only knew—"

"Makes my gift look rather measly, doesn't it? If you don't mind, I think I'll take a turn or two out of doors."

HE WENT. She tried to follow him, but he lost himself swiftly in the pitchy blackness. She groped back to the house. And then, with her hand at the door, she knew what she must do. She must see Anna Heller. Clutching the little paste-board box which John had given her, and which she had never dropped, she made across the fields and clamored for entrance at the other woman's house.

"See what I have done—see what I have done to John!" She held the little box to Anna who appeared in the doorway with a lamp. "He brought me this. He searched and found this for me. And another man brought me one that sparkles like the sun—"

"Come in."

Following the lamp Margaret entered and sank into a chair. Anna leaned toward her across the green baize table.

"Why did you come to this country?" she asked.

"Why? But that's not what I came about tonight. I've hurt John—I've hurt—"

"Yes, it is the thing you've come about tonight. Why are you in Florida at all?"

"We were adventurers, John and I. I wanted—"

"You wanted adventure. And now that you've found it, you've changed your mind."

"But I haven't found adventure."

"Cleaving to the man she loves is adventure enough for any woman. I know. I've done it, and my life has been full. Standing or falling with the man who holds your heart, is real adventure. Look at me, child. You've wondered about me, probably. I came here with Hugo, because a terrible thing has happened, and Hugo's strength which was like a steel blade before, broke, and he could not stay and face it out. We hunted the back-water of the world, and found it here. As long as floods held sway at Miriwamba, we were safe from the intrusion that Hugo still fears. But the drainage that we found and that your John has found, will be a call to settlers. We shall go on, Hugo and I, to hunt another forgotten spot of earth. But wherever we go, there is adventure for me. There is no monotony except where love is absent, and no high emprise except where it abides. Go home, my dear. Go home, and thank the God of gallant deeds that you have your John to call them forth in you."

Running as she had run to Heller's, Margaret returned to her house. It was empty. Flinging through the back door she made for the ridge above the hollow.

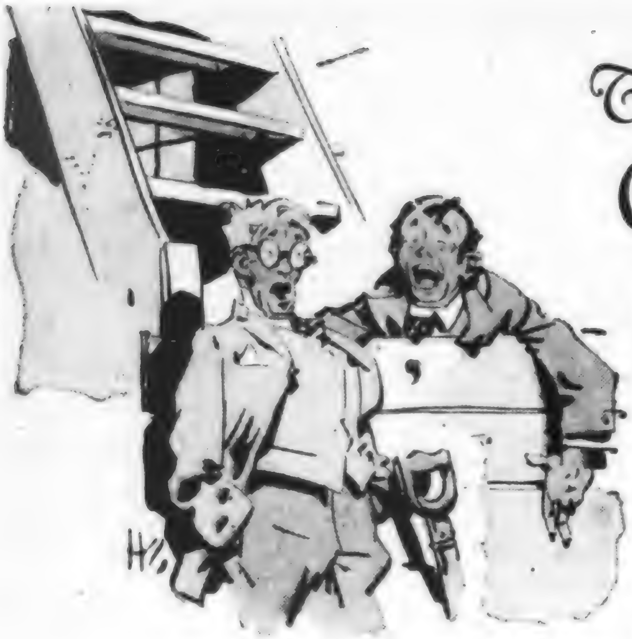
"John!" she called.

"Magsy," he answered, so close that she had only to reach and be taken in his arms. "I've been thinking." His voice was as strangled as her own. "We'll forget what's happened tonight. Tomorrow you can send his star-spangled time-piece back to Williams, and close the incident. We can't waste time holding grudges against each other, when we've so many better things to do."

She couldn't speak. But snuggling her small body into the crook of his arm, she felt the old familiar warmth of his garments against her cheek, the old familiar sense of security and peace.

"I've been a clam," John continued. "But I had nothing hopeful to say, and I couldn't burden you with my gloom. Besides when a man's doing his turn at hard labor, there isn't much left in him for speech. But things have changed. That underground river must run the whole length of this district. We can buy, on the payment plan and with crops assured, we can know we're safe. We'll have the farm you've planned, Magsy. We'll have it yet! There are things to be done about the main canal for those whose property cannot be made to empty underground. I've been along it today, with Mullins's boy, taking soundings

[*Continued on page 165*]



The Cellar Champion

By Howard Brubaker

Illustrated by Stuart Hay

The man who fired the

"THE name of J. Edgeworth Platt will go echoing down the halls of time."

I said this to myself in the privacy of my sound-proof cellar, for whatever my faults, if any, self-conceit is not among them. It was a January night and I was alone with my furnace and my aspirations. Little Felix, the prattling companion of many happy hours of plumbing and tinkering, had been washed and put to bed. Zerelda, my beloved butterfly, was up there somewhere in the warm, quiet, old house enjoying the fruits of my labors while I, clad in what she called my "sackcloth and ashes suit," sat on the orange box and watched my idea taking tangible form. The furnace was humming with the pleasing sound of rising steam, and yet I had not put in a shovelful of coal since dinner—not what the world calls coal.

The greatest discoveries are simple things, born of humble parents. I had been struggling with the problem of coal and ashes. Like millions of my thrifty fellow-countrymen, I had been pained at the amount of half-burned coal that was being thrown away. I had tried picking over the ashes with my hands meant by Nature for nobler things—such as real estate, insurance, title searching and mortgage loans. Again I had sifted them through a screen, only to find the residue full of useless clinkers which still had to be eliminated. Surely there was a better way. A little thought by a mind trained to cogitation, a little experimentation by one not above menial tasks, and the answer was before me, a boon to the entire Temperate Zone.

Here is the recipe: Sift the ashes in the time-honored way, throw away the dust but put the residue, regardless of its character, into a can and soak it with fuel oil, drain off the excess oil and burn as if coal. This was the great Platt equation; cheap oil plus cheaper ashes equal expensive coal. "The Platt System," I reflected. "Those things burning so caloriously in there may some time be known as 'Platts' just as roads are called 'Macadam.'" Necessity is the mother of invention, but the child bears its father's name.

The inside cellar door opened and the voice I love above the world's finest music drifted down to me as follows:

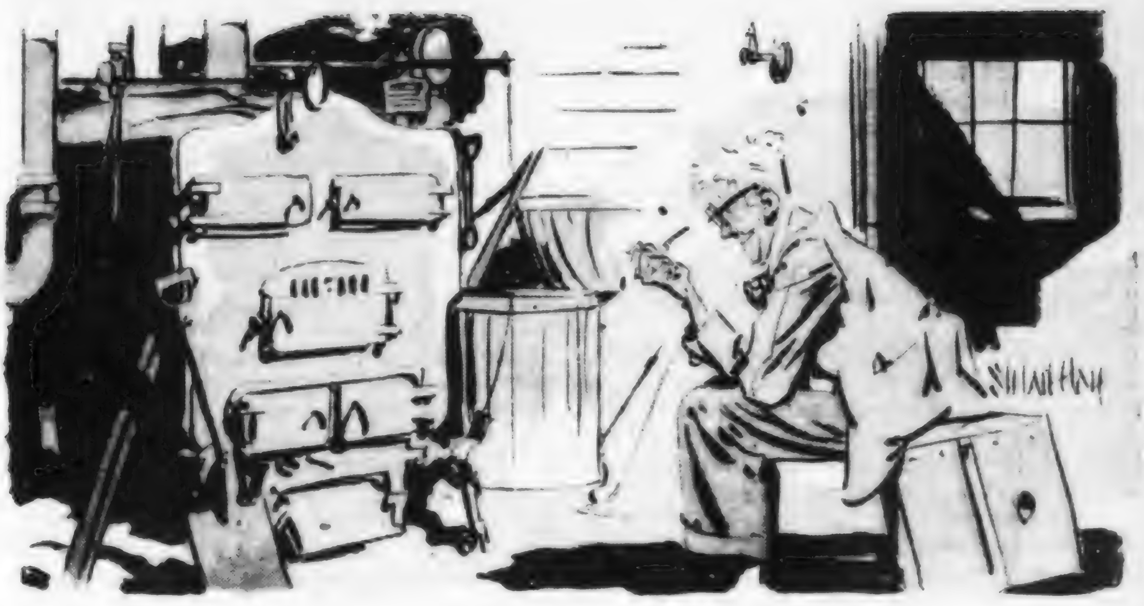
"Edgeworth, there's a queer, oily smoke pouring up into the house. Is that what you've done for the world?"

"Every invention is crude at the beginning," I explained patiently. "Take the automobile, take the airplane—"

"I'll take the train," said Zerelda, "if this smell gets any worse."

Zerelda is unquestionably the world's finest wife, but she belongs to the show-window side of our little family. Life she thinks, was made for laughter and dance and song, for good food, pretty clothes and sociability. I would not for a moment have it otherwise, but it explains why she is unsympathetic about what she calls my "underworld existence"—meaning my preoccupation with the plumbing and heating of the house.

The general subject came up somehow the next evening at one of our little Saturday-night suppers—I may possibly have mentioned my revolutionary discovery. Our neighbors, the



furnace heard round the world

Pascals, were our guests—"Chick" Pascal, my classmate at dear old Middle. By a compromise with Zerelda, I burned old-style coal that evening; it was either that, she said, or gasmasks for four.

"We have with us tonight the world's champion amateur plumber," announced Zerelda with forgivable wifely pride. "He makes two leaks where only one grew before."

"Our plumbing system is antiquated," I explained, "and requires a good deal of intelligent thought."

As it was my duty to make my guests happy, I told how the pipes ran from the well to the windmill, thence to the cellar and by devious ways under the cellarless kitchen to the range to be heated, then to the kitchen sink and the bathroom.

"The pipes run but the water doesn't," Zerelda added. "It's open plumbing, but it's open at all the wrong places. On the first chilly evening, it freezes up down there under the kitchen. It always makes me sad to see Edgeworth bustling around in the morning with a kettle of hot water, for then I know that the summer will soon be over. Pretty soon the birds will hear about it."

I cautioned her against exaggeration, but without avail.

"Our system was a great improvement over the previous practice of hoisting the water out of the Nile with a bucket, but it is not the thing for a bracing New England climate."

"Old pipes are mellowest," said Pascal fatuously.

Pascal lives in a modern house upon a plot of ground which I, as a realtor, sold to him. As we do not have city water out in our Cranberry Hill section, Pascal put in an electric pump and pressure system and he is free from plumbing troubles. As a matter of fact he rather likes to poke fun at our beautiful old Colonial house. "I thought you liked antiques, Zerelda," he said.

"I like old furniture and old houses, but modern plumbing. I'm inconsistent that way. When I turn the faucet in the bathtub on a chilly morning I sometimes wish something would come out besides hisses. It makes me feel like the villainness in a play."

"The daily bath is a modern fad, anyway," I said. "One can bathe too much."

"You learned that from Felix," said Zerelda. "I've warned you against associating with that low character." My charming wife prattled on. "Our pipes are small for their age. They are held together by rust. The water generally comes out nice and red. I suppose you have some of this pale, anemic water in your bathtub, Dorothy? Wishy-wishy, I call it."

"How long has this thing been going on?" asked Dorothy Pascal.

"Oh, I've poked my little nose into that. Andrew Sayer, who spent a happy childhood in this house—at least his memories are happy—came around not long ago and I took him down for a nice visit with the dear old pipes." Zerelda was now exercising her talent for dramatics. "Old Andrew shook his head dolefully, 'That section there—it don't seem like the same old place.' The piece he referred to was, I suppose, put in during Andrew Johnson's administration. 'These new-fangled things is all right for them as like 'em, but I'm glad my grandfather didn't live to see 'em. He put this system in with his own hands.' I asked him whether the thing worked well when he was young. His voice got all tender and teary and he said: 'Not at all. It never was any good.' Wasn't that pathetic?

"All I can say is that the antique plumber had a misguided sense of humor," Zerelda concluded. "A joke's a joke, but one that began about the time of the Louisiana Purchase ought to begin to expire about this time, don't you think?"

"Can't you turn the water off on cold nights, Jack, and drain the pipes?" asked Pascal who cannot be cured of the old college habit of calling me Jack Platt.

"Oh, Edgeworth always does that, but it's just symbolical. That fun-loving old plumber built a lot of cunning little dips and curves in a box behind the kitchen sink. Those sunless valleys deep in sawdust never drain. They are the stuff that glaciers are made of."

"Well, it's all right in the summer-time," Pascal is always cheerful about other people's troubles.

"It is, unless the well goes dry, or unless we have a long calm when the windmill won't pump."

"I must drop in and inspect your cellar work," said Pascal, "if this is a fair sample." He lifted a glass of home-brew elderberry wine which, modesty forbids me to say, *was* rather successful.

"But that's nothing to his plumbing," said Zerelda. "Edgeworth is a dramatic plumber. His work has suspense and crises and climaxes and everything. It could almost go into the movies. Once while trying to thaw out a pipe with a red-hot poker he slightly set the house afire, didn't you, dear?"

"And," I added, "the heat of the burning timbers thawed the pipe which automatically burst and put out the fire."

"Have you a forge down there and everything?" asked Pascal.

"No, I never try forging, but I flatter myself that I can solder rather well."

"My husband may be a solderer, but he's no forger."

"I use everything that comes to hand," I said "—putty, sealing-wax, tinfoil, chewing-gum, Felix's modeling clay."

"Tell them," said Zerelda, "about the time you thawed the lead pipe with the soldering iron."

It struck me that my wife was rather emphasizing the negative side of my work. "Merely an excess of zeal."

"Any plumber can get the water to run, but he got the pipe to run. When he got through it looked something like a bunch of grapes. Very artistic."

"Do you mean to say you never call a plumber?" Mrs. Pascal asked.

"We do, but he won't come way out here from the village. It breaks into his social and intellectual life. He'll only come if there is a grave emergency, but I must say—of course I shouldn't boast about my own husband, but—Edgeworth's plumbing often creates emergencies."

This gave me the opening for what needed to be said for the benefit of all present.

"We should not be dependent upon mechanics for every little thing. That is the bane of our modern life. People waste their time golfing" (I looked pointedly at Pascal) "and call in a plumber every time a pipe freezes. They throw out coal by the ton and idle away hours motoring. What this country needs is—"

"City water," interrupted Zerelda.

"I am taking the larger view, my dear," I gently corrected her. "The spirit of thrift, of self-reliance. I am trying to instill that ideal into Felix—the basic realities of life."

"Basement realities," said Zerelda.

"Does Felix plumb already?" asked Pascal.

"He assists me a little in some of the places which are too small for me. Of course, at six, he cannot help much but he's learning the joy of using his hands."

"Besides," added Zerelda, "it satisfies his passion for being filthy. My jewels are black diamonds. They're the original coal dust twins."

Pascal promised to come in the next day to see my new fuel and Zerelda skillfully steered the conversation into other fields of human interest.

PERHAPS it was just as well; there was an undercurrent to this affair not to be discussed even with friends, the question of what Zerelda called "low finance."

The somber truth is that real estate, insurance, title searching and mortgage loans were at low ebb in our town of Pequot, particularly in the charming Cranberry Hill section. I went daily to my office in the village, but sometimes I was alone with my melancholy thoughts for hours at a time. In anticipation of a realty boom, I had plunged rather heavily in Cranberry Hill land but what with indifferent roads and no city water the boom had not occurred. My holdings were heavily mortgaged and interest and taxes interfered sadly with my happiness.

One reason why I did not call in the plumber for every minor ailment was his passion for major operations. He always said: "You ought to tear out the whole system and put in an up-to-date plant."

"It would be cheaper in the long run," Zerelda echoed. "The best is always the cheapest."

That was her philosophy in all matters.

"Fewer and better things" was another pet phrase of hers.

"That's all very well," I had to explain as to an unreasonable child, "but we certainly are not rich."

"Exactly. If we were, we could throw away money on cheap junk; being poor, we can't afford anything but the best."

By the same perverse reasoning she disapproved of my thrifty efforts to do my own repairs. One day she pointed to a wrench in my hand.

"That thing—un—bob—"

"A Stillson wrench—"

"You can call it what you please, but it's a weapon you use for committing financial suicide. You waste an enormous amount of time saving a little money."

"Because," I replied with masculine logic, "I have a great deal of time and very little money. You ought to be glad you have a husband who is willing to grub around in the cellar while you lead a gay life upstairs."

"Jack shall pipe and Jill shall dance," she quoted, but she added: "Jill will have to dance to keep warm if you're not going to burn anything but ashes."

This was on Sunday morning and Pascal came presently to see the new discovery. He seemed greatly impressed.

"It certainly burns all right, but what I'm interested to know is, what are you going to do when you run out of ashes?"

"I suppose I must burn enough coal to keep up the supply."

"Maybe some day," he said, "we'll buy our ashes from the ashman. Just think what I've thrown away; I didn't know there was a kick in a barrel of them. Speaking of barrels, what is that I see back there by the potato-bin? Is the Volstead act being flouted here? Let's go over and give it a little flout."

We did so and fell into reminiscences about the care-free days among the classic butternuts of dear old Middle. In fact we presently sang the Middle hymn, that majestic one ending, "We'll die for dear old Middle." This gaiety brought Zerelda to the cellar door.

"What's all the high life below stairs?" she asked.

"This," Pascal replied, "is the Sunday morning flouting and games of the alumni association. We're back here by the potato-bin dying for dear old Middle."

"I never could understand how you could help Middle by dying," Zerelda said, "unless you mention her in your will."

"He thinks the coal idea is good," I told my wife.

"Speaking of coal," said Zerelda, "I wish you'd put some on the fire. Otherwise there'll be a piece in the paper, 'Inventor's Wife Found Frozen in Pequot Hovel!' "

Truth compels me to say that the partner of my joys and sorrows was of little aid and comfort to me during the weeks of bitter weather which followed. By constant application I managed to use every available calory of our coal supply, yet Zerelda often complained that the house was cold.

"We ought to be comfortable," she said, "even if we do live in a charming Colonial house."

Though I worked systematically every morning and did not go to my office until I had thawed out every pipe, Zerelda was unhappy because she could not give Felix his early morning tub. And when I did everything in my power to keep the home fires burning and the home water flowing, Zerelda merely complained because I spent my evenings and Sundays in the cellar. The suspicion grew upon me that she was a warm-weather wife.

"No heat, no water, no husband," she said one day, and I added pointedly:

"No money."

For the same ill wind that blew my cellar full of problems froze, metaphorically speaking, the wellspring of real estate, insurance, title searching and mortgage loans. People would not even look at property in such weather and it sometimes seemed that I kept my office open only to entertain people who wanted something on account. It is an actual fact that one stormy day in late January the only business I did was to pay the premium on my own sickness and accident policy, and there was no financial nourishment in that save the deduction of my own agent's commission. I was tempted not to renew that policy but Zerelda insisted because, she said, she was afraid I would get plumbago. "That's a special kind of lumbago peculiar to plumbers."

SOMETIMES while shopping in the village Zerelda gladdened my eyes by dropping into the office with my boy.

"I notice you keep *this* place nice and warm," she said one day. "I hate to go home."

"No, Felix, mustn't touch!" I exclaimed, for Zerelda's child was about to hammer the glass inkwell with the notary seal.

"It's the joy of using his hands," said Zerelda.

I then patiently explained to my glorious but impractical wife that the office heat was furnished by the landlord and that no good end would be served by saving other people's coal. "If we lived in a stuffy rented apartment instead of our own beautiful home we, too, could be comfortable."

"The curse of the poor is their property," exclaimed my frivolous butterfly. "However, I suppose it will be warm in the limousine going home."

By this she referred ironically to the trolley car which ran from the village to within half a mile of our home. This, too, was a sore subject in our family. Zerelda had never been able to see how a real-estate agent could sell property without a car, though I proved by statistics that it was cheaper to hire a machine for occasional prospects than to maintain one of our own.

"Still, I suppose if we had one," she said, "you'd spend all your time in the cellar of it trying to make it run on some sort of second-hand gas."

"And very possibly succeeding," I replied.

No, Zerelda was of little aid and comfort. For aid I had to depend upon Felix who took pleasure in being inserted into interesting places under the kitchen floor, and for comfort upon "Chick" Pascal who often dropped in on Sunday morning to encourage me in my cellar work.

"Before you release your big idea," he said one day, "we ought to corner the supply of ashes. We could make a barrel of money. And speaking of barrels—"

It is surprising how quickly Pascal could drag in the subject of barrels. One felt that his interest was not a serious one. After all, a man who feels no responsibility toward his own cellar could hardly be more than lukewarm about mine. "I never work on my ashes except on Ash Wednesday," he said one day.

As Chick was leaving, I personally conducted him out into the back yard. He stopped suddenly and looked in surprise at my windmill, turning his head slightly to one side as if examining a masterpiece.

"Do you see what I see? Is the top of that tower all right? Looks to me as if it had a list to starboard."

"Now that you mention it, it does seem slightly out of plumb."

"Still, you had what I had," said Chick, "and these home concoctions do queer things to the eyesight. Let's try it on Zerelda."

Although my charming wife knows little or nothing of mechanics, she confirmed my suspicion that the part above the tank leaned slightly.

"It's like the Leaning Tower of Pisa!" she exclaimed delightfully. "People will come flocking to see it."

I had to keep Zerelda happy in her child-like ignorance of the seriousness of the situation. I knew that the steel supports of the superstructure ran through the water-tank and if these had rusted away there was a fearful repair bill in sight.

"I guess I may have to shore it up," I said lightly.

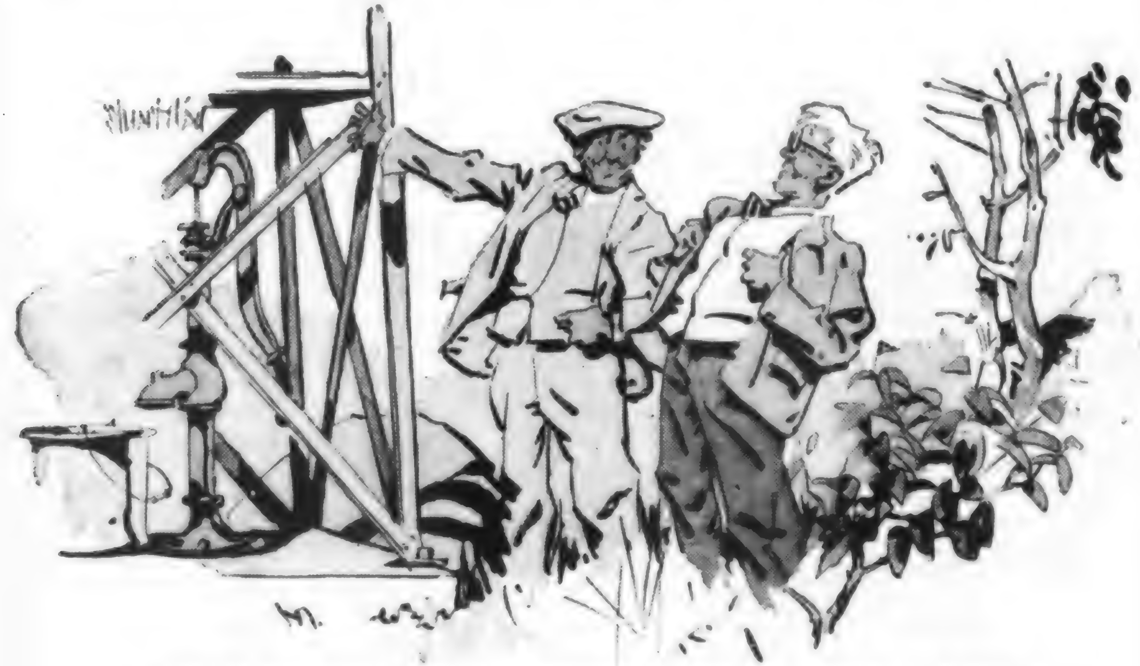
"Are you both a ground and lofty plumber?" asked Pascal.

"I have a jack that will lift anything on this place."

"Except," said Zerelda with less than her usual delicacy, "the mortgage."

The tank proved to be so full of ice that I could not get at the source of the trouble but I inserted a stout beam as a temporary prop and informed Zerelda that it would not be necessary to call a plumber.

"But is it safe? It won't fall on Felix or anybody, will it?"



As Chick was leaving, I personally conducted him out into the yard. He stopped suddenly. "Is the top of that tower all right?" he said.

A happy thought came to me.

"Is the Tower of Pisa safe?" Zerelda got the point, her sole stipulation being that Felix was under no circumstances to go near the windmill. "I wouldn't let him play around the Tower of Pisa either, for that matter," she added.

AS I look back upon it now with the perspective which time gives to history, I can see how all my troubles—mechanical, financial and domestic—were converging toward one fateful February Sunday. That cataclysmic day in my life dawned fair and mild with a false promise of spring upon its lying lips, but even that, as I shall show, was part of the universal conspiracy of man and nature against J. Edgeworth Platt. Pascal had telephoned early inviting us to go out for a ride in their car and Zerelda, dear butterfly, without consulting me, had consented.

"Go, by all means," I said kindly, "it is as good a way as any to kill time. Personally, I have homework to do."

The severe temperature of the preceding week had frozen my pipes with a tenacity that had resisted all my skill, but now with milder weather and a whole day before me I could certainly thaw them all out and at the same time catch up with my back work of making synthetic coal, or, if you prefer, "Platts."

Zerelda begged me to leave the thawing to Nature and go for a ride, but I was a slave to duty.

"You might, at least, leave me Felix," I said. "There are places under the kitchen and in the pump pit under the windmill—"

THE last word, I grant, was ill-advised. The wisest of us make mistakes. The superstructure, thanks to my prop, had shown no further signs of declination and I had forgotten Zerelda's absurd prejudice against having the windmill fall upon Felix.

"I will not leave that baby with you," she declared hotly. "And furthermore I will not have you using him as a plumber's helper. We live in the country largely for Felix's sake, for clean, fresh air and sunshine, and you make him crawl around in dirty old holes and risk pneumonia. There'll be no more of that. I didn't raise my boy to be a solderer."

"It might come in handy for him to know a trade," I said with brutal frankness. "As things look now, that's all the education we shall be able to give him."

It is eight years since Zerelda fluttered into my life and I thought I knew her every mood, but I was ill-prepared for the avalanche of reproach which then and there fell upon my devoted head.

"If you spent half as much energy making a dollar as you do saving a nickel, Felix could have a decent future." I was, she further alleged, pennywise and pound foolish. I neglected opportunities in my profession to grub around in the cellar. My work required contact with people and I spent my time hobnobbing with ashes. "I have joked about it to our friends, but every joke has been torture."

"My crime is that I have tried to solve our problems."

She pointed downward.

"That isn't a solution, it's an escape. It's a cyclone cellar. You take refuge in tinkering to avoid thinking. You're getting absolutely cellar-minded."

"I do not oppose you going out for a good time."

"I'm going, too—for the sake of Felix. But it may comfort you to know that I won't have a good time."

With aching heart and practiced hand I began my duties as the responsible head of the household. Presently the door opened and I fancied that my erring wife was coming down to beg forgiveness for her unjust charges. But it was not the dainty foot of Zerelda upon the stair; it was that of "Chick" Pascal.

"Forget it, old man," he said, "and come out for a spin. We'll blow into the Country Club for lunch and give the girls a vacation. You might get onto something good, too, in the way of business. You can't pull off any real estatemanship in a cellar. A realtor should shake hands, not ashes."

Here was the same perverse line of reasoning that Zerelda had used. I knew them, they had been conspiring together against me—my wife and my closest friend! It was a monstrous situation.

"When I need your advice about the conduct of my affairs," I answered with cold dignity, "I shall come over to your house." To myself, I vowed: "And that will not be soon if I can help it."

"Now, looky here, Jack—"

"Meanwhile I shall be obliged if you will leave me to my duties."

"Oh, all right. If that's how you feel about it."

Pascal went upstairs, and presently I heard through the coalhole the sound of his departing car. I thought of the words of Shakespeare: "One woe doth tread upon another's heels."

Picture the situation that confronted a devoted husband and father who lived only for the welfare of his family. My wife had turned against me, my best friend was estranged, I was deprived of the companionship of my own child, the pipes were frozen, the windmill wabbly, the coal-bin almost bare and the dealer asking for a substantial payment on account. Bills piling up everywhere and business a positive living death.

[*Continued on page 152*]

Mother Started Them Young

The four youthful Westmans are now carrying out in their professional careers basic principles that were taught them through "play acting" when they were children in a country town

by Henry Rood

THREE girls and a boy make up the interesting American stage family whose story is told by a neighbor who has observed their development from childhood. Twenty-one-year-old Teddy is the author of a current Broadway success, "Solid Ivory." Nydia, at nineteen, became leading lady of the still-popular "Pigs." Lolita writes fiction in addition to playing the leading rôle in a road company of "Lady, Be Good," and the success of Neville, seventeen, in several juvenile parts points the way to achievement rivaling that of her successful young brother and sisters.

IT MUST have been a dozen years ago that a new family came to live in our village, thirty miles from the big city. The family consisted of father, mother, one little boy and three little girls: and their name was Westman. Quiet, unobtrusive people they were, renting an inexpensive cottage, "pleasant-spoken" as the country phrase goes, but wholly lacking that patronizing air affected by some of the people from the metropolis who have migrated to our little community and occasionally furnished us old-timers many a good-natured chuckle at their expense.

There was something individual and distinctive about this new family, however typically suburban they might appear. Every day Mr. Westman, like other commuters, journeyed to and from the great city where, it was understood, he was employed by a firm of music publishers. Those of his children who were old enough attended public school. They appeared to be normal, happy, fun-loving youngsters. Yet there was something in addition which was hard to define: a strong, positive attribute of personality, in part inherited, from both parents, in part developed, as we afterwards were to learn, by unusual home surroundings. Later, we also were to learn, Mr. Westman was of Scandinavian descent, an actor, a composer of music, and long a singer in light opera. Mrs. Westman, it turned out, was of the fifth generation of a family of English players, descended originally from the great Sir Christopher Wren, an artist if ever there was one.

Gradually we learned why Mr. Westman had settled down to the dull routine of office work, why Mrs. Westman had relinquished a stage career. Both parents had deliberately put aside, for a time, their life-work, and were sojourning in our village with strict economy, for just one reason: in order that their little ones might experience home life, attend a first-class public school without frequent interruptions, make friends with other children of their own ages, and live in an American village with all the opportunities for health and freedom of spirit to be obtained in the normal small community.

At the end of a few years the Westman family moved away from our village, and occasionally we heard or read of them in connection with current stage productions. Then came the war when much was lost sight of, and following it a period of unrest when everybody was trying to pick up broken threads and weave anew the fabric of accustomed life.

One day in the early autumn of 1924 John Golden, the distinguished manager, announced that he was about to produce in the Little Theater, New York, what he called "a comic romance of Youth," a play called "Pigs," in which the leading lady's part would be taken by a nineteen-year-old girl named Nydia Westman. At this announcement, folks in our village sat up and gasped. Why it was only the other day, they remembered, that Nydia Westman and her brother and sisters were right there, forever going through plays of their own composition with other village children. Must be some mistake, our village said, shaking its head.

Nevertheless, the day after "Pigs" opened in the Little Theater, a good many village skeptics eagerly seized the New York newspapers to see whether any of them might have a theatrical note

[*Continued on page 156*]

Neville

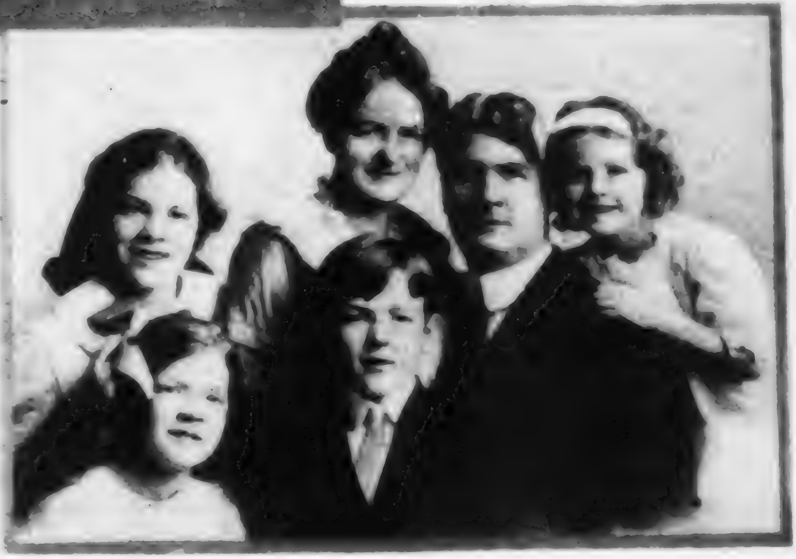
Lolita

Nydia

Even in the days when these charming girls were "playing horse" with brother's wheelbarrow, their play was a step in the rigorous training that went hand in hand with parental sympathy and helpfulness.

Teddy, the twenty-one-year-old dramatist, made an instant success with his first play, "Solid Ivory."

Though the Westmans, parents and children alike, were absorbed in a calling that prevented anything like a permanent home, yet they remained throughout an unusual example of a united family. In this group photograph taken ten years ago, Nydia and Teddy are in front, Lolita is standing beside her mother, and Neville, the youngest, is resting on her father's shoulder.



AM WORLD 10
CHA
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HALL

Immediately after Fat Tuesday, or Mardi Gras, has transformed New Orleans into a city of dreams for a day, Miss Louis Andrews and her associates begin planning another year's work on the designs for the elaborate costumes and floats of next February's celebration

She Keeps New Orleans' Secret

Pre-Lenten carnival time in the City that Care-Forgot is preceded by months of mysterious preparation. Even the wives and families of the principal participants know less about the plans than Miss Louis Andrews, chief designer for the great parades

by Beatrice Washburn

ONLY twice since the founding of New Orleans has the annual Mardi Gras carnival been suspended—once during the Civil War and once during the World War. From the dawn of Shrove Tuesday to the dawn of Ash Wednesday all of fairyland is let loose in the city of four hundred thousand people temporarily converted into elves and dwarfs and harlequins. History, mythology, and legend are ransacked for suggestions to uphold the splendor of the parades, tableaux and carnival balls.

COMUS, Momus, Proteus, Twelfth Night, Atlanteans, Rex—what are they? Sh-h! You mustn't ask. They are something very secret, very special. They are the great mysterious, masked organizations that once a year give one gorgeous ball or parade through packed, excited streets in glittering oriental splendor and make New Orleans for the week preceding Lent a city out of the pages of medieval romance. With scores of other societies they have made Mardi Gras in that old Creole city a celebration that cannot be seen anywhere else in the United States and could never be duplicated under any other conditions.

Behind them all is a fascinating story that goes back to the old "befo' de wah" aristocracy, a story few people understand and one which has baffled many a Carnival visitor to that fascinating city. Once in a blue moon some outsider stumbles into an adventure that leads him behind the scenes of all this fascinating pageantry. He emerges breathless, awe-stricken, and goes his way in silence. For he, too, must not speak.

Such a visitor once happened back into his lodgings one afternoon when the Carnival was in full tide. A message had been left for him to call a certain telephone number. He called, identified himself and was given hurried instructions. Somebody was missing, or somebody had to be somewhere else, it doesn't matter what had happened. Anyway if he wanted to do it, he could see Mardi Gras from behind the scenes. He certainly did! In a half hour an automobile would call for him. He was to get in it, ask no questions, go where it took him, and obey instructions when he got there. The one chance in a thousand had come to him, and he waited with beating heart.

Outside on the streets Carnival was in full swing. Mardi Gras in New Orleans! The pavements were lined with Pierrots and Peter Pans, pirates and pixies, Pandoras and princesses, harlequins and heroes, tourists and spectators from every state in the Union. For that one day all business had been suspended, banks and schools and offices and factories had been closed.

From the mayor to the little pickaninnies in their shacks beside the levee, everyone was out to play. In the balconies of the great clubs, up above the packed laughing street, this year's débutantes were thinking about the mysterious summons that had bidden them to some masked ball that night. Tony, the iceman, drove proudly by in his truck, gay with bunting and ribbons. Beside him sat two hundred pounds of Mamma, who today was Cleopatra, Serpent of the Nile, while behind her swarmed six little Tonies and 'Toinettes decked bravely out as cowboys, policemen, and miniature trained nurses, down even to the baby, in the full regalia, we blush to admit it, of Madame Du Barry, favorite of Louis XV.

From the dawn of Shrove Tuesday till that morning when the bells of Ash Wednesday should call to early mass, all of fairyland had been let loose on St. Charles and Canal Streets, where dwarfs chatted amiably with dragons, Pierrettes with Santa Clauses and where great cats and pop-eyed dogs consumed candy fluff and all-day suckers above the heads of the maskers.

That morning Rex, the King of the Carnival, had made gorgeous entry at the head of his parade, looking for all the world like the King on a pack of cards, with his square cut beard, his gold doublet and hose and his scepter and crown of real jewels. Down Canal Street and up St. Charles he had taken his time-honored route to the City Hall, where the mayor had duly presented him with the keys of the city.

Long years ago, in 1872, the brother of the Czar of Russia, Grand Duke Alexis, was visiting New Orleans at Carnival time and he reviewed a procession of all the maskers of the city—and that was the whole city, from the portico of the City Hall. This was the origin of the Rex organization which today presents the most important day parade and the largest ball. While it is not the most exclusive of the Big Four, the others of which are Comus, Momus and Proteus, certainly it is the largest and most glittering of them all. And to this day the mayor reviews the procession just as did the somewhat puzzled Grand Duke.

The Mysterious Summons Comes

AT THE same time that Rex appeared that morning, in another quarter of the city had appeared the King of the Zulus. This Ethiopian potentate arrived by a river boat, surrounded by a court of dusky beauties and heading a pageant which included all the élite of the Negro quarter. The startling display of gorgeous colors brought moans of ecstasy from the dusky mob that packed the levee.

And all day long in the wake of the Rex parade the streets had been packed with processions. From Gentilly and Carrollton, from Chalmette and Jefferson Parish, from Metaire and the French Quarter they converged into Canal Street bearing the beauty and chivalry of their respective neighborhoods, dressed as Japanese geisha girls or Eskimos or Roman peasants. For each neighborhood boasts at least one procession. And all through February there had been a mysterious to-do, a sewing of homemade costumes and a hammering together of floats in back yards. Christmas furnishes no greater thrill to rich and poor alike, and Romance walks the streets at Carnival, behind the masks and dominoes. For there are more marriages really made at Mardi Gras than were ever blamed on heaven.

But now the tumultuous day was drawing to a close and still the visitor waited his mysterious summons. Suddenly a closed car sneaked silently up to the curb and stopped. He walked hesitantly out to it and asked a question. The summons had come! A moment later they were dashing across Canal Street. Now Canal Street is the dividing line between the old world and the new. On one side is the modern city with its skyscrapers, filling stations, big hotels and all the bustle of the Second Port in the U. S. A. But once beyond it they began to pass the ancient balconied houses lived in to this day by the old French and Spanish families. They were threading the winding streets of the Vieux Carré that was laid out in the days of Louis XIV. Old French ladies who had never been above Canal Street sauntered on the banquettes, for that is what they call the pavements in New Orleans, with lace and masques, fans and dominoes.

On to the outskirts of town the car sped. They stopped before a shed that bulked enormous in the gathering darkness. A password to a guard at the door and the visitor was inside in the midst of pandemonium. Huge floats glittered in the flickering light of oil torches, gaily caparisoned horses stamped and pawed the ground. In and out and around dashed figures in cloth of gold and velvet, the fur of beasts or the rags of gnomes.

The intruder was whisked through the jam and shown a little stall. A lamp guttered in the corner, a cracked mirror was stuck against the wall, and on a chair lay a gorgeous costume. He dashed into it hurriedly and looked for his mask. It was the head of a grotesque monster, cunningly made of wax over a cambric foundation by some careful workman in Paris. He put it on and the subsequent proceedings narrowed down to two tiny eye-holes. Outside in the mêlée other monsters were industriously trying to enlarge their eye-holes with knives, despite the passionate objections of the captain. But this busy executive who is responsible for the whole pageant had to be everywhere at once and in a moment he was away getting the first float

For weeks before Mardi Gras it is next to impossible to hire a cotton truck in New Orleans. You will find them in barns and garages on the outskirts of the city, secretly being converted into gorgeously decorated floats.

For one day of every year a citizen of New Orleans can become just what he wants to be—a prince or a pirate, a Harlequin or a Columbine. All social classes join in the spirit of high carnival. It costs Dad a pretty penny, but it's a great day for youth that fears no tomorrow and knows no yesterday—youth in masks and spangles, tinsel skirts and golden wings.

headed toward the door. Order gradually came out of confusion; the gorgeous floats rolled out into the night with everybody in his place. The visitor clung to his appointed perch on a swaying float, a great streaming torch in one hand, and the rest of the parade through the packed streets was to him a haze of confetti and dust and flowers and the torch smoke that sifted through the little eye-holes in his wax mask.

Up one side of Canal Street and down the other went the long procession past packed ranks of spectators, with a triumphal climax in front of the club's reviewing stand. Then they headed through Frenchtown to the old Opera House which had seen so many Carnival balls. Into the famous old pile tramped the procession and out on the enormous stage before the expectant guests. For Carnival balls they always extended the stage far out over the parquet seats to give room for the mummers' procession and the dancing afterward. As soon as the crew had posed for the usual tableau, the curtains were drawn, the lights went out, the tableau vanished and the orchestra crashed into the opening dance.

Now this opening dance was important. Many a fair heart skipped a beat in the rows of beautiful girls who sat nearest the stage. Would the highest honor of the season be theirs or not? You must know that the young man who belongs to one of the big Mardi Gras societies does not prosaically ask his lady love to go to the ball with him. Oh, no. He sends her what is known as a call-out card, and she is never supposed to know who sent it, though usually she can guess.

In special seats near the stage sat the girls with the call-out cards, and as soon as the music started, there was a rush of maskers to the edge of the stage. To them amid bustle and confusion dashed black-coated ushers to learn the name of the fortunate débutante who was first on each masker's call-out list. These girls were escorted to the stage by the ushers and the first dance began. Perhaps this was the reason the visitor to New Orleans was at that ball. It is not for us to inquire too closely into the mystery.

But it was a gay sight when kings and potentates, crocodiles and elephants, monsters and gnomes, each with his beautifully gowned partner pirouetted on the dance floor. It is not easy to do a modern dance, in a wax mask, dressed as a great Auk or a halbardier, and there was some caroming, but everybody was happy. Eight such dances there were before the King commanded them to unmask and the ushers and other guests were allowed on the floor. But long ere this the mysterious stranger had been spirited away to a safe coign of vantage to see the evening through. His last picture was of a beautiful girl coming down the great steps of the old Opera House after the dance was over, loaded with favors from the partners who had called her out and swathed in the gorgeous cloth of gold cloak that he himself had worn. Then, like Cinderella, he vanished.

If being a bride is the average girl's supreme moment, being queen at the Carnival is a super honor which lingers in the memory of the New Orleans débutante long after her hair has whitened. Whether she is crowned on the balcony, while Rex bows low before her and the whole city in the spirit of Carnival is drawn up to give her honor or whether she is crowned at one of the evening balls of Momus, Comus, Proteus, Twelfth Night, the Atlanteans, or any of the others, she will never forget the thrill. Sometimes she knows of the coming honor far ahead and sometimes she is notified at that first dance by finding a gold bean in the little cake which is her first favor.

Who is responsible for it all—the night parades, with their flambeaux and negroes bearing torch-lights, and horses wearing nightgowns with big eyes in them, just as they used to do in the Middle Ages before anyone had heard of automobiles? The big carnival organizations, of course, made up of the social leaders or the leading business men of the city, whose very names are wrapped in mystery. But who thinks up the floats and pageants, the costumes and the story behind them?

Miss Louis Andrews, for one, a school teacher by profession, whose days are devoted to instructing fourth-grade boys and girls in the Dibert School on Esplanade Avenue, and whose afternoons and evenings are spent among knights and fairies. Miss Andrews is chief designer for four of the street parades. A slim, quiet girl, her "secret studio," high up in one of the Pontalba Buildings, overlooking Jackson Square and old St. Louis Cathedral, where she lives with her mother and younger sister, is almost as romantic as her job. From her window she sees the old Place d'Armes, bounded on the one side by the river and on the other by the St. Louis Cathedral and the Cabildo, where three flags have fluttered and flown, those of France, Spain and America. Behind screens and curtains you may catch tantalizing glimpses of wings or helmets, dragons or bits of armor. But further than this you will be disappointed.

She Is Sworn to Secrecy

"I CAN'T show them to you," she exclaims, "for I'm sworn to secrecy, just as are the men who construct the floats. Yes, I am at work on next year's parade already. There is no rest for the carnival organizations. Mardi Gras nearly always falls in February, and the designs for the following year must be in by the fifteenth of May. So, as soon as Ash Wednesday is over, we are at work again. It all involves tremendous secrecy, since part of the fun of watching a parade is not knowing what it is going to be. Not only my drawings must be hidden, but the place where the floats are made is on the outskirts of the city, where no one is allowed to enter. Even the negro torch-bearers are not permitted to tell what they are like."

Miss Andrews minimizes her own share in the proceedings. "The part I play in it is comparatively so small," she says modestly. "Carnival has been going on so long. Only twice since the founding of New Orleans has it been suspended, once during the Civil War, when the South was crushed, and again during the World War, when citizens felt that the money had better be given to the Red Cross and the war activities. Before my day people like Alexandre, Wickstrom, Pemberton and Jenny Weil designed the parades. I got my own training under Ann Robertson, who had a big part in it, and still has. No, I didn't have any particular equipment for it, except a love of painting, and four years' art training at Newcomb College. I was just an average girl with the average girl's high-school education. In 1919 the World's Advertising Convention was held in New Orleans, and I offered to design the costumes, just for practice. The following year Miss Robertson hired me to help in the drawings for the parades, and from that time I just naturally kept on with the work."

It must be strange indeed to have one's spare moments filled with masks and elves and harlequins.

"Perhaps teaching all day makes me appreciate the youthful viewpoint," said Miss Andrews. "And that is why I am an expert on dragons and mythological beings. But I do feel that I never have any real leisure. There is always a parade to plan, or a fairy's wings to adjust. Sometimes I consider that I am more an authority on the domestic life of the Persian Peri or what the well-dressed men were wearing during the Crusades, than I am on matters of today. And of course the children, the ones I teach, get a tremendous kick out of the thought that teacher is actually behind the scenes at Carnival."

Miss Andrews goes at the work from the ground up. "You would be surprised at the amount of research it involves," she says. "Each parade must represent a theme—the opening of the Mississippi Valley, Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp, the Language of the Flowers, Kubla Khan, Mother Goose, or the Early Days of Venice. Not only must I delve through my memory, the art museums and the public library, but I must make pencil sketches of each float, showing its relative position in the parade, figures, materials and lighting effects. There are about twenty maskers on each float, and for every one of them I design a costume which includes a wig, hood, tights, hat, shoes, gloves and favors. Then I must bear in

The mayor presents the keys of the city to Rex, King of the Carnival and lord for a day. Rex and his crew are responsible for the most important day parade and the largest ball. The streets behind them are full of parades, which follow Rex as puppies do a mastiff. Each neighborhood boasts at least one which has been in preparation for nearly a year.

mind the personal preferences of each of the maskers. For instance: few of them want to represent women, and I have to ransack history and mythology to find enough men characters to go around. You would be surprised at how many dignified business men there are who are crazy to be fantastic characters. I have always a great demand for the costumes of Fairyland.

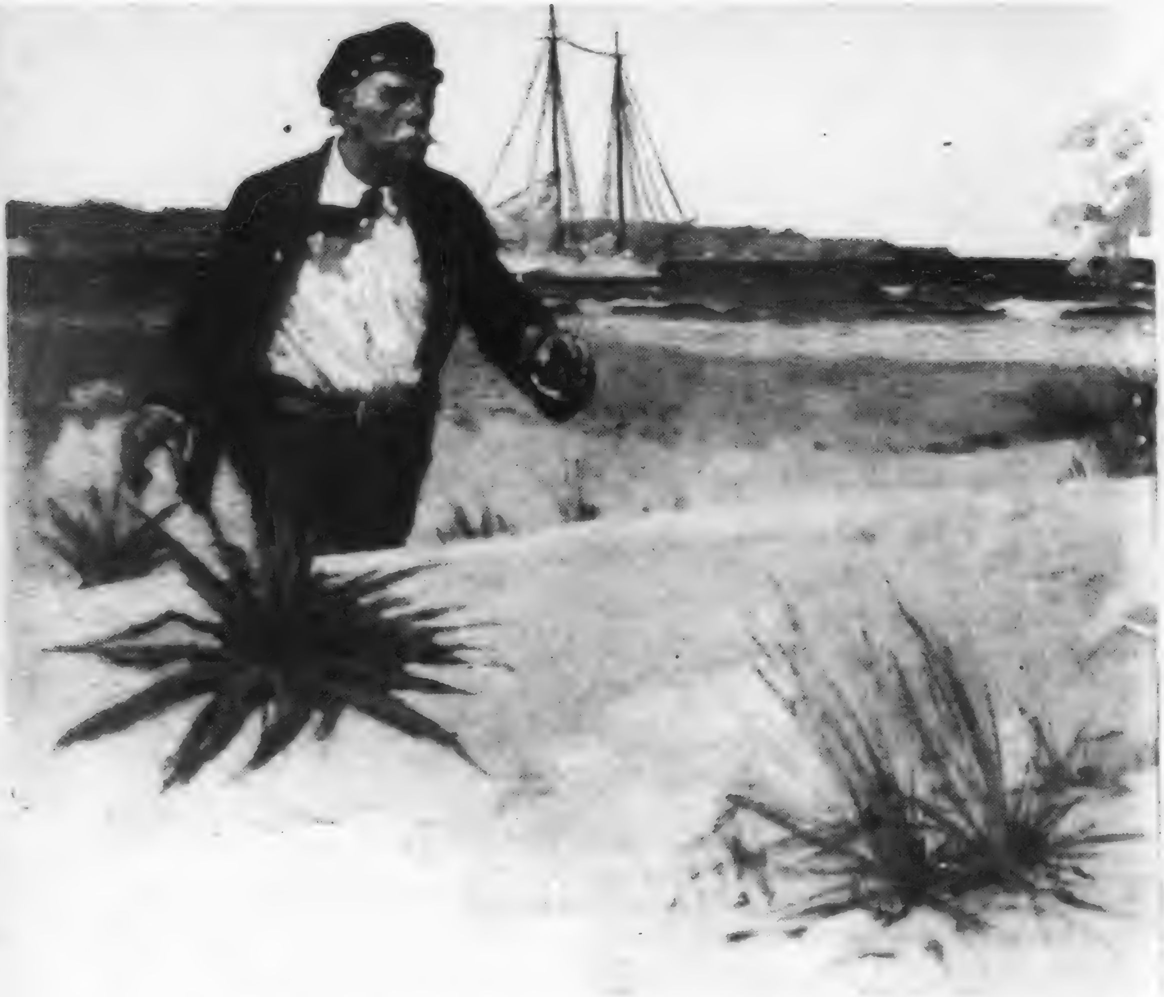
"I submit the drawings of the parades to the captains of the various organizations, and if they approve, I then make water-color sketches of each float, about 14 x 17 inches. In these every detail from the fold of a veil to the button on a glove must be clear, so that the company that makes the floats may know just how to proceed. The figures are molded in clay and cast in plaster. These are filled with papier mâché, which is nothing more than newspaper, moistened, kneaded, dipped in glue and then painted or gilded. For a while I thought I would take up the molding of the figures—you know they are built on cotton trucks—but it is pretty strenuous work for a woman, and I prefer the designing end."

IT REQUIRES a crew of dressmakers to carry out Miss Andrews' designs for doublet and hose and individual gowns. It takes jewelers to make the favors, the pins, pendants, bracelets and ornaments of real gold and precious stones which are used at the balls. They form, perhaps, the most important feature of it all. These balls have retained their dignity and splendor to this day, although the old French Opera House, where they were once held, has burned down and they now take place in the Athenæum or one of the theaters.

You must understand, you Northerners who take Carnival so lightly and besiege your friends for tickets to the balls, that it is all a profound secret, hedged about with as much ceremony and mystery as the meetings of the Masons or the rites of the ancient Druids. For nearly one hundred years Carnival has been part and parcel of New Orleans, as characteristic of the city as the sweet olive, or the jessamine in the palm-filled courtyards of the balconied old Creole houses. The big Carnival organizations, Comus, Momus, Proteus, and the rest, responsible for the main part in the festivities, represent the most exclusive fashionable men's clubs in a fairy-tale guise.

Comus, the organization that presents the magnificent torch-light parade on Mardi Gras evening and a few hours later its ball, is in

(*Continued on page 165*)



"Danny!" She breathed the name in a whisper, falling to her knees by the man's side.

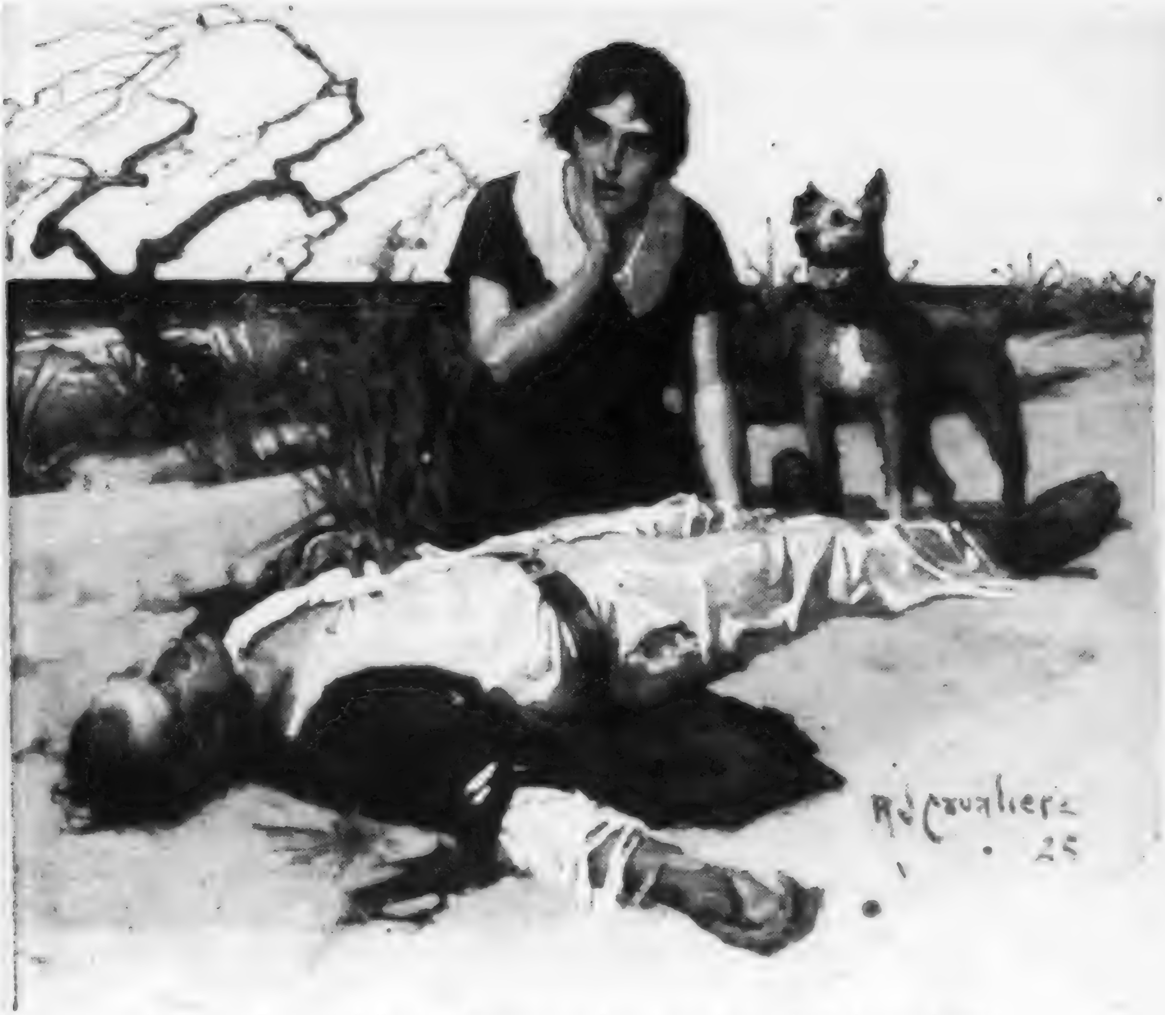
The Stowaway

by Henry Holt

BINGO had private reasons for leaving San Francisco, and to this day nobody knows what they were. Perhaps he didn't get enough to eat. Possibly he didn't know the way back to his native kennel. Maybe it just was that nobody in all the great city loved him. Anyway, he ambled with a sort of sideways gait, and his tail down, through the rain along the wharf, and slowed down pensively athwart the steamer *Pericles*, sniffed for a moment at the odor of frying liver and bacon borne insinuatingly upon the damp evening breeze, then crossed the gangway without invitation.

Guided by the liver and bacon he padded softly fo'ard, and, being in luck, dipped his head into a friendly stew pan. There were bones in that stew pan—bones with gristle on, potatoes soaked in gravy and other things which were as alluring as they were delectable. Bingo swelled visibly, for up to the moment of his becoming a sea dog his ribs stuck out like the prongs of a garden rake and his hips were gaunt signals of inward distress.

From no motives of delicacy, but merely because he could eat no more, Bingo finally extracted his head from the stew pan, sighed luxuriously, and looked round for a worthy couch. His movements were leisurely, almost fastidious. There was a coil of rope but it was wet and uninviting. The deck itself was damp and hard. Unnoticed still, he pottered about



"Danny, speak to me. It couldn't be that I'd come too late—not that! O God, not that!"

The story of a sailor's dog, a one-woman man, and of a girl whose love hurt like knives

Illustrated by R. J. Cavaliere

till he came to the open door of a locker. Cocking his head on one side, he peered in. Wonderful sort of place, that! Dry and warm. He found something soft to lie on, then curled up, sighed again and settled down for indefinite repose. Taking things by and large the world wasn't a bad place. Bones like that didn't come your way every day, of course, but—he sighed again and a moment later was sound asleep. Somebody closed the locker door with a bang half an hour later. Bingo stirred at the sound but it didn't really interfere with his dreams.

Danny Webster, overlord of the good ship *Pericles*, now ploughing her way into the Pacific, was in the act of lighting his pipe on the well deck when a queer noise reached his ears. He frowned, turned, and allowed the match to flicker out.

"It *sounds* like a dog," he muttered, "and yet nobody would have the darned cheek—"

But this time he was quite sure it was a dog. He went over to the locker, drew the door open and Bingo, with his head cocked on one side, gazed in astonishment at the astonished Captain Webster. Perhaps the skipper's surprise was the more justified. Bingo never really had any just claim to being decorative. He was made up of various colors, but one of his progenitors had probably been an Airedale. About his left eye was a white patch over a brindle background, and his bent right ear was mute evidence of battle. After the first moment of surprise Bingo wagged his tail and half his body, not merely at the joy of being released but also at Danny Webster. He accepted the skipper on sight.

But Captain Webster was less responsive. To begin with it was little short of an outrage in his opinion, that any one should bring a dog on board without asking permission. And secondly he had never had anything to do with dogs. He had no especial aversion from them, but like babies and winged angels they had not entered into his scheme of things. As a boy he had never owned a puppy, and much of his early youth was spent at sea with his father. Later, as a deep-water mariner, his chance of chumming up with a dog had been less than ever.

"Mr. Yates," he hailed the mate, a sour soul with dyspeptic tendencies, "where did this come from?"

Mr. Yates shook his head. "Dunno sir, but I'll find out." Meanwhile Bingo went in search of the stew pan once more.

WHEN finally the skipper realized that nobody but the dog could be blamed for its presence on board, he looked at it much as you or I would look at something the cat had brought in, then turned away. Whereupon Bingo padded softly after him. Captain Webster went down the companion ladder to his cabin. A few moments later there was the click of Bingo's claws on the rungs, and finally the flop of his body at the bottom. Then unconcernedly he trotted into the skipper's cabin, spotted a warm corner near the stove, stretched himself there and with his tongue hanging out gazed at Danny Webster admiringly.

"Here, you, get out of this," said the skipper bruskly, pointing to the door. Possibly Bingo understood: possibly he had been brought up solely in Yiddish or Russian. He just wagged his tail, and Danny Webster, who had never yet been disobeyed on his own ship, permitted himself a quiet smile. Something about Bingo's face was partly responsible for that. The white patch over the left eye maybe, or maybe something in the expression. Anyway Bingo made the skipper smile upon him, which was quite a large part of the battle, because Bingo was just aching to be loved.

"Well, I don't know," Danny said aloud. "It seems tough luck to dump you overboard." Bingo wagged his tail again here and Danny dismissed the unpleasant thought. "But dogs aren't much in my line. Maybe they'd like to have you in the fo'c'sle. I'll ask the men presently."

Which was a sensible suggestion, only there were two things that it didn't take into consideration. One of these was Bingo and the other was human nature. The skipper spread some papers on the table and for a while was immersed in them, but all the time he was conscious of Bingo's presence—of Bingo's adoring gaze. It tickled Danny. Now and again he turned to sneak a look over his shoulder, always finding those eyes fixed on him while the dog sprawled, head resting on his paws. More than once Danny chuckled and the thin edge of a wedge of sense of proprietorship crept in. Darn it, you couldn't throw a dog like that overboard, wherever it came from. Nobody could. There was something about the critter that you couldn't help liking.

Presently Danny went on deck. He hopped up the companionway, walked along the poop and put his foot on the bridge companion before he noticed Bingo at his heels. A little frown came to the skipper's forehead. For the moment he was almost embarrassed by such attention. Then he chuckled again.

"All right," he said, his face crinkling. "In the ordinary way nobody's allowed on the bridge except the ship's officers, but if you insist—" And Danny was still chuckling inwardly at the thought as he mounted the steps. The baleful eye of Mr. Yates fell upon the dog as it poked its nose after the skipper on the sacred precincts of the bridge.

"Get out of this." The mate made a significant movement with his foot. It was the most critical moment of the stowaway's existence. Either he was to be nothing on board—a pariah, an outcast, unwanted in a small world from which there was no escape except over the side—or he was to come into his own. In the instant the skipper took a firm stand.

"Leave him alone," Danny's voice had in it the peculiar quality of the ship master who intends to be obeyed. "That dog's mine, see? His name's—" hesitation was only momentary until a name suggested itself— "Bingo. And you might pass the word round, Mr. Yates, that if I catch anyone playing monkey tricks on my dog they'll have to go through the hoop."

Perhaps with some doggy instinct Bingo had known all along that it would be so, but from the moment onward the worst of his life's troubles were over. He was already curled up, content, in one corner of the bridge, within three feet of the skipper. The skipper was his. There wasn't any question about that. There hadn't been any question about it since the first few moments after Danny let him out of the locker. Though Danny didn't know it then, Bingo did. And it was a characteristic of Danny Webster that he never went back on a decision. Sometimes he took a long time to make up his mind, but when it was made up he hung on to that decision with the tenacity of a limpet. . . .

It was a year later, and the *Pericles* was tied up to a pile wharf at Talina, a thousand miles due west of Fiji. Remote Talina is one of the South Sea trading stations where valuable cargos may often be picked up, and Danny Webster had been lucky. Under the hatches of the *Pericles* there were stowed away hundreds of cases that would make a profitable run. But Danny's mind was not concerned with cargo or ships. He was in love.

Just ahead of the steamer a schooner lay at her moorings—a small craft with two masts set rakishly. On her bow was painted the name *Sea Nymph*, but Danny Webster didn't have to read the name before he could identify her. With a good pair of binoculars he could have picked out the *Sea Nymph* ten miles away. To a sailor, ships have characteristics which he knows as the shepherd recognizes the peculiarities of his flock. True, Danny had only seen the schooner once before, but he had reason to remember her. For the daughter of the skipper was Mary Lane, and it was Mary with whom Danny was in love. In fact he had been in love with her for six months ever since one day on the quay at Borenda where he first set eyes on her. His love didn't come gracefully, with due warning, but like a cyclone out of nowhere. Within half an hour of meeting her he had been swept off his feet. At first he had told himself it was fool nonsense for a man of thirty-three to fall headlong in love with a girl about whom he knew nothing, but before morning the conviction had grown within him that whoever she was and whatever she was didn't really count. There was something about her so vital to him that at least she must remain a lasting memory.

BUT when he saw her again next day—this was when he had walked brazenly on to her father's schooner with the determination to tell her she was the most wonderful girl in all the world—he found himself idiotically unable to express in words thoughts which had appeared perfectly rational up to the moment when his foot touched the schooner's gangway. By the time the *Sea Nymph* sailed, two days later, Danny knew beyond question that if he lived to be sixty, there would only have been one girl who made a permanent impression upon him.

And Mary? It was a changed Mary Lane who sailed from Borenda that day six months ago. She carried away with her a mental photograph which refused to dissolve. In other places a dozen men had made love to Mary, each in his own way, each leaving her vaguely puzzled after a while. First there was David Bradstone, the big, good humored shipping agent at Sydney. It seemed very real, her affection for him. Indeed, it had been real—affection. But only that. Then there was Bentley, the super-cargo. Even now the recollection of Jim Bentley touched a sensitive chord in Mary's heart. If he had asked her she would probably have married him. Yet he never did because he knew he was doomed. Poor Jim! They sent him out from New York to the South Seas about a year too late. Aside from his lungs he might have lived for a century. Then there was Cayley—Cayley, the flashing eyed master mariner who for a space lent unreality to her world. He fascinated her oddly, even though every instinct handed down through countless generations warned her against that in him which fascinated. There was something about their last meeting which would probably cling to his memory for a considerable time. That was when he showed the cloven hoof.

And then this boy Danny Webster. For somehow to her he was little more than a boy, in spite of his thirty-three years, in spite of the fact that she was still in her twenties. He was quite different from the others. Yet each of the others had differed vastly from one another. Danny, however, was in a category entirely his own. Of women he evidently knew singularly little. Almost, he was ingenuous. Certainly he had not stormed a woman in every port. Mary hadn't known him an hour before he brought a curious constriction to her heart. Apart from Cayley, who wasn't really a lover at all, he was the most obvious lover she had ever known. That day six months ago when she sailed from Borenda it had hurt her to leave him, more for his sake than for her own, for if ever a man needed a wife it was Danny Webster. Apparently he had nobody and nothing in the world who loved him excepting a ridiculous mongrel dog with a broken ear and a white patch over one eye. There was no mistaking Bingo's affection. He followed Danny about like a shadow.

From then until now, when Danny found the *Pericles* berthed close to the *Sea Nymph* at Talina, he had seen nothing of her. He knew she was somewhere on the seven seas in her father's schooner and that was all. In his heart there had been a conviction that they must meet again somewhere, at some time, but when he found himself close to her once more the knowledge brought a poignant thrill. It was as though in a dream he stood before her a few minutes later. He had an overwhelming desire to snatch her into his arms, crush her to him, press burning kisses on her lips. Perhaps Mary sensed this, for there was cool restraint in her look. She, too, had felt that this second meeting was inevitable, but had not been sure what her own reaction would be. Just a big blue-eyed sailor who imagined himself in love, she had tried to tell herself a hundred times. If she did meet him again he would have got over it by then—might, even, be married to some other girl. And now:

"It seems like a hundred years since I saw you," was his greeting.

Mary looked at him wonderingly as she answered lightly, steering the conversation into impersonal channels. His enthusiasm was infinitely refreshing. And yet—how long would it last?

It went to her head rather like wine every time she allowed her imagination to drift under his influence, only it wasn't quite the same as anything else had been. For a moment she allowed comparison with Cayley to enter her mind, and winced at the thought. Cayley had perhaps been a necessary part of her education, but he was one of the things that were better entirely forgotten. There flickered across her memory a picture of Jim Bentley, the super-cargo. Poor Jim! She had wanted to mother him, had reveled against the apparent injustice of letting six feet of magnificent manhood, jovial and courageous in spite of his fate, drift downhill prematurely. Yes, in her immaturity, she would have married Jim, would have fought tooth and nail with the germs that were dragging him into the grave, if only to give him for a few more years the world that he appreciated more than most. Perhaps that which she had for him was love of a kind: it must have been, but it wasn't the big human love which she knew now could alone satisfy her.

For two days her father's ship lay at Talina, and during that time perplexity ate at her soul. For two days there smouldered within her an emotion which bewildered and baffled her. The night before the *Sea Nymph* sailed, Danny told her she was the only girl he ever had wanted to marry and there never would be—never *could* be—another.

"It's as if I hadn't lived until I met you, Mary," he said. "Nothing's the same now—*nothing*. It's as though three quarters of me had been asleep all these years waiting for you to come along and wake me up. It's—it's—oh, I don't seem to be able to explain properly, but I suppose it's just love. Is it always like this when one's in love, Mary?"

The girl closed her eyes momentarily. Something was hurting—hurting her like knives. Perhaps it was all too new to her, but that was the sort of love she longed to feel. And yet—yet—

"Danny, dear," she said, after biting sharp white teeth upon her lip. "Don't say it. *Don't*. I—once I didn't have big ideals such as I've got now. Perhaps nobody has when they're very young. No, don't kiss me. It wouldn't help. It would not help us to get at the truth, I mean." She was silent a moment, struggling to force into her brain, before too late, the doubt with which she had tortured herself all afternoon. "Danny, it isn't easy to say this, but if we're not honest with one another at such a moment, we never could be, could we? Well, listen. I'm fond of you, although I've only seen you just a few times. There isn't anything about you that I *don't* like, Danny, and—" again she paused—"and when I'm talking to you or when I'm near you I feel more alive. But I don't honestly believe that I'm in love with you as I ought to be if we got married."

It was only in his eyes that the hurt showed, but the look stopped her abruptly.

"Why, that's all right, Mary," he said slowly. "If you feel that way about it there isn't any more to say, is there? I—I'm to blame, maybe, for telling you in such a hurry. But I couldn't help it. You see, I never asked a girl to marry me before. Never wanted one, in fact. There was a girl once, in New Jersey, years ago, but that was different. I used to wonder if I'd marry her, but I just didn't. For a while I liked her a whole lot, but later I knew it would have been a mistake."

"You never think about her now, Danny?"

"No, never."

"That's just *it*. It didn't last, and being married does. It goes on always, as long as you go on yourself, and you can't begin over again. I'm twenty-six, Danny. If I were about twenty we'd probably get married in a hurry. But I'm older than that now, dear. There was a man perhaps—there were two men I might have married. But I'm like you with the New Jersey girl. I never think of them in that way now."

DANNY'S lips twitched. News of those others, the two men, wasn't oil on the wound. His imagination leaped a little further.

"There's some one else, now, perhaps?"

Mary shook her head.

"If there were I shouldn't be talking to you like this. I'd tell you straight out. I'd have to, Danny, just as I believe you'd tell the truth to me, always. No, that isn't it. Only after—after living so far, I've begun to form definite ideals about marriage. I mean real ideals—happiness that's going to last because I marry the one man in all the world for me."

Danny smiled quietly.

"Never mind," he said. "I'm all patience. You're not in love yet, and I am. It's pretty dreadful to love a girl as much as I do, and tell her so, and then be turned down, but nevertheless I wouldn't have my feelings changed. I can't put it into words very well, but it seems as if you'd given me something that I'd always been waiting for without knowing what it was. Just by being alive you've given it. And it's there now for ever. It's an ideal, I suppose, Mary. Some day I hope you will see things differently but that ideal in me won't alter."

The girl's eyes still held that cool restraint, though behind them decision wavered. Her heart beat fast. Danny had tried to take her in his arms a few moments before, but she had not yielded. "Not yet," a voice within her had urged. "When you give yourself to your mate it will be for ever."

"Dad's sailing at four in the morning, Danny," she said. "We sha'n't see you again for some time shall we? Not till you reach Sydney, anyway."

Danny stood as if dazed for a while. This was autumn and he did not expect to touch Sydney until spring.

"Six months," he said in a queer voice. "It's an awful long time, dear. And maybe you'll forget me in the meanwhile." His voice had a caressing quality. He loomed big and broad above her in the faint light. Of a sudden he was closer; his arms went about her. "Mary," there was a passionate ring in it now. "I'm not going to wait six months for a kiss. I can't." His lips had found hers, for a space were pressed there, and Mary's resistance broke down. She clung, half sobbing, half afraid of this thing she was doing, until with a swift movement the girl twisted herself free, evaded the arm that was thrust out to her afresh, and sped like a shadow across the deck to her cabin. There, secure for the time from that which seemed to be engulfing her, she stood, panting, hands pressed to her breasts.

"I kissed him," she said aloud. "I kissed him and I didn't mean to, but I wanted to. I wanted it more, I think, than anything in the world." Her eyes were shining; the intoxication of it all was upon her yet. She could still feel where his arms had crushed her.

With its mass of tawny hair, her head tilted sideways in a listening attitude. Silence hung in the ship; no footfall had crossed the deck to the gangway. He must still be there, looming big, strong and vital where she had fled from him. Her man—if she would have him. If she went back she could feel the magic of his arms again, taste once more that rapture which he alone seemed able to bring. But if she went it would be to answer the question which must inevitably rise to his lips once more. With her lips upon his again there could be but one reply. And it was the terrible finality of it all that frightened her.

An hour later Mary crept into her bed, still torn by indecision. Through long hours she lay there until dawn filtered into the port hole. Came trampling overhead, a gentle swaying of the ship and the gurgle of waves against the side. The *Sea Nymph* was under way. Every minute took her further from him. He was probably on the deck of his own steamer now, watching. Yes, she was sure he would be there. Her Danny, if she would have him!

Her *Danny!* And he couldn't know that it was as much, perhaps, more for his sake than hers, that she had hesitated. That her ideals were for him as much as for her—that to be loved as he loved her might bring her happiness, but that her only doubt was whether she could make him equally happy in return. Sleep had not yet claimed her when broad sunlight came. Mary climbed down from her bunk, stared from the porthole over the stormy sea attuned to her own mood, then flung her arms out in supplication.

"Two courses and of these only one that is right! Which, O God, which?"

After a while she crumpled into a ball on the bed and for the first time since her problem had begun, wept without restraint.

DANNY WEBSTER was restless these days. Bingo couldn't quite make it out. Bit by bit he'd got the skipper to like him as much as he liked the skipper. There was no silly sentiment about it—he was a man's dog and he understood a man's way of showing affection just as much as the man understood *his* way. They were never far apart, generally within a few yards of one another. In nine cases out of ten the dog had hoisted himself on to all fours by the time the skipper had got out of his chair and gone a step toward the cabin door, but if Bingo did happen to be having forty winks the skipper rarely went on deck without calling him. There was nobody else for either of them to be really companionable with.

But these days while Danny was so very restless Bingo kept his eyes on him more than usual—sometimes only the half of one eye—and in his own fashion wondered. Even offered consolation occasionally by pushing his head on the skipper's knee.

"You're an old fool dog," was Danny's way of expressing appreciation of the caress at times, perhaps with the addition of a casual pat, which satisfied Bingo but still left him wondering. The skipper was in trouble of some sort. Bingo was sure of that. Hadn't he had troubles enough of his own? And when he was in trouble wouldn't he have been mighty glad to have found even a grain of sympathy? And that was why Bingo stuck to the skipper closer than a brother just now.

Before sunrise on the sixth day out of Talina the old *Pericles* was rolling about heavily. Danny had spent a long spell on the bridge and was going below for supper. Bingo trotted at his heels. On the well deck the skipper paused to glance at the deck cargo lashings. In all probability the ship was going to wallow badly with this sea making, and the skipper was not entirely satisfied with the way the *Pericles* had been loaded. He put his foot on a ventilator and his knee on the rail, and had both hands on a chain when it slipped and he slid over the side. The jerk dragged the lashings out of his fingers and he fell into the water.

Bingo gave one yelp, crouched for a spring, then went blindly for the top of the rail. Over this he slithered, twisting and rolling, then hit the water. He just had time to yelp a second time before the swirl from the propeller clutched at him. With invisible fingers it sucked him down, flung him about and finally cast him up to the surface half drowned. But he yelped. He hadn't jumped overboard for nothing. Somewhere down here in the water he ought to be able to find Danny. Spume driven from the crest of each wave cut like the lashes of a dozen whips. Five or six times he yelped—high staccato notes of anguish. And then a quick whine of joy. He was with Danny.

"Good old Bingo. Fool dog, what's the use of both of us being drowned?" Bingo didn't entirely understand that, but everything was all right now except for the fact that they were in the water and there didn't seem to be anywhere to go.

Vaguely Danny hoped that somebody on board had noticed what happened, but on the top of each succeeding wave he saw the lights of the *Pericles* drift further into the distance. It was, as a matter of fact, half an hour before anyone on the ship was aware that the captain had disappeared. . . .

EVEN Mary's lips became white.

"Danny drowned!" She uttered the words mechanically as though her mind had not begun to grasp the statement. "But that—that's—that can't be true. It could not."

"I'm sorry, Mary." Her father hesitated a moment. "More sorry than I can tell you. Because—well, I've got eyes in my head and I know Danny meant a lot to you. I heard about the accident this afternoon while I was ashore. He fell overboard a month ago, somewhere abreast of the Pitkell Islands."

It was life's usual grim irony that decreed Mary must face this before she could realize exactly how much Danny had meant to her. "Danny drowned—Danny drowned." The news spun in her brain. She struggled not to admit the truth of it to her consciousness, but the words persisted until she feared they would drive her mad. For hours she sat dry-eyed and silent facing life which at one swift stroke had become empty, purposeless. The weeks since she had left Danny had taught her much. Taught her that she loved him and would go on loving him down the years. Taught her that all which had gone before was but a necessary prelude to fit her for her mating with him. Nothing that she had known was comparable to the warmth, the tenderness that had grown in her heart for Danny Webster. Recently she had often sat on the poop looking out over the sea wondering about him, wondering in what direction exactly he might be, wondering about curious little intimate things such as his darning and the food he ate. In her blindness she had assumed that in due season they would meet at Sydney, that he would put his strong arms about her once more and look into her eyes for her answer.

And now! The newness of this agony left her dazed. It was evening before she aroused in a degree from the hopelessness, the helplessness of it all. Quietly, before blurred eyes, she spread a chart and with one finger traced the course on which the *Pericles* must have been standing. Her finger steadied. "Somewhere off the Pitkell Islands," she said aloud. The finger remained on the one spot. The Pitkells, barren patches for the most part, were sprinkled as from a giant pepper castor over a space a hundred miles wide in one of the most unfrequented stretches of the South Pacific. At rare intervals some trader, gingerly skirting danger, passed that group on his way to more civilized spots, but for the most part the islands lay deserted sun-bleached from year's end to year's end, and the lonely home of gulls and cormorants and a menace to shipping.

Suddenly Mary's finger made a bold sweep across the chart to the place where the *Sea Nymph* now lay. Six hundred miles! Four days' sailing with the trade winds none too helpful—perhaps five days. Tomorrow the schooner would move on, further eastward. Soon they would be a thousand miles from the place. Her brows contracted. Dimly a desire was being born within her.

This—this unbelievable thing—had happened a month ago. All through the weeks when in her romantic folly she had pictured meeting Danny at Sydney, he had been . . .

Mary recoiled from the word. Danny never could be dead to her. Something of him would remain forever as a part of her being. Her face still marble white, turned toward her father as he entered the cabin.

"Dad, will you do something for me without questioning it?" she asked in a low level voice. "I want you to turn the ship round as soon as possible and make for the spot where Danny fell overboard."

"Make for the spot?" Captain Lane looked at her oddly. "Why, Mary, it's four weeks since—"

"Dad, you must, you *must*. I can't tell you why, but I believe—I believe I should drown myself if you wouldn't do as I ask." The steadiness of her, the look in her eyes, swept aside any objection that he might have raised. Moreover, Mary was all he had, and her sorrows were his.

"Why—why—if you feel that way about it, my girl," he answered, "the sooner we start the better."

"I should like to start tonight, dad," she told him.

He nodded slowly, understandingly.

"All right. But, Mary—I don't know how to say it kindly—it'll hurt. You've no idea how it'll hurt, my girl. If you'd take your old father's advice you'd try to forget."

"Dad, it's sixteen years since you lost mother, isn't it? Have you found it any use trying to forget?"

"Men don't forget their women when they love them, as I loved your mother," was his answer. "You know that."

For just a moment Mary stared into space. "Well, that's the way I loved Danny," she said. "I know it now, and—and we're going to start tonight for the place where—where it happened, aren't we, Dad?"

Captain Lane's eyes were on the rim of the sea. His mind was fixed for a while on some far horizon beyond. He, too, had intangible hope, based on faith in a life everlasting, of meeting again the one being who had meant everything to him.

"Yes, Mary, if it'll comfort you," he said presently. "It'll hurt. It'll hurt a lot, but God knows you've got the courage, and if it'll help to make things easier in the years to come, you'd better face it now. We'll start in an hour."

IT WAS five days and a half before the *Sea Nymph* rolled on the Pacific's eternal swell in the region where Danny had fallen overboard. With drawn face and eyes that burned from lack of sleep, Mary peered over the chart as she had peered over it for many hours recently. It was four miles to the nearest island, with strong tides and cross currents intervening. No human being could calculate with certitude in which direction a man would be borne by those waters. He might be cast on some beach or he might drift indefinitely, out into the vast spaces.

"At the very most, Dad," she said, "within fifty miles there are about a dozen islands big enough to live on. If there's no sign of him on those, I'll go away convinced, not otherwise. And we can settle that in three days."

It was the second day. There had been hours when the blank emptiness of the Pitkells had turned the heart of Mary Lane to stone. Drear stretches of low-lying reef they were, for the most part, scorched by a pitiless sun and enveloped in powdered coral through which a few stunted trees struggled for existence. Three times she had landed on these barren shores, there to learn, as her father had warned, the true meaning of the word hurt. But her courage held in spite of waning chance as she sought further afield. They were coming now to an island that spanned a bare half mile of the sea. Patches of sparse growth clustered about its center. Braced against the rigging Mary scanned it anxiously through binoculars, fighting down the sense of desolation that seemed overwhelming.

As the schooner crept nearer shore, Captain Lane shook his head gravely.

"Nothing there, Mary," he said. "You better make your mind up to it. You can go ashore if you like, but I'd try some of those bigger islands away to the west'ard."

The girl nodded. She spoke rarely these days. Shading her eyes, she turned toward the setting sun where the loom of land was barely visible. Then as the schooner's course was altered she scanned the island near while they drifted past.

Of a sudden she lowered the glasses, wiped her eyes and stared shoreward again. Trembling, her right hand went out and gripped the old man's shoulder.

"Dad! Stop! There's something there moving. It might—might only be a wild thing, but it might be a dog. It's running about near the edge of the sea. . . . Oh, Dad, do you think that possibly it could—"

"Don't build your hopes high, Mary. There isn't much chance, but you'll soon see."

Going about, the schooner crept nearer on the lee shore. A wonderful light began to shine in Mary's eyes, though nothing save a dog barking frenziedly and capering to and fro was her reward.

"Dad, it's a dog! It's Bingo! *His* dog! Oh, thank God, thank God, I came. Danny isn't there, but Bingo is something to have and to keep. Poor Bingo!" They were lowering a boat. In another few minutes Mary would have her arms clutched tightly round Danny's dog. "Poor Bingo!" came from her throatily. "All these weeks you've been here waiting—waiting—" And then the tears came—tears that had been in check ever since that awful moment when the news had first reached her. They rained down Mary's cheeks, bringing the first relief from a drawn-out agony that had been intolerable. The girl was sobbing and laughing when the keel of the boat grounded. Mary jumped out, to be leaped at by the starved looking mongrel nearly mad with delight. He flung himself at her bodily, uttering a never ending succession of exultant yelps. Then ran a dozen yards up the beach, stood there for a few moments, tore back to Mary, and dashed up the beach once more.

"He wants me to go with him, up there, Dad," she called out, her limbs suddenly shaky and her heart pounding.

Piercingly Bingo's barks drew her as she stumbled suffocatingly over the powdered coral beach, up to the higher level, toward the nearest clump of vegetation. Presently Bingo rushed ahead and disappeared for a few moments, among the bushes, then rushed out again.

Mary's hand was pressed to her throat now as she ran.

"It's Danny," she sobbed chokingly. "Danny! It must be Danny, but—"

Her legs would scarcely bear her onward now. At the edge of the bushes she almost collapsed, but with a final effort pushed her way in toward a form that lay still while Bingo, barking triumphantly, stood near.

"Danny!" She breathed the name in a whisper, falling to her knees by the man's side. "Danny, speak to me. It couldn't be that I'd

[*Continued on page 154*]

The Hardest Job I Know

Winning Prize Contest Letters

THE letters that follow were submitted in a prize contest offered by EVERYBODY'S for the best letters describing difficult, picturesque, or otherwise interesting jobs in the experience of the writers or their friends.

She Made Over Her Personality

TWENTY years ago, in a Western town, a gawky long-legged girl started to high school. She was without exception the most ungainly girl in the school. Thin, stringy, oily black hair, small, pale, watery blue eyes, features that could only be described in high-school parlance as "pie-faced." Even her voice was flat and colorless. Her name, Mary Jones, which was to be changed later, was just plain "common," and her clothes were beyond description. Alone she was always carrying a stack of books. When a girl tried to be sociable with Mary, her mates would guy her unbearably. Mary stuck to her books and by the third year a few of the scholars noticed she could write and she was elected to the staff of the school paper.

Now, Mary Jones had accomplishments which no one suspected. On her father's farm she had learned to paddle a canoe like a young Indian, and to ride a horse like the wind. To sunny California's state university went Mary with her canoe, her impossible clothes, her freckles, her pimples, and her poet's soul. You didn't know she was a poet? Well, that's what I have been trying to get at. Mary had always been a poet; but how to put it over with her negligible personality? That was her problem. A good brain and a poet's soul at sixteen are worth about thirty cents. At college, it was the canoe that turned the trick. How it could go! Mary found she could give instruction in canoeing, and the contact with other students soon gave her the courage she had lacked. The gems of poetry locked in her soul began to take form on paper, and she found a ready market for them. Thus she worked her way through college and afterward went to New York.

Last year, Mary, slender and attractive, returned West. An exclusive literary club gave a tea in her honor, and the largest book store in the state has dedicated a poet's corner to her.

Doubtless, you've read her poetry. Everyone has. It is made up of water ripples, and babies' pink toes, and butterflies, and the wisdom of Solomon and the art of Shelley. I wish I might quote some, but that would be unfair, as I have been so brutally frank. To hurt her would be like striking a humming bird.

To make a poet out of Mary was like making a diamond from a bucket of coal. Alone with the help of God, she did it, and her life is only begun.—M. S. S., MULTNOMAH, OREGON.

A Constructive Business Success

ONE day, brother Bob wagered his boss, the head of the electric light company for which he worked, that he could sell five thousand dollars' worth of electrical appliances and wiring jobs in a village just to the south of them that was without electric power of any kind. The wager was made, partly in fun and partly in seriousness. The bets were made large enough to scare the ordinary sportsman, but brother was blessed with a speculative nature and was not to be daunted.

Six months' time was given him to make good on the project and he worked like a Trojan. He said little to anyone about it, but we knew that many a night he never returned home and we knew the wee small hours had been spent in late conferences and writing letters. We were in darkness, however, as to what it was all about.

At midnight of the last day of the six months, brother invited mother, dad, and me to accompany him to the meeting, at which time, he boasted he was to collect his money. What was more, he did, and the firm awarded him five thousand dollars for the work he had done.

How did he do it? Well, to begin with, at one time, the boss had refused current to this village because they could not guarantee him $45,000 worth of business, but if they ever should, the line would come to them. Bob had this letter with which to back him up. He had set to work on factory heads and had explained the situation. On the last day of the six months' time given him, he and these factory heads and railroad magnates and mill owners had taken twenty-four-hour options on hundreds of acres in the village and in the country from it in both directions along the railroad. They had been promised power and he knew they would get it if he got the business. Furthermore, in the meantime, he had sold wiring jobs and appliances amounting to thousands of dollars to stores, homes, schools, and even to the city lighting committees.

The village got its power and factories all in the same year with an increase in population of thousands of workmen. Bob loves to drive through the city it now is and look and look and look and then say, in his modest way, "That was the hardest job I ever knew!"

—J. R., WASHINGTON, ILLINOIS.

The World's Toughest School District

"THE hardest job I know," in a picturesque sense, was one that I accomplished as a schoolma'am, the last day in June, in a "little red school house," in Colorado.

I had finished a term where the Board had, for various reasons and no reasons, got rid of four teachers, the last departing after a public spanking, administered by a parent. The Board and entire district wrangled over the President's niece or a man for the next. The county superintendent appointed me. Both factions forgot their grievances, uniting against me, because I hadn't been their choice.

Many of the things I passed through were "Hard Jobs." The "spanking Mamma" came, but I broke her morale by the simple expedient of staring at her feet. A detour sign on a road was changed, forcing me into a bog. I was invited to dinner, but was neither spoken to nor served food. Discovering I was opposed to flogging, the Board came and presented me with a rawhide. Like Peter the Great, who wanted to see a man broken on the rack to watch it work, they ordered me to use it, but left suddenly when I suggested that one of them volunteer for the demonstration.

For the last day I arranged a program in which each child had some part. The school was packed. "Something was in the air." But what? Some final humiliation?

The opening number was an address of welcome by the oldest boy. He only hung his head and wouldn't budge. Thinking he had an attack of stage fright I gave it.

Followed a recitation by the youngest. She burst into tears. I quoted the little story poem.

When the third refused I realized all had been instructed to refuse. My "Irish" was up and I determined to go through that program just as though each child was doing his part. I sang a solo—my first and last public appearance. I told Jane her voice was improving. I played the organ, rather marring the effect by forgetting to pump. I reprimanded our "pumpist." I was also stumped by a violin solo. I sang the community singing, even stopping to tell one youth not to hurry it so.

There was no disorder. I believe they enjoyed it. I never paused for an instant, believing, "he who hesitates is lost.". At the close I thanked them for leaving work at such a busy time.

The school had been straightened up the day before. Before any one could realize my intentions, I handed the key to the President, and walked out, was on horseback and off before any one had moved.

I never went back.

—F. T., DENVER, COLO.

Being a Successful Golf-Widow

THERE must be several million women in our country today who will uphold the contention that the hardest job in the world is to be a successful golf-widow. Lots of them are just plain golf-widows, more are the aggrieved type, foolishly hoping that perennial exasperation may enliven that golf-paralyzed conscience, once reasonably tender; but to be a *successful* golf-widow, one who wears her crown of thorns with a smile and *means it*, that is my high ideal.

The mania seized my husband some three years ago after we had lived seven normal, companionable years together. It began by devouring all his Sunday mornings; then, it required one afternoon a week, two, three—just as many as could possibly be spared from business. And, if business interfered, I discovered Jim held a distinct grudge against it. Always a reasonably truthful woman, after six months as a golf-fiend's wife, I became an adept evader when answering inquiries as to Jim's whereabouts during office hours. Could I be forever telling business associates, who called at the house in desperation, that my husband was golfing? Sometimes, perhaps, but not all the time. Has any wife found a happy solution for that situation?

Jim was once a joy at home. Now, arriving for dinner, invariably late, he begins, absent-mindedly attacking his plate, "You should have seen old Bill when I holed out on number sixteen this afternoon . . . sunk a put from the edge of the green for a three when he lay dead to the pin for a four"—etc.

At breakfast, he reads aloud all the golf items from the sporting page.

But this is not the worst. From being a delightful host, Jim has deteriorated into a perfect bore to those not suffering equally from Golphobia. He entertains them just like his family, never so happy as when he can rouse some other golf addict to argument and illustrate his contention with fire-tongs on hall rug, while our guests look longingly at the waiting Bridge tables. He even refreshes them with golf stories between deals.

I've tried cave-woman stuff, but the iron hand doesn't work with a golf-fiend; it has the opposite effect, aggravating symptoms. You must lure him away from the subject; more than that, you must keep him lured. And you must keep your guests from knowing that you are keeping him lured—that is, if you are a successful golf-widow. It's an exhausting job—the hardest job I know.

—D. S. M., SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

An Engineer *who* Dares *to be* Human

In the not distant future our heat, power, and light will be carried by wire from great pools of supply at mines and waterways. Morris Cooke is making the surveys of source of supply

by McAlister Coleman

BACK in the conservative Nineties one of the big West Virginia coal operators took his little boy out to his coal mine. He pointed at the stream of cars flowing away from beneath the tipple. "Son," he said, "some day all this will be changed. Before you die you are going to see every ton of our coal burned at the pit mouth and turned into power that can be taken away over wires instead of coal cars." Now Morris Cooke and his brother engineers are pointing the way out from chaotic conditions that cause waste of men and materials in the coal industry.

LOOKING at it, you would never have thought that it could have kicked up such a rumpus. It was just a plain, silver-plated water-pitcher standing on the mantel in the office of Morris Llewellyn Cooke, Philadelphia's Director of the Department of Public Works. Yet to this day there are certain politicians who, with apprehensive shivers, recall that pitcher with its cracked ice steaming on top. Members of the valiant band of reformers who tried the perennial task of cleaning up Philadelphia back in pre-war 1911 still refer to it with a grin.

Director Cooke's wife didn't want him to drink city ice-water. She felt that he faced enough perils, when as a member of Philadelphia's reform administration, he went out to do battle with grafting politicians, hostile newspapers, and utility lobbyists. She stood squarely with her husband on these matters, for she felt as he did about them. There was a job to be done and if it called for the brains and patience and courage of her husband to do it—well and good. But she felt that City Hall ice-water was no aid to the strong digestion needed for such a battle and she put her foot down.

So Director Cooke told the charwoman who cleaned his office not to bother about filling the pitcher. To the Lady of the Mops, however, this command was nothing short of revolutionary. Many upsetting things had happened since the engineer with the bristling mustache and a quiet air of command about him had come to the Director's desk. Old, familiar faces had disappeared, new methods of doing business had come in, but by all the gods of routine, there had always been ice in that pitcher and ice there would continue to be. That was one battle that Morris Cooke lost. Day after day he would come to his office to find ice piled high in the pitcher. Then, in the middle of the morning, there would come a peculiar, mechanical sort of "click!" from the mantel as the last despairing piece struck the side of the deserted pitcher.

One day Mr. Cooke found himself facing across his desk one of the slipperiest crooks in the city's inner ring of slick politicians. For months the Director of Public Works had been after this grafter, trying in every way to catch him with his fingers in the people's pockets. And always Cooke had failed. Now he was playing his last hand and that hand a near-bluff. He was telling the man that he had the goods on him and that all that could save him would be a prompt resignation. Flea-like, the politician skipped from under one searching question after another until at length the two men sat there glaring at each other in strained silence. Then, of a sudden, there sounded a mechanical click. The grafter jumped to his feet, his eyes bulging, his hands clutching at the desk edge.

"My God!" he shouted, "have you put a dictagraph on me? I resign," and he bolted from the office and out of Philadelphia officialdom.

Cooke, chuckling over the incident, decided that it would make instructive reading for the

[*Continued on page 172*]

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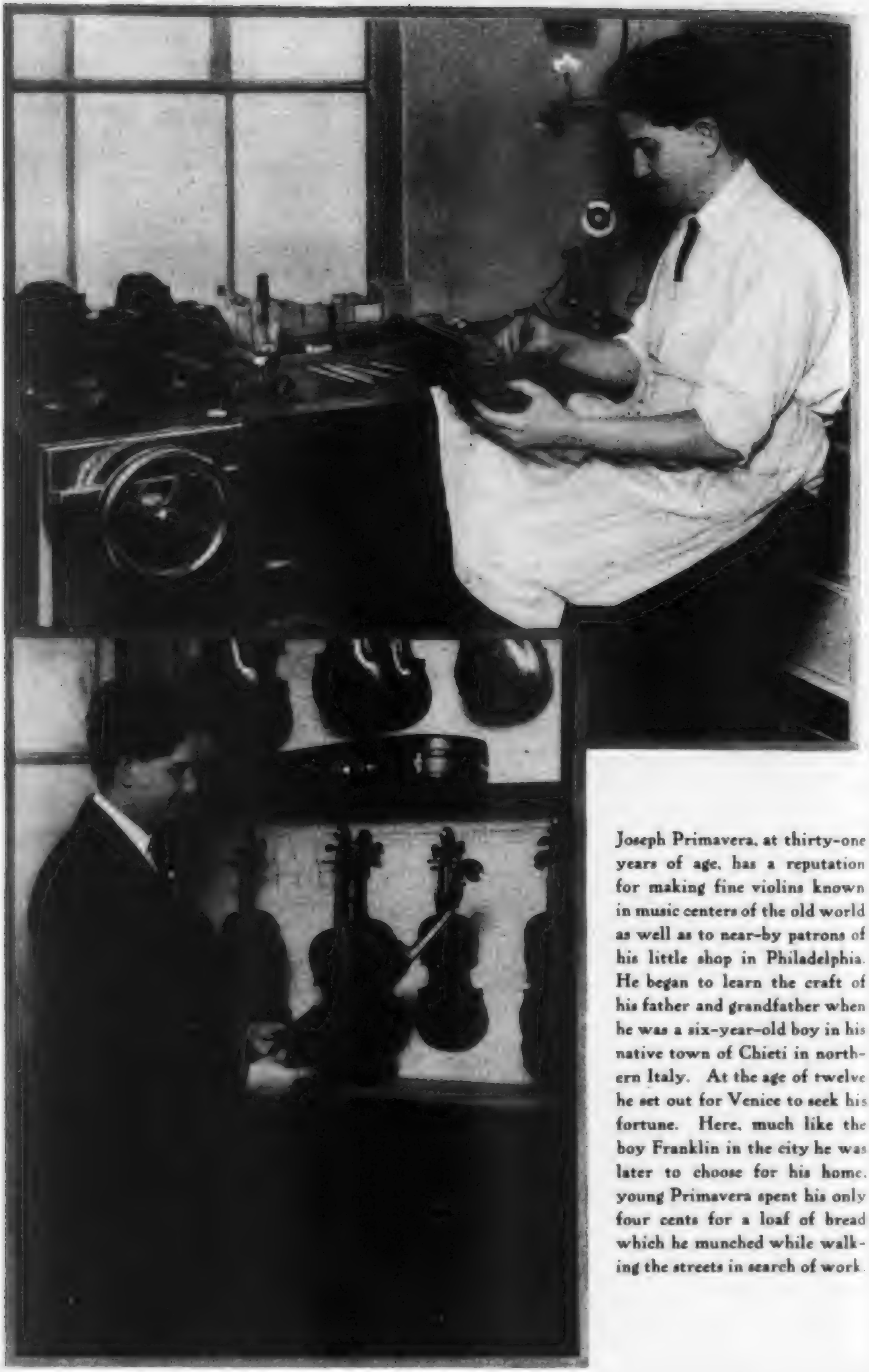

Joseph Primavera, at thirty-one years of age, has a reputation for making fine violins known in music centers of the old world as well as to near-by patrons of his little shop in Philadelphia. He began to learn the craft of his father and grandfather when he was a six-year-old boy in his native town of Chieti in northern Italy. At the age of twelve he set out for Venice to seek his fortune. Here, much like the boy Franklin in the city he was later to choose for his home, young Primavera spent his only four cents for a loaf of bread which he munched while walking the streets in search of work.

A Violin Maker's Ancient Craft

Old bedsteads, rafters, wooden trunks, and window frames are the materials from which Joseph Primavera makes violins in the tradition of the masters who jealously guarded their secrets. How age enhances value by ripening tone

by Eugene M. Pharo

SURPRISINGLY little improvement has been made in the violin as perfected by the master craftsmen of three centuries ago. No modern manufacturing methods can wholly replace the painstaking art of a Stradivari, who spent three or four years on an instrument that may be valued today at $65,000. Now, as then, there is no substitute for the human patience and skill required to fashion an instrument so delicately constructed that a lapse of a year is required for drying and seasoning between the thirty-ninth and fortieth coats of varnish.

A MODERATELY tall, solidly built young man with clear eyes and steady gaze entered a small shop in Philadelphia. He examined with eagerness a shelf upon which reposed various articles of commerce. The board of the shelf was old maple, about sixteen feet long and a foot wide.

The shop-keeper ambled forward and inquired into the customer's wishes, his looks also passing, in anticipation of the profit upon a can of tobacco or a package of cigarets, toward the shelf upon which the young man's gaze was fixed.

"I should like to buy that shelf," the visitor stated.

"The shelf?"

"That maple board that you use for a shelf. I will give twenty dollars for it."

Cupidity came into the shopkeeper's eyes. Twenty dollars for an old board!

"Why do you wish the shelf?"

"I—I thought I would make a violin for my boy," the visitor stated cautiously, but not cautiously enough. He had no boy, but he did wish to make violins from the wood.

The proprietor was cunning, or thought he was. "But I was thinking of making a violin from it myself," he said. "I could not afford to sell it for twenty dollars." He named a higher price.

The visitor, whose name was Joseph Primavera, and whose nativity was in the land to which the first violin was native, smiled quietly at the little man's statement. What could a tobacconist know of the ebony or rosewood finger boards, the silver, platinum and sheep-gut strings, the horse-hair bows, the spruce bellies, the varnishes of lustrous Italian gum and thirty other esoteric substances, in addition to the bright maple of the back and frame and neck that were necessary to the creation of a violin? Where, also, would he acquire his skill of a creator?

There was some haggling, for the wood was very desirable, but finally the violin-maker admitted defeat. The price was exorbitant, and he who might have had the shelf had he offered two dollars and expressed a desire to make from it only a window frame, abandoned it to its original destiny. It will never, now, entrance a concert audience.

Since that occurrence, now several years old, Mr. Primavera has not told owners of second-hand furniture or the wreckers of old buildings why he desires to buy from them old maple and spruce bedsteads and rafters. He simply keeps his eyes open, and the eyes of some few of his friends, for any source from which these woods, aged and well-seasoned, and with the proper grain, may be obtained. When he learns where some is, he bargains for it casually, as though he were about an ordinary job of carpentering and wished some wood cheap.

It really would do the owners of old wood no good to hold out for more than a reasonable price from Mr. Primavera, for he represents virtually the whole market for it in this country, so far as the making of violins is concerned. If he did not stand alone as a violin-maker—and the care with which he procures his wood is but one symptom of his masterhood—he would not be, as he is, violin-maker and repairer to so many of the virtuosi of this country and to some in Europe. You know the names of the greatest of his patrons. Mr. Primavera refuses to tell them off, because he is loath to advertise himself, as it seems to him, through the fame of his friends.

The best way to gain a picture of Joseph Primavera is to sit with him in his little shop on South Eighteenth Street in Philadelphia, near Rittenhouse Square, to watch him work and listen to him talk. The conversation will be interrupted occasionally by the visit of a concert master, or of a violin student whom the master has sent as a messenger, with a request for the correction of a tone in the *G* string or the *A* string; by the advent of a patron whose Cremona has unfortunately become damaged; or by a musician who has a solo engagement some time next week and wishes to have his Primavera violin gone over and put into perfect condition. But the interruptions will serve to fill out the picture.

It was under such circumstances that upon two visits recently Mr. Primavera told about himself and his art. Although he is only thirty-one years old he has a reputation in Philadelphia and New York, London and Prague, Paris and Cremona. The story of how he attained the skill which made that possible is engrossing. His observations about violins—those instruments which rival the human voice and which individually have personality and temperament so nearly human that no two of them are alike—are full of information and food for reverie.

He told why he is forever poking his head into the doors of second-hand shops and examining chiffoniers, bedsteads, wooden trunks, and other objects of an older day. Why, too, he examines so minutely the rafters of demolished old buildings.

Five Things That Make a Violin

"NEW wood and new violins are like unripened fruit," he said. "Old maple and spruce, for the backs and bellies respectively, are the kinds from which we make violins. Sometimes apple or pear are substituted for maple. Seasoned wood may be put into the violins without danger of any swelling or shrinking, which would ruin the instrument. It will become lustrous, and its fibers will ripen to the tones which only years of seasoning can bring to the wooden box.

"Of course one must know the wood. Not all old stuff is good. I expected to get some from old Steinway Hall, which they were razing in New York. I looked for some among the old buildings that they tore down in order to make way for the Delaware River bridge here in Philadelphia, but I found nothing good. The maple should have the grains and colors that give beauty. There is blue, white, dark veined, tiger skin, double striped, bird's-eye, cross-slab, figured, and 'in-and-out' grained maple. We cut it to the graceful shape of the violin, cover it with coats of varnish very slowly and very carefully, and you see the wood's natural beauty through a mysterious 'enlarging glass.'"

Mr. Primavera was willing to pay twenty dollars for an old maple board for very much the same reason that a man with the necessary fortune is willing to pay as much as $65,000 for a Stradivarius.

"Better violins than the Stradivarius are being made today," he said, "but they can not be made so old. Only the centuries can do that!"

One of the secrets of the young Philadelphian's success is that he builds in such a way that his violins will outlast the years and their tones become rich with the influence of age and use, even as those of Antonio Stradivari.

"Five things distinguish the best violins," he said, "and only one of them can not be obtained today. That one is age. It takes at least a hundred years to produce the mellower sort of violin. The other four things are—materials, outline, workmanship and varnish. There is nothing to prevent all these from being as good as in a Stradivarius, an Amati, a Guarnerius or a Da Salo, the first violins of the present type that were made back there in Cremona in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries."

The first violin, as we know it today, was originated by Gasparo Da Salo in the sixteenth century, explained Mr. Primavera. The others, Amati, Stradivari and Guarneri, brought it to perfection. Only two changes have been made in it since.

These changes are in the "technique" finger-board, and in the base bar that is inside the box under the belly, parallel with the strings. The bar controls vibration. The finger-board, which is of ebony, or its substitute rosewood, has been made longer, and the base bar thicker, so that the music of the instrument will be strong enough in tone to fill the large concert halls of today.

It was these changes, fitting the violin for a greater scope in musical art, that led Mr. Primavera to say that even better violins than those of Amati and Stradivari are now being made.

"The outline is almost the same as that of the first violins," said the maker, "though each artist varies the 'f' holes, the profile, the backs and bellies in some slight way that will mark the instrument as of his own make; just as some inscribe upon it their name and any date that will be within the period of their activity. Of course," he explained, "it is impossible to date exactly the making of a violin into which one, two or three years' effort may have gone.

"There has been much experimenting with the shape of the violin, and some, like the Germans, make them almost square at the ends. Fantastic forms may be devised that will produce violin tones, but the best masters come back to the old outline. No other is so beautiful to see. You can not keep away from it."

Some details of the outline are determined by use as well as by beauty, Mr. Primavera added. There must be a slender waist to permit of bowing, and the bridge, which esthetically might be a perfect arc, must be more slanting on one side than on the other, to permit the bow to pass over some strings and to hit others. It was Stradivari, the master violin-maker of Cremona, who perfected the bridge as late as 1700.

Down to its uncanny interior the first masters were so profoundly right in their design of the instrument that the sound post, which is placed with infinite care and heart-breaking experiment in a position between the *A* and *E* strings, will serve its purpose nowhere else so well. Its location has always been the same, with the slight fluctuation permitted by the narrow space between the two strings.

The workmanship and the varnish are the two other standards for judging between old violins and new that Mr. Primavera considered. The materials he dismissed as being even more widely available today than in the early years of the instrument.

"Workmanship is not apt to be so good today," he said, "because Stradivari, working to make musical instruments for the church, under little expense for living, and unhurried in his art, could devote three or four years to a violin. His work was a dream and a pleasure, not a means for paying rent and grocer's bills in a big city. He made only two hundred instruments in his life, but he made each one perfect. The modern maker can not spend so much time. If he did, and could stay alive until he sold his first violin, there would be no instrument that cost less than a thousand dollars.

A happy combination of premier artist and perfect instrument was completed recently when Mischa Elman purchased a Stradivarius of 1717, once the property of Mme. Recamier. It is reported that the purchaser shed tears of joy and the seller, a Parisian dealer, tears of sorrow when one of the world's few perfect instruments changed hands.

"Still, for the occasional instrument, worked upon lovingly at intervals, it is possible for a few to use as good workmanship as there ever was. A sincere creator, one who plays the violin for his own pleasure, as the best makers must, will usually have dreamed and worked over at least one such supremely great violin, regardless of cost or profit.

"The varnish, too, can be made just as good as it ever was. The secret lies in how you apply it, and that takes time. Between the thirty-ninth and the fortieth coats for the best violins a year should elapse for complete drying and seasoning," Mr. Primavera said.

"It is a myth, this that they tell of the loss of a page from Stradivari's Bible, which contained the formula of his varnishes!" he exclaimed. "No Italian ever wrote down his formulæ. Each family of violin-makers has its own—it is their coat of arms. It is passed down the generations by word of mouth. Stradivari's line is extinct, and so is his varnish. But there are others—if there were men with the patience and skill to apply them as the master did."

Mr. Primavera injected comment upon the sternness with which such secrets are guarded in Italy, where the medieval pride of craft survives, and where standardization and imitation among craftsmen, whether violin-makers, jewelers or blacksmiths, lead to insults, feuds, and murder. Murder is, he said, the logical conclusion to the effort of one violin-maker to learn the secret of another's varnishes. The secret of the Cremona varnish of Amati and Stradivari seems to have been lost by 1760.

One might continue indefinitely to retell the romance of violin-making as it is recited by Mr. Primavera, but this is to be a story of the man as well as of his art. His own story may be told as an illustration of the triumph of man over circumstance, and of the difficulty of learning so fine a craft. It will probably serve no useful purpose in persuading American boys to begin the business of violin-manufacture. Though if there are any such ambitious ones, Mr. Primavera is in the market for one as an apprentice-assistant.

"I have tried several," he said, "but they have no patience to spend the time. They want to be earning good money at the start; not knowing the art requires many, many years, self-sacrifice and devotion, and after it all one will be rather moneyless. It is not an art of money-making. It is merely working so that one's name, or the name of one's family, shall be lasting."

The Waif Who Slept in a Gondola

THE tale of his own apprenticeship is a poignant one.

"My father died," he said, "when I was six years old, and I had to do something to help support my mother and my two sisters. We lived in Chieti." This is a small town near the Adriatic coast in northern Italy, about seventy-five miles from Verona.

"My father and his father before him had been violin-makers. It did not occur to me to be anything else—especially since an uncle in Chieti was in the business and offered to give me work at two cents a day."

With no standard of values to guide him, the boy considered this wage and this offer to be something of consequence. He went to work. In daylight hours, and at night by the glimmer of a coal oil lamp, he learned the secrets of wood carving, of varnishing, of shaping boxes that would give back sweet music from the taut strings of metal or gut. (The silver *G* string; the aluminum gut-covered *D* string; the gut *A* string; and the alloy metal wire that is the *E* string.)

When he was not learning and practicing the making of violins, he was engaged in sweeping up dirt and shavings, in running errands, and in doing such tasks as his uncle considered needed to be done. He was never idle, for idleness brought always a rebuke, and not infrequently a beating.

"Was I not," asked Mr. Primavera, "a poor orphan who was failing to take advantage of a magnificent opportunity?"

When he was twelve years old, Joseph, having reasoned things out in his childish mind, told his mother that he was going away from Chieti to see if things were always thus in the great world. Mothers are the same the world over, and Signora Primavera was no exception. In spite of the hardship of their lot, she considered that such bold flying in the face of adversity would be sure to sound lower depths of unhappiness. But when her boy persisted in his intention she gave him her blessing. He set out, and eventually arrived at Venice with the sum of four cents in his pocket.

Imagine the sensations of a boy of twelve, leaving a small town, and going to a city like Baltimore or Philadelphia; ignorant of big cities, afraid of the pursuit of a hard task-master, not knowing where food, lodging or clothes were to come from!

"I arrived at Venice by night," said the Philadelphian, continuing his tale. "The hugeness, the strangeness and mystery made my heart falter, and would have done so even if I were on my way to the house of a relative to sleep. But there was no relative or friend. There was nothing.

"Nothing, that is, but dark areas under bridges, where gondolas were drawn up for the night. It was into one such nook that I found my way. Then, no sooner was I uncomfortably settled in a seat of a gondola than the step of a gendarme sounded near-by. Visions of a disgraceful return to Chieti, or of confinement in a jail made my heart pound loudly, so loudly that I was afraid the passing guard would hear. Stealthily I slipped from the boat and stole to the other side of the bridge, to rest there as much as possible, until steps on that side made me return to my original roost. So it kept up all night.

"In the morning I slipped away, tired and hungry. Near-by the fragrant odors of a bakery brought the subject of breakfast to my mind with painful intensity. I fondled the four cents in my pocket, and walked back and forth in front of the shop. Finally I went in.

"What is the price of a loaf of bread?"

"Four cents."

With horrible slowness the boy withdrew his entire sum of money from his pocket and walked out with the loaf.

"I could have eaten all of it, but I stopped at half," said Mr. Primavera the other day.

He walked the streets of Venice until he found the home of a violin-maker. Then, as naturally as an iron filing goes to a magnet, he entered.

His need of a job was acute, and this acuteness was all that he could feel. He had none of the presence of mind that counsels a boy or man who is seeking work to "sell" himself. He pled for work, unable to answer questions or to tell of his abilities.

Fortunately the Italian to whom he spoke, and who conducted his business in a room of his home, did not employ as mediary an efficient, up-to-date employment manager. He decided to take the boy on. He would pay him one lira a day—twenty cents—and see what he could do.

In a daze, Joseph set to work with the other apprentices, his new master's keen eye upon him.

Amid the tools to which he had become used during the six hard years of his childhood, and confronted with the tasks that had been his daily and sometimes nightly ones, the skill that had come to the boy could not fail to show itself. At evening the proprietor told him that he would be paid two lira each day—forty cents.

"I stared at him and nodded stupidly," said Mr. Primavera in recalling that moment. "Then I made my way back to the bridge abutment where I expected to spend the night. But I did not sleep. It was a continuous performance of pinching myself to see whether I was really I. Forty cents a day! Twenty times as much as I had been accustomed to earn for a day's work that was twice as burdensome! By daybreak I was convinced that I had misheard my new employer. Such things could not be. Two lira a day? Ridiculous!

"When I returned to the shop I could do nothing. I was in a dream world, a phantasmagoria.

"I went up to my employer.

" 'Tell me again how much it is that you will pay me?'

" 'You heard me yesterday.'

" 'But yes, please tell me again.'

"The master was annoyed.

The cynic, you remember, remarked that violin playing was simply a matter of drawing horse hair across cat-gut. Here is some of the horse hair for bows—all of it white, for the black is too coarse. As there is no satisfactory substitute, the shortage of white horses is of vital concern to the violin industry in this motor age.

To the inexpert eye, these two violins, owned by Rudolph Wurlitzer, have nothing to distinguish them from the one tortured daily by the boy next door. The precious pair is valued at over $100,000. The "Betts" Stradivarius (1704) is one of the four perfect Strads in the United States. The "Le Duc" is the masterpiece of Joseph Guarnerius (1743) and is known among connoisseurs as having the richest tone of any violin that has been made.

" 'Are you not satisfied, boy, with what I offer you?'

" 'Yes, but tell me again. I want to hear you say it once more.'

" 'Why should I keep on saying how much it is that I will pay you? If you are not satisfied, perhaps in a week or two I will give you three lira a day—but now, no—two lira a day.'

"It was true then! I had not misheard. My heart sang and as soon as I finished a piece of work I took it around proudly to the other apprentices to show them how well I had done it. It was the first really joyous day that I had known."

On that day he wrote home to his mother. Two years of contentment followed, during which he was learning more and more about violin-making. Then (lesson of thrift beyond parallel), Joseph returned to Chieti with 3,000 lira saved up, and opened his own father's shop. His mother, frugal soul, had long since been made comfortable on what money had been sent to her. And now she had in her son, at fourteen years of age, a second protector and help mate.

A few more years passed, and Primavera's violins found a ready sale. They built for themselves a reputation. The reputation was limited by the neighborhood, and by family knowledge, but even so it was extensive. geographically.

Another uncle, also a violin-maker, had some time before made his way to America, and was doing a profitable business in Philadelphia. There he learned of Joseph's sure craftmanship, of his filial devotion, of the steadiness and earnestness with which he applied himself to the work that had delivered him and his mother from their misfortunes. They seemed to promise a future of some importance under the right auspices. The uncle wrote to Chieti from Philadelphia, and after due deliberation and a keen survey of the superior profits to be made on this side of the Atlantic, Joseph once again set out from home, but boldly and with quite sufficient funds in his pocketbook.

There followed twelve years of steady work in Philadelphia. Joseph lived with his uncle and his wants were few. Several thousand dollars accumulated and were left in his uncle's hands. Then came sickness and misfortune, and the savings disappeared. Only Joseph's skill remained—his skill, and a number of violins.

But that is not exactly so, either. Musicians, those connected with the Philadelphia orchestra and soloists there and in other cities, had become aware of the perfection of the young man's workmanship. It had been his whole life, and should be perfect, you say? Well, perhaps so, but such is not always the case. Primavera was a violin-maker, but he was also Joseph Primavera.

These musicians, some of whom were the owners of rare old violins, had got in the habit of buying from Joseph, and also of bringing their ancient instruments to him for restoring. He was working on a Stradivarius on the day that he was interviewed for this article.

There were musicians who knew his work, lovers of art who had heard of him, and violin-makers in the old country who trusted him and sent him their violins for sale on commission. The time seemed ripe for him once more to open his own shop, and less than a year ago he did so.

It is rapidly becoming a place in which to look for eminent musicians when they cannot be found anywhere else. There is something about the clean, light shop, with its lustrous instruments, and its occasional strains of disconnected melodies, that makes it seem a stopping place for Orpheus.

The straight-standing, clear-eyed young Primavera, whose thoughts only last spring strayed from his craft and his family so far as to embrace the thought of marriage, and who in June became a Benedict, contributes much to the rare atmosphere of the little place.

After so stormy a past, just after a collapse of his monetary fortunes, he faces the future unblinklingly. He recognizes that, although money in large quantities is desirable, the knowledge of how to do one thing well and the possession of courage are sufficient passports to safety in a world of queer contradictions.

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Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins

Begin this serial with any instalment. The story up to this point is here.

I MUST tell how I, Dirck Hazlett, and Evan Morgan came to be in the Spanish prison in St. Augustine. It was 1693 and New York was a very hotbed of pirates, or, as they chose to call themselves, "gentlemen in the Red Sea Trade." I was enamoured with Sancia Caradac, the young ward of Mistress Oort who would shortly become the wife of Captain William Kidd. No merchant in all the city was so highly respected as he, and I was exceedingly proud to know so well the man who, while keeping clear of the lucrative business of "privateering," could make such a name and fortune for himself. Others dipped into the dirty business and it was well known that Robert Livingston had outfitted ships sailing under such notorious pirates as Tom Tew, Wake, and William Maze. During Captain Kidd's absence—he was in England on business—I joined with several others in manning *The China Rose,* and sailing as privateersmen in search of French ships—lawful prize in those days. Evil befell us. I was in command of a prize, the *Hirondelle* and was fired upon and captured by a Spaniard. All hands were killed save Evan Morgan and me, who were taken to St. Augustine. Three years passed before an exchange of prisoners could be negotiated and I returned to New York to find that Captain Kidd had married Mistress Oort and was now the father of a baby daughter, Betty. Then too, Governor Fletcher countenanced piracy until the stench of it brought down on our heads the scorn of all right-minded people. Soon after, Captain Kidd sailed again on business to England and we awaited his return a tedious time. And then news came that Robert Livingston was in England and had introduced him to Lord Bellomont who, rumor had it, would succeed Fletcher as Governor of New York.

This month's instalment.

IT WAS a wintry city. Soft snow a foot in depth covered all the roofs, the streets were full o' sleighs, skaters covered the Kolch—and Sancia and I among them—yet, strangely enough, the Hudson remained navigable.

And it was up this stream that our wine-bibbing governor sailed with his regiment breathing fearful threats against Frontenac, which, when he heard of them, doubtless made that able warrior yawn.

New York was gay through that winter of 1694, although the Red Spectre still haunted the Northland and none knew when that hell's brood might issue forth from Canada and burn and murder its way to our city gates.

So, in the snow that lay over the Plains, our five train-bands marched and counter-marched—all the old regiments including Leisler's which, since the Great and Powerful now had canonized his memory, footed it fiercely and proudly with halberd, musket and defiant drum.

We younger folk had many a frolic that winter—with sleighing, dancing, and sometimes more elegant festivities when the governor or other great folk opened their houses to all of consequence in the city.

At Colonel de Lancy's party Sancia and I supped and danced until nearly midnight. At Captain de Peyster's was even a more elegant collation, but neither dancing nor cards nor kissing games—only polite discourse, urbane civilities, and prodigious elegance of dress and deportment.

At some parties we had a tic-tac-bort or a trock-table to amuse us; and sometimes our dinners began with a waffle-frolic.

But it was at our guzzling governor's that open house was kept, and all who wore gilt band or sword were expected.

Sarah thought it policy to go, so thither I went with her and Sancia on either arm, none lovelier than these sweet ladies, and so said Lady Fletcher and her lively daughters.

But Lord—what a feast was there. And I give it to you as Sancia afterward wrote it down from memory—for thrifty folk of our sober quality were aghast, to see such extravagance and waste.

This then, is partly what was spread for a great company to eat and drink—puddings, roasted and boiled game such as wild ducks, geese, turkeys, venison, beef, pig, chicken, turtles, fishes, great salads dressed with vinegar, creams, custards, thirty kinds of tarts and sweetmeats, jellies, floating-islands, fools, sillabubs,flummeries trifles, raisins, almonds, apples, China oranges, Parmesan cheese, punch, porter, beer, cider, ale, toddy, possets, nogg, French clarets, champagne, Madeira, Port, and twelve kinds of liqueurs and spirits. Also coffee, tea and chocolates.

And besides these were great silver bowls piled with Dutch pastries such as koeckjes, olykoeks, hot puffards, kiski-nut cakes, bollabuysues; and the like.

I remember on one day we younger folk had a great sea-feast at a bouwerie near Turtle Bay after we had skated all the morning, and there was roasted a basket of great oysters, each a foot in length and a lobster which measured five feet long.

Also was roasted for those who cared little for sea food a wild turkey of thirty pounds weight, two wild gray geese, and a quarter of fat venison. These, with nuts and the finest of apples such as Double Paradise, Red-streak Buelderleng, Pippins, and Poughkeepsie swaar-apples, made for us a bouwerie feast more delicious than all the orange-creams and whipped-sillabubs in the world.

So you may see that, spite o' The Red Spectre in the North, we in New York City made a gay winter of it.

And more and more enamoured and in love with Sancia I became with every day—nay, every hour—in her company, or alone in thought, of her.

And damned the governor, and she was vexed and damned him, too, because he would have us marry with each other in the new English Church, when, if God be not in the English Chapel at the Fort, He can be nowhere.

But it was bigotry and politics that stopped our wedding, or would have stopped the ships of Captain Kidd in the Lower Bay.

March came, and April, and May, but Captain Kidd came not, only letters from him that seemed to reveal distress of mind and impatience, and, alas, a certain dread of Mr. Livingston and of these great lords who ever seemed to caress and entertain him. But, for a long while, he would not tell us why he was detained in London or what it was, exactly, that this persistent and determined man, Livingston, was ever urging on him to undertake.

ONE day in early June—and the year, now, 1695, mine host of *The Dark Ship*, sent word to me that among letters brought by the great ship, *Strathlone Castle*, there was a letter for me among those lying at the tavern.

I know not why the news chilled me. I was certain that the letter came from Captain Kidd. Yet, hitherto when he had writ a ream of paper to me, always it was enclosed within a letter to his wife—as even were his letters to Sancia.

So it was with uneasiness that I went to *The Dark Ship*, and got me my letter, and withdrew to my own house, to read it. And this was the alarming news it carried as he wrote it:

London, y^e 15th,
of April, 1695.

MY DEAR LAD:

I am in a pickle, and write the plain and sorry facts of it to you in private so that you may gently acquaint Sarah and Sancia with this disturbing news of me.

The truth is I have been beset by Robert Livingston, but managed to evade, avoid and beat him off. But to no avail, for I found my business here slyly interfered with and presently blocked, so that I could make no headway, and finish and sail for home.

This man hath encompassed me with an art and a persistence astonishing, and now he has caught me, and I am fairly in the trap.

This is what he has done: He has persuaded the great folk to press Lord Bellomont upon the King, to be named as Governor of New York and Massachusetts.

I am told that his Majesty has so designated Lord Bellomont, though he is not yet commissioned, and the news is still secret.

And this is the argument, that Colonel Fletcher's government in New York and his traffic with pirates is become a stench and a scandal in the King's nostrils. And further, that my Lord Bellomont is to go outpledged sacrement to purge New York City of pirates, and aid, by land and sea, to clear the coastal waters of these gentry.

Well, so much for Bellomont. Now—the mouse in the cheese! And that mouse is Robert Livingston. And the great cheese he nibbles is the private share-company into which other nibblers shall come and all nibble cheek by jowl.

The reason for this share-company is because the King's war-ships all are needed to fight the French, and the Admiralty will not withdraw any one o' them to go to take pirates in the Arabian Sea, or in any other waters.

This share-company is organized by the great folk, and one o' them is the greatest of all—the King—and I am bidden to come in with them, and buy stock, and take command in person of the operation.

And if I refuse, well, I am given a smiling hint that *my ships will be stopped in the river* if ever again I attempt to trade on the high seas. Which means that *your* ships will be stopped, and that you can never become a merchant, or continue and carry on the fine business I have builded up and which it is agreed that you were to control and continue after my return to New York.

Was ever an honest man in such a pickle as this? I—who have enough, who have wife and children and a good home—must now take to the seas and chase pirates for profit because Robert Livingston hath persuaded the First Lord of the Admiralty that I am honest above suspicion, and that I have courage, that there is no sea captain of today who knows these pirates as I do, or who has so intimate a knowledge of their haunts, habits, rendezvous, and how best to pursue and discover and take or destroy them.

So I am politely made to understand that unless I take a share in a ship, and command her in person, and set forth to take pirates to the King's profit and the profit of sundry great lords, my ships will be stopped in the river and my business and trade ruined.

Well, in this share-company, among others, are Sir Edward Russell, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Sir John Somers, the Earl of Romney, Robert Livingston, His Majesty, the King—and my humble self.

These great folk, at the solicitation of Livingston and Bellomont, have agreed to join in the expense of buying and fitting out a proper ship, and that Mr. Livingston and I would be at one-fifth part of the expense, and that the King subscribe not a penny. Which enchants his thrifty Majesty, and he tells these great folk that the plunder I take from pirates *—who have plundered honest men—shall be shared by them and by me,* "*except some part which he would reserve for himself*. . . to show he was a partner in the undertaking."

I begged these gentlemen to leave me out of their agreement, I offered to go out on a *King's ship*, with officers and men of the *King's navy*, and show them where pirates resorted, only that the *King's sailors* and not I should fight and take them.

But no, the King will not have it, and I must command this share-company ship and set out to take pirates and plunder them of their ill-gotten gains—so that the King and the noble lords can share what plunder I may secure.

And his Majesty invests nothing—not a stiver. And I must subscribe £600 to an enterprise in which I am most loath to embark, nor desire to touch with a single finger.

Why should I be made to touch it when the very men who have made this partnership insist that *their* names be kept out of it? The King has forbid any mention of his connection with it, and so have the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Orford, the Earl of Romney, and his Grace of Shrewsbury. Oh, no! Not them! But the grant expressly states that, with his Majesty's *knowledge* and *encouragement* the expedition is fitted out by the *Earl of Bellomont* and *Sir Edmund Harrison*, and four obscure people namely, Samuel Newton, George Watson, John Rowley, and Thomas Reynolds—not one o' them having advanced a farthing of their own.

Dirck, this is an utterly improper grant, and seems to me illegal. Yet, who am I to question the King of England—who is to profit by this to the extent of one full, clear, tenth part of any vessels, merchandise, moneys, goods, and wares, that may be taken by the share-company's ship under my command.

Well, thus am I trapped. For two commissions are to be issued to me, the one being letters of marque and reprisal in ordinary empowering me to seize French ships, the other authorizing me to take certain pirates, four in number, namely Thomas Tew, John Ireland, Thomas Wake and William Maze. Also any other pirates, corsairs, freebooters, sea-rovers, and buccaneers wherever discovered.

Now, with these commissions are certain articles of agreement which will never please any crew that ever shipped for any cruise, because it is provided that if I take no prizes my crew receives no pay, and that if I take not enough to pay for the fitting out of my ship, then Livingston and I must pay the noble lords nearly £5000 to reimburse them!

Why, Dirck, were it not done by his Majesty King William the Third, I would say that they were blackmailing me!

But what can a plain, Scottish, sea captain do when his King and his Government order him to sea to take pirate treasure—*or have his ships stopped in the river?*

So I am to take command of the *Adventure Galley*, 287 tons, 34 guns, 170 men, when she is fitted, and from here sail to New York and there take on more stores and more men, and thence stand for the Red Sea.

God knows how you are to break this dismal news to my wife and Sancia—only that you shall contrive to do it gently, and make little or nothing of it but take it all lightly, and say I soon shall be in New York, and then but a short while at sea, and then to return and never again, so help me God, stir from my home and those I love.

I am, in much perplexity and distress,
Your affectionate friend,
WILLIAM KIDD.

This dire news, in due time, I broke as gently as I might to Sarah and to Sancia, but it is useless to deny that there was consternation among us all.

AND now, more than ever, Sancia and I dared not ruffle our bigot governor by marrying each other immediately, or elsewhere than in his new church. No, it were best to remain on amiable terms with all bigots, bullies, and tyrants, and endure as we might for Captain Kidd's sake.

And now, by every ship, and during that long, hot summer in New York, came letters from our captain—the letters of a trapped man still bewildered at his own plight.

By these we learned that his new ship, the *Adventure Galley*, was to be built in Castle's Yard at Deptford, and should be launched by the end of the year, and that the lords and great folk interested insisted that he overlook and superintend everything so that he was overwhelmed with their business and scarce had time to write us.

To Sarah he wrote with a forced gaiety, and dauntlessly, nor let her understand how deep this business struck at his peace of mind and his

Captain Kidd drew his wife to a painted bench, while Sancia seated herself beside me

desires for retirement and a quiet life with her and their children.

To me he wrote plainly, yet always with that honest courage which was his character, heartily damning these folk who constrained him to this against his will, yet resigned to the inevitable and bowing to the will of his most unworthy King.

That was a hot and dreary summer, and we of his family—and I now counted myself as one—existed merely from day to day in hopes of news by incoming ships.

None from England, entered in Sandy Hook without a letter from our captain, but news was nothing altered only that the business slowly approached completion and the King of England was impatient and greedy to touch pirate gold.

Autumn came, and the letters warning us that the ship was nearly ready, and that our captain would sail very soon for New York. Lord, what dreary waiting it was for his wife. But Sancia and I had each other; and youth and love can bear with anything that harms neither love nor beloved.

Well, winter came early that season, and then the year 1696—a rainy, foggy winter with little snow and the foot-paths of the city a glare of ice on which children slid and skated, and sober folk fell flat.

It was nearly the end of April when there came a letter from Captain Kidd in which he told us that on the fourth of December the *Adventure Galley* had been launched at Castle's; that late in February she had her guns and stores aboard, and came to the buoy in the Nore where presently the Captain of the man-o'-war, *Queensborough*, pressed his men for the fleet and kept him there still, and that he knew not what to do being robbed thus of his crew, but Mr. Livingston had run to the Admiralty with loud complaints.

And that was all we heard of our poor captain until midsummer when suddenly he sailed into New York Bay aboard his ship, the *Adventure Galley*, and gave the fort seven guns which went echoing through the city of New York from the docks to the Out Ward and Turtle Bay.

BUT only the day before, having become desperate at the delay, and having consulted Sarah and Sancia, I planned to wait upon the governor and see what might be accomplished to divert him from his desire to have for us a

on the grass. "This business of pirate chasing," said the captain, "is not to my liking."

bishop to marry us in his new church on the King's Farm.

Sancia thought it prudent to wait upon Colonel Fletcher, after dinner. So when the hour seemed ripe I took leave of her and went and dressed me in my new gray velvet and new Baldrick and fine beaver hat.

It was a fine summer day with blue sky and a light breeze from acres of grassy uplands which brought a sweet smell into the city.

Governor Fletcher I went to see, and discovered him, unbelted in his library after dinner, with three bottles of Port cracked and a servant fetching another.

The governor was sullen and madded because, as he said, of the vile disrespect shown him by the Assembly. He said that all America was leagued against him, and that ingratitude was his portion.

"Sir," said I, "my future father-in-law, Captain Kidd, has sailed from the Nore."

He gave me a sulky stare, "Well," says he, "I know that, too. But what has that to do with the ingratitude with which the world uses me? What did they do to me at Hartford when I went thither to show them my commission to command their lousy soldiers? Why, the rogues cut me short in my speech with drums! Would you credit me when I tell you that their Captain Wadsworth drowned the reading of my commission by ordering the drums to beat!"

"Sir," I interposed politely, "in regard to the instant approach of Captain Kidd in the *Adventure Galley*—"

BUT now he was wrathfully intent on his own grievances, and he began to exclaim and cry out against Penn's Government which refused him any salary, and only a miserable sum for common defence, first stipulating that it "should not be dipped in blood."

"That's Quaker gratitude for you," says he, "and Count Frontenac can scalp 'em all and burn Philadelphia for all I care." He seized and swallowed a tall glassful of Port and pressed another upon me.

"Come, Mr. Hazlett," says he thickly, "there is cheer in good old wine, if there be none in Pennsylvania. Come, sir, you shall tell me how you fought the *Hirondelle* against the Spaniard, and every time you fire a gun at 'em we shall confirm it with a bottle. Come, I say—shall we be merry? Heart of oak, shall we be merry?"

He bawled, for another bottle, and I durst not cross him. He began to sing about

When the wind blows
Off Barbadoes
As we sail the Spanish Main;
Only God knows
Where the gold goes;
When there are no ships sail home again.

And "there," says he, "is a ditty taught me by Captain Tew—a very pleasant and learned man," says he, a-wagging of his head—"and no more a pirate than any captain out o' Port Royal a-chasing of a rascal Spaniard. No! For the Carolinians claim their right to levy war by their own authority; and they're right. And by my own authority I commission Tommy Tew to take the French flag—" he winked at me— "and I am right, too." He burst into a roar of laughter.

"Sir," said I, patiently still, "when Captain Kidd anchors in the East River, I mean to join him as a volunteer for the Red Sea."

"Stout heart, hurrah," he shouts. "We'll crack another bottle on that—"

"—But," I continued desperately, "before I sail, I most earnestly desire to marry—"

"In my new church of Trinity. You shall. You shall be married in my new church as soon as it is builded and consecrated. And I shall have a bishop there for you if I have to go to England and catch you one and tie him up in his cassock and stow him in the hold—" His red face became congested with rage; "Why do not they send me a bishop for my parish of Trinity?" he bawled. "There's more ingratitude for you. But I'll show 'em. They'll find me as stubborn as they are. And I swear you shall not marry you a wife until they send me my bishop."

"But sir, consider me—"

"I do consider you," he replied furiously. "I promise you a bishop, and you shall have one, whatever the Bishop of London has to say about it. And that's as flat as Flatbush."

Exasperated, I still controlled my temper and my desire to take this fat fool by the collar. But I saw there was nothing to be done with this ridiculous bigot, and so presently took my departure whilst he lolled in his chair a-singing of Barbadoes and the ships that return no more to port.

I do not say he was drunk. I never heard of Governor Fletcher being drunk. But he drank and gobbled till he was purple in the face, and I think his habits fattened his wits and swelled his temper. Anyway, I was devilish glad to be rid of him.

Sancia I went to see and discovered her up a cherry tree in her garden.

"Come up, long face," says she, her mouth wet and crimson from the fruit, so I went up the ladder and plucked cherries and fed them to her whilst I pictured for her our jackass governor and his new and crazy purpose to catch for us a bishop.

Sancia laughed, but I told her it was no laughing matter, and that, were it not for Captain Kidd's sake, I'd make a Gretna Green of our business.

"Would you?" says she, still laughing at me. "I had not thought you so ardent, Dirck." She leaned from the branch where she was seated, and placed both hands on my shoulders to search my face with mocking eyes. But seemed to discover there something to sober her.

"What's in your mind?" says she. "What purpose are you hiding from me?"

"None."

"Dirck. That is not true."

"Well, then—I meant to tell you. Whether I would or no, I cannot let your father sail alone—for very shame. If I am to carry on his business, and have a share in it, and, some day, make it mine, then, when he arrives in New York I cannot choose but go with him when he sails again."

Her gray eyes had grown very wide, and now they quivered and blurred, and she began to weep without a sound.

"Your father is troubled and bewildered and has no heart for this commission, from his King," said I. "Would you have me fail him when he needs me?"

"N—no. . . . Oh, Dirck. O, Lord."

"Dearest—"

"I thought you had done with swords and ships," she whimpered.

"How can I allow your father to sail alone to the Red Sea with such a crew?"

"Is it a bad crew?"

"I know nothing about them only what generally is said of a privateer's crew. . . . That is how all pirates are made—out of privateer . . . that's how they begin and then turn pirate. . . . Not all of 'em. *The China Rose* carried a clean crew and carefully picked, none o' Tew's and Ireland's gang—but decent sea-faring folk. And I know not but that your father's crew is the same.

"Only if a man 'o war pressed them at the Nore, then your father had to scrape a lot of dirty dogs from the water front to fill in."

She wiped her eyes with her laced apron. "I desire no more cherries," she said.

WE CLIMBED down out of the cherry tree, and she stood desolate and lovely, lips and fingers all stained with the fruit and her cheeks still wet with tears.

"For this damned governor of ours," said she, "I care not a stiver; so let us find somebody to marry us instantly—for I want you for my husband before you sail—"

She began to whimper again, and put both arms around my neck, and I kissed her wet eyes and her lips and her hair.

"We must not turn this jackass governor against your father," said I, "lest he stop his ships in the bay some day."

"No—o. . . . O, Lord, what vexations and troubles seem to descend upon this quiet family that never trouble anybody and desire only to be left to one another and in peace—"

That was the third day of July that I waited upon the governor. On the very next day Captain Kidd's cannon saluted the fort, and into the river he came a-sailing aboard the *Adventure Galley* and carrying with him a small French vessel loaded with salt and fishing-tackle, which prize he had taken on her way to Newfoundland.

I did not know our captain had arrived. I heard cannon and wondered what ship was saluting the fort. A frigate had been expected and I supposed it was she. After my soupaan breakfast at the tavern I went out to the waterside to look about and inquire, and there made out two strange ships up the East River and heard the news that Captain Kidd was anchored off the ship-yard with a French prize moored near astern.

Even as I gazed I saw the new wet-docks swarming with his sailors coming ashore; and I thought they seemed a scurvy and impudent lot to look upon—these swaggering and bedizened privateersmen, with their sashes and earrings and hangers and pistols out of the *Adventure Galley*.

But I lost no time in considering these noisy, boisterous fellows, but ran instantly to the Great Queen Street house, and there discovered the captain in a new suit of blue velvet and brocade, a-walking in his garden with one arm around his wife and t'other around Sancia.

"Dirck!" cried he, dropping his charming companions to seize my hand and clasp it, "what is all this they are telling me about your sailing aboard of me?—and God bless you for the thought, my dear lad—"

He put both powerful arms around me and hugged me, then held me away from him for a keen inspection.

"By Heaven," said he, "I should be content to know that this young man were aboard the *Adventure Galley* with me when I sail out o' New York. But I don't ask it, Dirck. No. For this damned commission o' mine that the King hath forced upon me is no concern of yours, and touches not on our agreement—"

"By Heaven, sir," said I, "what touches this family touches *me!* Do you suppose sir, that I would allow you to sail from New York on this hardy adventure and not be one of your company?"

"There," says he, turning to his wife, "stands a friend. God knows I need one aboard." Then, to Sancia, "But, child, if I take your beau you never would forgive me, would you? I ask too much. I rob you—"

Sancia smiled, "I never could forgive Dirck if he failed you now," said she. And took my hand in hers and held it crushed in her restless and nervous fingers. "Take him," says she, "or he is no lover of mine."

We all felt the strain of the moment, but all faced it.

The captain's emotion was very visible. He said to his wife:

"The children are loyal and kind. . . . In them and in you I am blessed. I find here great happiness who have not elsewhere found much nor any real kindness lately. Folk there are who call themselves my friends, but whose greed pushes me into a cursed hazard not of my own choice or seeking. . . . Well, let us be seated here in our homely pleasant garden among our flowers and fruit-trees—"

HE GENTLY drew his wife to a painted bench beside him, and she took from him his long clay pipe and began to fill it.

Sancia ran back into the house and fetched him a coal to light it, then she seated herself on the grass, and I lay down beside her, my chin upon her knees.

I thought the captain seemed thin and worn. There were new lines in his manly face where none had been when last I saw him, and at his temples there seemed a slight silvery glimmer of age. But his sea-blue Scottish eyes were as clear and keen as ever, and his firm, sun-browned features as fine and resolute.

He drew an aromatic cloud from his pipe and slipped one arm around his wife's supple body.

"I have no secrets from any here," he said. "This business of pirate chasing in the Indian Ocean is not to my liking, and I am free to say so. But my King, and other great folk demand that I carry it through and by God's grace I shall endeavor to do so and hasten to end the affair and presently make a successful end of it."

He looked at me with an odd smile. "Once," said he, "it suited Bob Livingston to fit out those fancy gentlemen who sailed *On The Account*. Now it suits him to fit out an honest man to take them on the high seas; and to sink these old friends o' his or fetch them back for a rope's end betwixt high tide mark and low. *His former friends*—John Ireland, Thomas Maze, Mew Tew, Mr. Wake—"

"Wake, the pirate, was found dead in the Pie Woman's Lane," said Sancia, calmly.

"An easier end than he might have expected," said the captain. "Well, that is my commission—with other letters of reprisal—to take these men, and any others who fly the bones, or a bloody flag, or a French one. . . . I be fair sick o' London. And of lords and great folk. . . . I was lonely for you, Sarah—and for the baby—"

She rested her pretty cheek against his in silence, and he went on, "I had trouble enough to gather me a decent crew. But I got together a fine and honest ship's company. Then, at the Nore, they pressed 'em. I got back only the dregs o' them. Others I shall secure here in New York. There's a drum out now with the boatswain and my gunner, Will Moore."

"Do you not wholly fancy your crew, sir?" I asked, troubled.

"No, I do not. The Fleet took my best men. These are all I could get together at the pinch. They'll need a firm hand. . . . I am glad that you wish to sail with me Dirck."

"So am I," said I seriously. As I spoke, we heard the drum coming along the open place where is now Hanover Square. It ceased. Somebody blew a boatswain's whistle for attention, and then a voice cried:

"Now, brave lads and merry, here's the chance you've waited for. Here's a stout swift ship and a bold and enterprising master, all anchored at your back doors. Who will step aboard and sign?

"There's glory to be had and prize money. Each and every man aboard the *Adventure Galley* shall share in the gold and silver and jewels, and in all the rich and priceless bales that the pirates lately took when they stopped the flag of the Great Mogul in the Indian Ocean.

"Now, then, who's the first to step up and sign and go aboard Captain Kidd?"

A voice demanded: "What's the agreement?" And others cried, "Yes, what's the pay?"

"Pay?" echoed the orator, scornfully, "what pay?"

"Wages," returned several voices.

"Well, then," cried the spokesman, "it's no prize, no plunder, no purchase, no pay. And is there any lad of heart and courage who is to be daunted by these articles?"

The drum rolled out three long ruffles.

I said to the captain, "Is that the condition, then?"

"Yes," said he, "and it's against my advice; for a crew on regular wages works the better to augment their pay. But no. The noble lords who share in this enterprise are economical. And our King cried up his poverty. So it's no prize, no pay, and I am like to ship a most desperate lot of rascals who would sign such articles—for it will be in the mind of every rogue aboard to take the ship from me if I take no prizes. . . . Very well, I hope at any rate, to give 'em a belly full o' fighting."

He laughed, grimly, squeezed his wife's waist and winked at Sancia and me as tho' to say, "Let the rogues try to take my ship from me and they'll soon learn who is master of the *Adventure Galley*."

Meanwhile, the voice of the boatswain continued outside the garden wall urging young men to sign for the glorious cruise of the *Adventure Galley*, 34 guns, 287 tons burthen, under the brave and enterprising Captain Kidd who had fought the French at Basseterre in '89, and brought a tall ship to Nevis, who had fought them again in '90 at Marie-Galante, and again took a French ship and brought her into New York to the glory of God and of King William the Third.

THE captain, listening to his praises sung on the other side of the wall by his lusty-lunged boatswain, looked sheepishly at us and laughed. Then he remarked that the boatswain neglected to mention how the Boston skinflints had offered him a ship in '90 on ruinous terms, and, when he refused, had complained to Governor Sloughter that he was timid and had neglected a fine and thrifty opportunity to take another French prize.

At which we all were merry because it seemed droll to us that nobody except a sour, whining, and witch-burning New Englander had ever dared question the courage of our captain.

"Yes," said Sancia, in her sudden, fiery manner, "those cowardly Puritans are hanging poor old women and pressing helpless old men to death, but have no stomach to defend their fort at Pemaquid."

"The New Englanders are not cowards," said Captain Kidd, gravely. "Never believe that, Sancia."

"They are tyrants and superstitious hypocrites then," returned Sancia, "—they and their Cotton Mather—"

"Though thou talkest too freely, sweeting," said Sarah Kidd, gently. "Pray run to the nursery and fetch us Betty, for it is time she were awake."

Sancia sprang up from the grass and went into the house. She was singing the Pemaquid ballad as she went.

"Sir," said I, to Captain Kidd, "when do you propose to sail?"

"I cannot fill a crew, refit, and be ready to weigh before September," said he.

"I thank God for these two promised months," murmured his wife. I looked at her and she upon me. She wore a new gold chain that her husband had fetched for her out of London. Upon it hung a golden heart set with a ruby. Looking at me she lifted the heart and touched it with her lips in silence. The captain was gazing elsewhere.

Her eyes searched mine earnestly. I nodded. It was my pledge to stand by the man she loved; and she understood, and smiled at me through a sudden mist of tears.

Sancia came with Betty, now a charming child, of three and more, and the captain held out his arms for her and fondled and played with her.

"Sweetheart," says he, "you shall make haste and grow into a big and likely lass whilst I am away a-chasing Mr. Tew, and when I return I shall bring you a pretty chain with a heart dangling from it like that you notice yonder upon your mother's breast." And he gave her his watch to play with and laughed to see how her baby finger followed the slow hands a-moving.

"Time," said he, "is the tedious moment betwixt one kiss and the next."

The child put her arms around her father's neck, and kissed him rapturously again and again. Then she desired to play with the cherries which Sancia had hung two on a stem, over her ears, and she scrambled down from the captain's knees and sat between Sancia and me, "I want a cherry," she lisped.

"Mind," said Sarah gently, "she is to eat no cherries save only cooked, and in her tart at dinner."

So, to amuse Betty, Sancia lifted her upon her lap and hummed the Pemaquid ballad to her—

"Now, forward, March!" says Frontenac,
"To take the Fort of Pemaquid!
And if you're beaten, come not back."
The Mounseers marched as they were bid,
And as he bid 'em, so they did
And took the Fort of Pemaquid.

With a rub-dub-dub!
And a bang-bang-bang!
And may all Massachusetts men go hang.

And "Bang, bang, bang," cried Betty, clapping her little hands, "sing it to me Sister Sancia."

So Sancia laughed and went on:

"Now, damme," quoth Sir William Phips,
"The Count of Frontenac shall die!
I'll fight him with my fleet o' ships,
And blow his fortresses sky high!
Hereby all Mounseers I defy
And hurl at them my battle cry."

With a rub-dub-dub!
And a bang-bang-bang!
And may Count Frontenac go hang!

Quoth Captain Kidd, smilingly; "I would we had a Count Frontenac of our own in New York and let Massachusetts keep her Phips."

Sancia sang on:

Hail, Boston! Hail, Sir William Phips,
Our Admiral of high degree.
We have it from his very lips
No warrior lives as brave as he;
And so we marvel more to see
Sir William turn his tail and flee.

With a rub-dub-dub!
And a bang-bang-bang!
And none who drown were born to hang.

Captain Kidd, still smiling, shook his head. "No," said he, "they should not make such ballads; for Sir William Phips is a brave man, though hasty, but Frontenac is both o' these, and clever, too. . . . God help the man who does his best and yet leaves a memory for jests and curses."

He rose and scraped out his pipe: "That is a bad fate," said he, "to do faithfully one's duty, and yet become an object of ridicule and reproach. . . . And leave such a name behind. . . . Well, I think it is the dinner hour. . . . And after, in the cool o' the day, we shall go aboard my new ship—yes, thou too, Betty!—and you shall all see, and praise her, and tell me how fine a privateer on his Majesty's service is our pretty *Adventure Galley*."

THE months of July and August seemed no longer than a day each, so swiftly time flew, what with feverish preparations for departure and the signing and assembling of the men we lacked aboard the *Adventure Galley*. In all we required one hundred and sixty men, and had but ninety.

Our captain did his utmost to come by a decent crew, yet we were obliged to ship many whom we suspected of having sailed *On The Account*, and who had the look of old pirates, though all denied it save two who protested that they had been forced by Wake; but these we would have none of. Yet our crew was but the scrapings of the city, and we knew it but could not help it.

Every day stores went aboard us. Pell and Philips were most eager and covetous to have a hand in the undoing of these same proscribed and outlawed pirates who once had aided them to build up the vast fortunes which they now possessed. Let the future applaud them as it may, but these, and others, were but mean and grasping men whose god was gold, and gold they worshipped, wherever minted, or however fouled with blood and tears.

Even our bigoted and canting governor himself was besmirched by the filth that stuck to the "presents" carried to him, his lady, and his daughters by such bloody rascals as his friends Captain Tew, John Ireland, and Thomas Maze.

As for my marriage with Sancia, before I sailed, there seemed no hope of it, for the governor was in an angry and tender temper, having heard rumors that my Lord Bellomont was to be named, and his mood had become none too friendly toward Captain Kidd whose friend and associate Lord Bellomont was now known to be.

"Well," said he, spitefully, to our captain, "if Bellomont be a friend of yours and to young Leisler and his mother and his six sisters, as they tell me, and if he come hither to supersede me, then all my work for the Established Church is utterly undone, and I shall have no bishop marry your daughter to Mr. Hazlett.

So smoke that in your long clay pipe, my friend, and tell me how it smacks—or stinks."

And when Captain Kidd ventured to suggest that I could do very nicely without a bishop, and that the Dutch church could be had for the ceremony, Colonel Fletcher told him bluntly that I might do as I pleased when Bellomont arrived, but that such folk as Captain Kidd and his wife and daughters must support the Church of England in this crisis or look for no favor from Government when they desired the countenance of authority in their shipping business. Which was the plainest threat to stop our trade in the lower bay.

I swallowed it for all our sakes—Sancia's too, who must one day depend upon the trade her father had established and which I was to carry on.

And it involved the fortune of Sarah, and of little Betty, too, as well as the captain himself whose fortune was invested in this same honest and well established sea-trade.

So Sancia and I very sadly resolved to wait until my Lord Bellomont should arrive and rid the Providences of this bigot's churchly tyranny—and of his damned pirates too, so that New York City should no longer remain a stench and an offense to civilization.

Well, the two months' grace passed as swiftly as so many hours, and on the 6th day of September we were ready to hoist the Blue Peter.

A privateer, being an irregular, may carry such officers as the captain pleases, and thus I was named gun-lieutenant for lack of experience in navigation and other duties aboard ship.

We mustered a crew of one hundred and fifty-eight hangdog rogues, a sailing-master, mate, gunner, gunner's mate, boatswain, boatswain's mate, doctor, cook, carpenter, drummer.

Captain Kidd's commissions were double, to take four known pirates particularly named, these being Messrs. Tew, Ireland, Maze and Wake—the last now doubtless in hell—and to take any other pirate met with.

Secondly, to take the French flag—we being at war with that nation.

Captain Kidd showed his wife, Sancia and me, the sailing orders writ by my Lord Bellomont, also a share-holder in the enterprise, which directed our captain to "serve God in the best manner you can . . . and I pray God grant you good success, and send us a good meeting again." And how this treacherous Earl of Bellomont could dare so to invoke the most high God is beyond the mind of any decent man— But I grow hot too swiftly, and must return to that 6th day of September in the year 1696, when I took Sancia into my arms and kissed her pale sweet face, and swore I loved only her, and never should love any other upon this earth.

"How long shall you be gone?" she asked.

I said a year. I dared not tell her all I feared.

"Well," said she, "if it be a hundred years, you shall still find me waiting though I lie in my grave."

I STROVE to make her smile. She endeavored to do so. But her lips were as chill as her hands at my last touch o' them.

So I took leave of Sarah and of little Betty there in the golden sunshine of the September garden where grapes hung purple amid brown and crisping leaves.

My captain had made his adieux and had gone aboard. Now, through the dusky house, I walked with Sancia, and so, slowly, out by the front door and down the stoop.

"Take my arm," said I.

She took it in pallid silence. We turned away toward the city gate, passed through and so came to my little house.

"Am I to enter with you?" she asked, wondering.

"Yes," said I, "the door is open, and friends await us."

So, holding to my arm, she mounted the steps and entered my little house on my arm and a man, seated, reading, laid aside his book and rose to greet us.

"Colonel De Peyster," she said, surprised.

The handsome colonel bent low and lifted her hand to his lips, and she gazed at him and at me in silence. Then, suddenly, she went scarlet and seemed to understand.

"Sweetheart," said I, "this gentleman being a magistrate, is empowered to unite us in marriage, and, if the bans are cried secretly somewhat tardily, none the less the bans shall be published and proclaimed on that day when my Lord Bellomont arrives to govern this Province of New York."

Colonel De Peyster smiled upon her, saying that the proceeding would hold although savoring of Gretna Green, that our Mayor, Mr. Merritt, an old and close friend of Captain Kidd, was in the secret, and approved. Then he smiled in his kindly, gentle fashion upon Sancia and asked her whether, under the circumstances, she desired to be married.

"Yes," she said, turning pale again.

"Your father and mother know what we are about and that we are here," said I.

"At the last moment I thought of Colonel De Peyster and he consented to do this for us."

"Where are your witnesses, Dirck?" inquired the colonel, turning to me. But, as he spoke, the street door opened and Maddaleen Wyck came in quickly with Riel de Lanois. To Sancia they made their manners very seriously, and then to Colonel De Peyster and to me.

No time was to be lost. Out o' my window I glanced and saw my ship at anchor off the ship-yard. I drew a ring from my pocket, Colonel De Peyster instructed us in a brief word or two. And so, with my ring, I married Sancia Caradac in the little parlor of my own house, into which she entered a maid and went out again a bride and wife.

Maddaleen and Riel signed the certificate which was ready, and so took leave of us. Colonel De Peyster kissed my bride's hand again, gave her the parchment, then took his leave of me, going secretly by the garden gate.

I looked at my watch, then out of the window where I could see my ship at anchor.

"It is ten o'clock," said I. "The *Adventure Galley* hoists the Peter at noon. She sails at four this afternoon. I have leave to remain here with you until half-past three."

She gave me a dazed, blind look.

"Five hours," said I. "God is kind. He gives us five hours and bids us call them weeks or months or years, as it pleases us. So, we have before us five full years of happiness together. . . in our own home. . . . *Ours*. . . . Here is the key to it—"

I handed her the great iron door key. Her cheeks reddened brightly, she bent her head, opened her laced pocket of damask, placed in it the key, and drew the silken cord again.

Very slowly she went to the street door, and slowly bolted it. And, as slowly came back to me, and dropped her two arms around my neck, and laid her flushed young face, softly, against mine.

NOW, of this damned cruise of the *Adventure Galley*, which continued for three accursed years, I am obliged to tell you. And shall be as brief as may be, yet having every care to relate what truly bears upon this narrative which chiefly concerns my dear captain. Therefore, I shall be at pains to lead you to understand the exact truth regarding him, his ship, his men, his voyage, and the great lords and selfish politicians who despatched him upon this hopeless adventure against his inclination, better judgment, and his will.

I scarce know how, now, I got me aboard the *Adventure Galley*, so deep an enchantment of love that drugged me, blinded me to all under the heavenly spell and scorcery of my young bride.

In the magic of those few swift hours we lived a little life-time from birth to the last sigh.

And like the last Trump of Judgment came the crash of a cannon shot from the *Adventure Galley*, shaking our house to the cellar walls. And, stepping to the window, we saw the Blue Peter flying aloft in a cloudless sky.

I know not how I got me aboard. Through a glass I could see Sancia standing on the stoop of our little house and holding the great iron door key. Once she lifted her laced hanker and let it ripple in the wind.

We weighed and passed out the Narrows and along Sandy Hook, and another ship sailed in our company, a Bermuda Brigantine, Captain Joyner, and so met the foaming swell of the Atlantic under a blue and windy sky.

I was so in love that I knew not what I was about aboard, nor why I wandered from gun to gun or discovered myself roaming about the shot-locker.

Toward sunset, the gunner, William Moore, came to acquaint me that Captain Kidd desired me to come to the poop, And when I went thither: "Well," said he, "is it done?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Colonel De Peyster marry you?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is well, my son," said he calmly.

He called the sailing-master to the helm and came to me, and we walked to the rail where we leaned together upon the after swivel.

"All that you and I love and adore on earth," says he, "awaits us yonder in New York. You have been a loyal friend to me and mine, Dirck. You are become a good and loyal son, today. May God bless and reward you and bring you safely again to her you love."

"May God do the like to you, sir."

"Amen," said he, staring at the bloody sunset which bathed the sea in scarlet and painted our ship and Joyner's crimson, sail and mast and every broadside gun.

Now, upon our outward voyage, there is nothing remarkable to relate, and so, by your leave, I shall set down for you merely the entries in my journal with which my narrative should be properly and truthfully constructed.

Well, three days out o' Sandy Hook, we raised a brigantine hull down, and chased her three days and caught her on the fourth day. But she was a Portuguese from Brazil and her Master presented us with a roll of tobacco and some sugar, and we gave him a Cheshire cheese and a barrel of white biscuit. And parted friends.

So, under easy sail and with fair weather always attending us, we stood for the Madeiras, and arrived there the 8th of October, and there took on some wine for the captain's cabin, and gave rigging and canvas to a Barbadoes brigantine which had lost a mast and bowspirit, and her captain gave us three barrels of sugar.

Thence we weighed and sailed in company with Captain Joyner, for Bonavista, where we took in salt. From here, always blessed with fair weather and a pretty wind, to St. Jago, where we filled every cask and butt with sweet water. And from St. Jago we weighed and set every sail, and stood for the Cape of Good Hope.

Concerning our ship—I knew that Captain Kidd liked her and loved to take the helm and pet and humor her and dally with her by the hour.

I am no mariner, and have no knowledge of ships or of navigation, so my opinion is worthless, but I did not like the *Adventure Galley*, yet she swam well, and was a dry ship, and swift. Yet, for a new one she did not seem very sound, and to me not as well and solidly built as she might have been, and I thought, behaved skittish and balked or minded her helm capriciously and as suited her. And only the craft and knowledge of her helmsman seemed to guide and get the best out of her so that every cupful o' wind did full duty.

As for our officers and crew, surely anybody could take their measure for as mean and sullen and hangdog a nest o' dock rats as ever crawled aboard across a hawser.

Our ship's surgeon, Bradenham, seemed a furtive, secret man, ignorant, dirty, and unwilling. Our gunner's name was Will Moore, and he was a thin, pimply, sickly fellow, who would have been impudent had he dared, and always had his pale, unhealthy eyes fixed on you like a stray cur awaiting encouragement to fawn.

He, Sam Arris, our steward; Gabriel Loff, a foremast man; and Hugh Parrot, a boy, and an older seaman, one Darby Mullins, an Irishman, were ever together a-whispering. And it seemed to me that the gunner, Moore, and these men were ever at pains to make themselves popular among the crew.

George Bullen, our mate, seemed a rough, but capable man. Abel Owens, cook, was as sour as the dough he baked us, and had the hardy look of one who had sailed *On The Account*.

OF OUR ship's company there seemed very few whom I would care to trust at a pinch or in misfortune. Of these none came from the city of New York. There were young apprentices; lads from the surrounding counties of Richmond and Westchester who had honest faces—boys like Bob Lumley, Dick Barleycorn, and Billy Jenkins—but these mostly from places to the north, or from West Jersey or Long Island, and from such small towns and villages as Hackensack, Hempstead, Southold, Flatlands, Flatbush, Gravesend, New Utrecht, Oyster Bay, Brooklyn, or from Bedford, New Rochelle, Marmaroneck, and Yonkers.

Being of the captain's mess, and free of his cabin always, often we held good talks together on that long voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, and now, more perfectly I came to intimate acquaintance and utter knowledge of this honest man and simple minded Scotchman, William Kidd.

For his was a nature as transparent as a child's—and as credulous, alas! believing in the uprightness and honor of any man until that man turned on him to prove the contrary.

Thus I learned that he trusted the noble lords who had sent him forth against his better judgment upon this wild goose chase, that he believed in the good faith of Robert Livingston and my Lord Bellomont, and that his loyalty and belief in the uprightness of his King was nothing destroyed because that monarch's greed for gold had become apparent.

"No, Dirck," said he, a-smoking of his long clay in his comfortable cabin where we sat over a ship's biscuit and a glass of old Madeira, "our King is an honest man, even if he seem cautious and over-thrifty since the good Queen's death. And she was a wise and good Queen, Dirck, whatever others mistakenly hold to the contrary who did not rightly understand—her—"

"She distrusted your friend, Lord Bellomont," said I. "More than that, she hated him."

"A woman's whim, Dirck. Even a queen may make honest mistakes in judgment. Because I know my Lord Bellomont to be incorruptible."

"Do you so, sir? I am at ease to hear it, then, for it seemed to me that a gentleman who has forced you to this command might not be so sure a staff to lean upon in adversity."

He only laughed, saying that, if this cruise of his turned fortunate, Lady Bellomont had given him to understand that he might possibly expect to be knighted by the King and that the Governor's mansion in New York City always would be open to welcome him and the beautiful Lady Kidd.

"But I make little of such gay guesses," said he, reddening like a boy at the thought of such honors, "though it might please Sarah to be called 'My Lady,' and have pleasant acquaintances among folk of dignity and consequence in London. Well if my wife wore a coronet, Dirck, she would be no more lovely and dear to me than she is in this hour . . . God bless and shelter her."

Always, during our talks in his cabin, we discussed his officers and crew, and he said they were well enough and required only a firm hand, though the slovenly ways of the surgeon, Bradenham, disgusted us both, and I, for one, expected trouble with my master gunner, William Moore, who knew I was little acquainted with the sea and ships, and ever was ready to take sneering advantage of any ignorance of mine, and shirk duty or mislead me in sundry and petty ways.

However, I kept this to myself and made no complaint to Captain Kidd concerning anybody aboard ship.

But I thought to myself, "Some day, my lad, somebody will have you triced up for half a hundred lashes if you overstep the line."

And, with this in mind I asked the captain to lend me his apprentice, Will Jenkins, a nice lad, and he did so, and to Jenkins I taught something of small arms and gunnery. Which gave no pleasure to Mr. Moore, though he durst not display any temper but cringed and fawned on me when I came on deck.

One day, in the cabin, I asked my captain whether we were like to meet with the pirate Robert Culliford.

"Like enough," says he, "his ship is the *Mocha Frigate* and he cruises off Madagascar when the Mecca fleet is due to pass."

"Would you take him, sir?"

"Like a hot shot," said the captain laughing.

"Oh, he hath no letters of reprisal, then?"

"None. He takes all nations."

"Then he flies the Roger?"

"I know not," said Captain Kidd. "It is hard to say exactly what flag a pirate is like to show. Some hoist a black rag bearing a white death's-head and two thigh-bones crossed. Some show a whole skeleton carrying a dart in one bony hand which pierces a human heart. Some, again, fly a bloody flag. And there are those who hoist only a yard of black tarpaulin in threat and defiance. . . . So you see I can not tell what flag Mr. Culliford is likely to show if we raise him on the high seas. But I care not, so it be indeed the *Mocha Frigate*, and Bob Culliford aboard with her every gun shotted and run out and his trumpeter sounding quarters."

I WAS preparing to drill two opposite gun crews of three each assigned to both fore port guns, namely: Hugh Parrott, Darby Mullins, and Martin Skinks, serving the larboard great gun, and Dutch Nouter, Dick-the-Black and English Smith, who had been told off to handle the starboard gun.

Comes our master gunner, Will Moore, slinking by, and, says I, "take, them, Mr. Moore and smart and lively, now."

But he was very deliberate and seemed purposely stupid, for he dropped his ports and ran out both guns with the tomkins still plugging 'em, and I spoke so suddenly to him that a mottled and unhealthy color stained his mean features.

"Sir," says he, "I am an old gunner and I know my trade—"

"If you know your trade," said I, "then you are insolent. Fall out."

"Mr. Hazlett—"

"Will you answer me then?" said I sharply.

"No, sir—"

"Then, stand away aft."

He obeyed, cringing, and I noticed that the sneer on the features of English Smith and Darby Mullins faded out, and that Dutch looked scared.

So I took those six rogues and drilled 'em till the sweat ran in streams from them and, when I had done with them, called all together and sat me down upon the starboard bow-chaser.

"Now," said I, "this ship is no man-o'-war, and I know it, and so do you, but unless we maintain good feeling and good discipline and respect for officers aboard we'll all go to the devil.

"Some among you appear to think that I don't know my business. Don't deceive yourselves. I shall not carry this matter to the captain. I'll take care of it myself.

"Lads, if you are cheerful and willing you shall find me so, too.

"That's all. Dismissed."

I walked aft for cutlass drill—Captain Kidd loving to observe it from the poop and, on my way, overtook the shambling and morose gunner.

"Mr. Moore," said I, "change your mind and your manners and we shall be on suitable and pleasant terms. Otherwise, have a care what you are about, for I shall not permit any insubordination among my gun-crews, and next time I shall not speak but *strike*."

He said in his mealy, fawning way that he meant no disrespect and I let it rest so.

Now, on the 12th day of December, in latitude 32, our masthead made out four sail in line, hull down, and we beat to quarters and ran out our shotted guns.

But they were three English men-o'-war and a fire-ship, Commodore Thomas Warren, being *The Windsor*, *The Advice* and *The Tiger;* and we showed him our colors, saluted, and went aboard him as he directed.

These three ships, and the fire-ship, *Vulcan*, had been the only vessels we sighted since parting with Captain Joyner, and, in their company, we sailed a week, and the Commodore had Captain Kidd and me to dine with him in his cabin aboard *The Windsor*.

To us both, he was very courteous, and, having examined our commissions, told us they were very good and that he hoped to God we might discover Captain Tew who, he assured us, sailed the Indian Ocean showing a bloody flag to take all the nations.

We sailed on for Tullear, a port in the Island of Madagascar, off which we arrived on the 29th day of January, 1697, out from New York since September of the previous year, and not yet having sighted a ship of any description since parting with Joyner, excepting only Captain Warren's squadron.

Now we anchored and watered at Tullear, near St. Augustine's Bay, on the southwest coast of the island, and got fresh provisions aboard.

Here came also a sloop out of Barbadoes with rum, sugar, powder, and shot, and had the plague aboard, and, I think, inoculated us. Because her master, a Frenchman, was ill of it, and her owner, a Mr. Hatton, who came aboard us to pay his respects, suddenly sickened and died in Captain Kidd's cabin while conversing with my captain.

We took the poor man aboard his sloop but he was stark dead and had turned very black all over, and it was a pitiful thing to see how the master lay sick aboard the sloop together with three sailors and a super-cargo, one Mr. Batt.

Said Captain Kidd, to me, "We had best weigh and clear out, Dirck, for this is the plague called cholera, and I doubt nothing but we shall have it now, aboard us and there is no known manner of dealing with this plague, save to hoist sail and keep the seas."

So, it being the end of February, we weighed and stood for the Island of Johanna and God knows why, that plague-stricken sloop followed us like a dying thing that labors after a wholesome man who flees him.

We could not shake off that sloop. We saw two sails the second day, and gave chase, and fired a gun. They fell astern of us and we discovered them to be India-men; so sailed in their friendly company, and were joined by two other India-men, and so came to Johanna. But the accursed sloop still followed us and anchored so near that we could hear the splashing when they threw overboard their dead.

"My God," says Captain Kidd, "I cannot help them, and only the Almighty can do that for them. So what do they want of me to dog me thus?"

So, with the fear of the plague in us, we weighed at night and stood for Mohelli in the Comoro Islands where we meant to careen and clean ship. But that damned sloop heard us—we setting our bank of oars and four to an oar out o' port—and out with her sweeps and after us in the starlight.

Captain Kidd hailed her and told her to be gone. Several times that night he hailed her, warning her away, but she hung on to our wake, and at sun-up, we saw the dying thing still dogging us like the shadow of a damned man.

It is but ten leagues from Johanna to Mohelli. We arrived there about noon; and there we careened and cleaned ship and gave her boot-tops, yet ever in mortal dread of that horrible sloop which had dropped anchor very near, and that very day they buried Mr. Batt whose corpse we saw flung into the sea.

Well, I was glad to be ashore even in so pest-ridden a spot, and, until we careened, no sign of plague appeared among us.

But one morning a French seaman working near with a slop-bucket full o' tallow suddenly fell down, the tallow spilling over everything, and there died under my proper eyes as I turned about to reprove him.

We buried him immediately but that evening three more men sickened, and all were dead by morning.

FIVE dreadful weeks we were there a cleaning, repairing, taking on stores, and water, and, of our crew, fifty men died of plague, and we weighed and sailed out for Johanna with but ninety men.

And that hell's vessel, the sloop, staggered after us.

All our men were terrified and infuriated, and it was understood that they blamed Captain Kidd and for not sinking her with a broadside—which would have been most horrid and inhuman, and could not have saved us, anyhow, after her master died in our captain's cabin.

Well, she followed us—the ghastly thing!—into Johanna, and there anchored, near us, but we drove her at the point of our shotted guns, a league away and made her anchor in St. Augustine's Bay.

Now, in Johanna, we shipped some thirty men to fill our crew, and all seemed very rogues, and rascals, and I, for one, never doubted that we had now, aboard us, many a desperate and bloody dog who had sailed *On The Account* with Coates and Tew and John Ireland, though, as always, all denied it with horror most virtuous, and some even swearing *sacrement*—the lying swine.

Well, we weighed and stood out to sea. As we passed the pest-sloop, with her crazed and disordered crew, she flew the pest flag at us, and we saw her anchor coming up. This was too much, so we hailed her and swore by the living God that if she did not instantly let go her anchor we would blow her to God with our broadside.

Which she did, and so we left her, and never again saw or heard of her, which contented us, because God knew what damage she had done us, and for no reason, for we could do nothing to help her nor could any human soul on earth.

We now set our course for Matta in the Red Sea with design to discover Captains Tew and Culliford, but came to Matta without having seen a single sail, which was strange, and I heard our men murmuring and grumbling, and knew that they thought it hard to serve so long without any pay and having taken not a stiver in prize money. Off Matta we anchored and sent ashore for water. I was on the poop with Captain Kidd when our boats left.

Presently we heard the reports of small arms and saw our men ashore running for their boats. Who, when they came aboard us again, reported that the natives not only denied us water but had taken one of our men and most barbarously cut his throat.

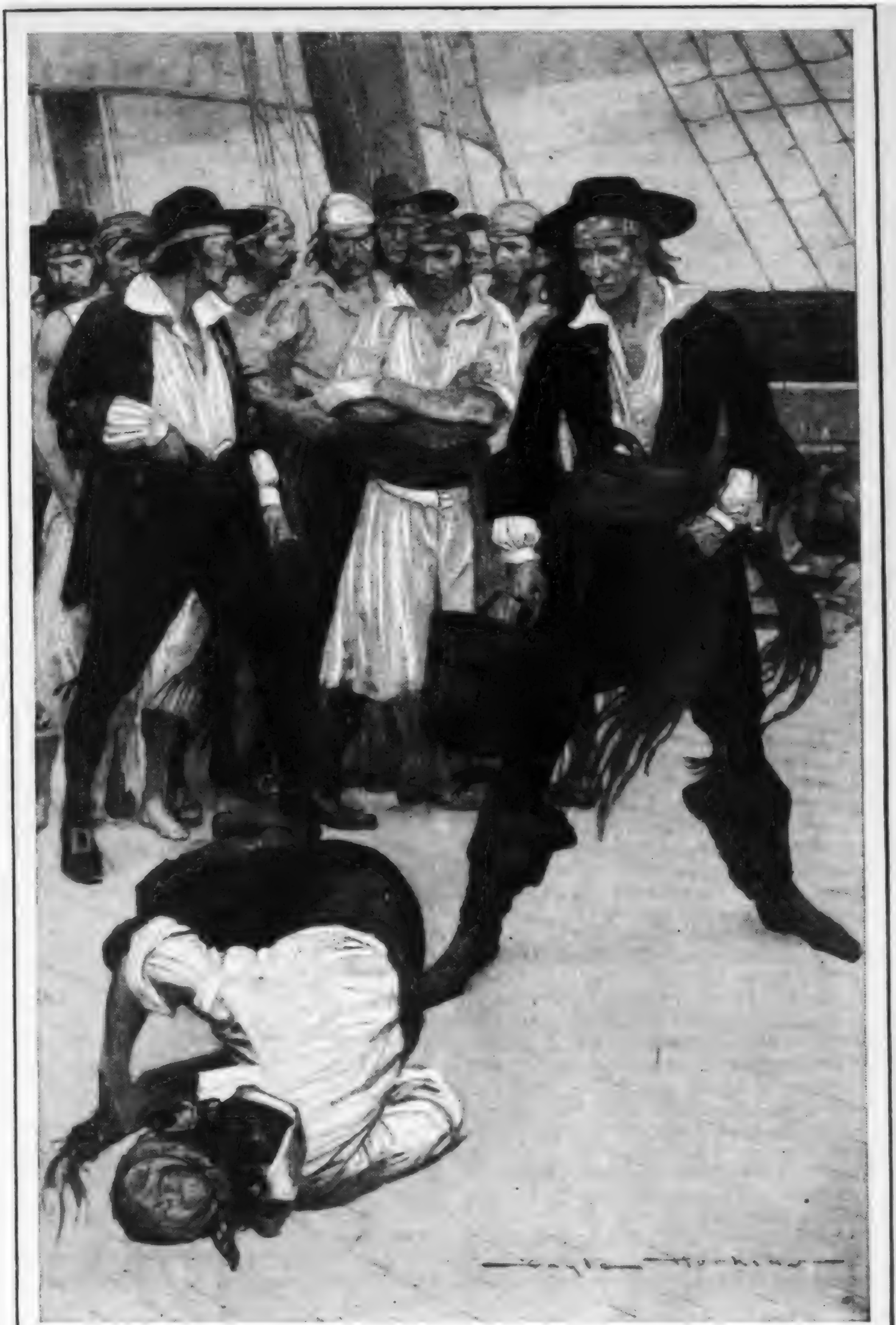
Whereupon my captain's blue eyes blazed and he called away all our boats.

So, armed, we rowed to the strand and leaped ashore with our muskets and cutlasses.

The blacks fled, but one we caught and tied to a tree, and six seamen were told off to shoot him, and he died a-yelling.

That was no pleasant sight to see, but necessary. We buried our dead man then and there and set fire to a large house.

Whereupon, from the woods and hills came some blacks toward us to make submission and



"If I be a lousy dog, 'tis you have made me so!" screamed Moore. At that Captain Kidd picked up a slop-bucket and knocked the rascal down with it. The gunner fell like an ox, and rolled over.

amends, bringing to us as presents two cows and some dates and bidding us welcome to their wells of water.

But they were a treacherous folk. Two days afterward, our gunner, William Moore, going ashore for to purchase corn and garravances, they seized upon him by stealth and fled to the mountains with him.

I wish they might have kept him forever because his loss would have been a blessing and had saved us from the tragedy concerning which all the world now has heard.

But our honest captain sent ashore and paid ransom for the fellow, useless to God and man alike, and I often wish I had pistoled him the day he was ransomed and came aboard once more to work upon me and mine an evil which never, never can be undone while the world endures.

Never, I think, had such evil luck attended any privateer as befell the *Adventure Galley.*

WE HAD cruised since the 6th of September, 1696, and this was the 9th of September, 1697, and we had not taken a penny of prize money nor even seen a pirate or a Frenchman or any single ship which, under our commission, we might take lawfully.

The crew had become very sullen and dangerous, and it was plain to my captain that they would mutiny and seize the ship unless we found some vessel to take under our instructions, and so satisfy these sea-rogues within the law.

There seemed to be nobody aboard we could entirely trust. All gave us reproachful, sullen, or black looks, and went listlessly about their tasks. There was constant grumbling, particularly among the men we had been forced to ship in these latitudes, who, for the most part, had been pirates and some who were domiciled at St. Marie and had builded huts and had a woman, and a black slave or two to cultivate a patch of soil.

For these I had little sympathy, they had not long served aboard us. But I was sorry for some of the crew shipped out of England and New York, who had not earned a penny in a year's time, although they had signed with Captain Kidd knowing the conditions imposed upon him by Lord Bellomont and his lordly associates.

Early in September we sighted a small sail and spoke her. Parker was her master, and one Antonio, a Portuguese, her mate.

Now, this ketch, *The Maiden*, was owned in Aden, and could not, lawfully, become our prize, but now, for the first time, the flame of mutiny flickered up.

For Mr. Bullen, our mate, who had gone aboard her, returned with a bale of pepper and a bale of coffee, and brought with him her master, Mr. Parker, and the mate Antonio.

My captain could not make out whether these goods had been paid for. Also, why they had brought back her master and mate. But our crew demanded that we take these men for pilots who knew these waters and could show us a ship which we might dare take.

Our crew became boisterous and threatening, leaving their posts to surge about the poop where Captain Kidd stood demanding the meaning of this insubordination.

But the men refused to listen to him, and both Parker and Antonio seemed afraid and willing to remain.

While this scene of turmoil was enacted aboard us, *The Maiden* hoisted sail and stood for the open sea. The Englishman and the Portuguese went below with our gunner and chief mate; and many looked up at my captain and me with jeering or menacing demeanor, saying that at least they had secured a pilot to show them where to take prizes, and meant to keep him until he did.

Captain Kidd took the helm from our sailing-master without a word.

When I came to him he said, "This is an act of petty piracy, Dirck. I shall endeavor to repair it by paying for the pepper and coffee and setting these two fellows ashore."

"We have a bad crew, sir," said I.

"I knew that when I sailed," said he, coolly. "They took my respectable men at the Nore."

"Do you expect that they will become more unruly, sir?"

"Unless presently, we take a prize," said he. "I know not what to expect of such rogues. We are but five—you, me, and my three apprentices. They are more than a hundred; and are famished for prize money. I shall cling to my ship as best I can, but if they conclude to seize her I know not what to prevent them. . . . However with a little good fortune, I hope that I can hold 'em within the law. . . . Often aboard unlucky privateers the crew forms committees and votes what action to take, and forces the captain. . . . They shall not force me. Whatever they do they must do by force, and against my will and protest. . . . I never shall countenance any unlegal act done aboard the ship. . . . I shall endeavor to hold 'em and serve my King and the share-company, and faithfully carry out the articles of my commission. I can do this unless they take all the matters into their own hands. . . . So God help us in this troubled hour."

He gazed gloomily out across the Indian Ocean.

We were cruising off the Malabar coast, and, needing water, went into the English Factory at Carwarr for water and provisions and to obtain news. Also Captain Kidd expected to meet his brother-in-law, Samuel Bradley, there, who had come out as super cargo in an Indiaman for the purpose of engaging in the Malabar trade if it seemed favorable.

We found Mr. Bradley at the English Factory, but very ill, and as he desired to come aboard us, thinking that the air of the open sea might benefit his sickness, we carried him aboard when we had watered and provisioned.

Two Englishmen, a Mr. Harvey and a Mr. Mason, factors, spoke of the behavior of our crew. They had heard about *The Maiden* affair, and they advised us to put to sea because, said they, two Portuguese men-o'-war were fitting out to take us.

Whereupon my captain and I went aboard our ship and warned the crew that they should instantly set Mr. Parker and Antonio ashore lest a man-o'-war stop and search.

They replied that these two men desired to remain and volunteer with us.

"What!" cried Captain Kidd, "do they suppose we mean to hoist the death's head and turn pirate? I order you to set those men ashore and that instantly."

Nobody stirred to obey. I started to go below to turn out these two men, but the sailors crowded around and blocked me, and our gunner warned me to stay my hand in the present temper of the crew.

"Well," said I, "is this a mutiny, Mr. Moore?"

"Call it what you please," said he, "we have starved on no wages for a year, and now we mean to find a ship we can take, come what may."

At that I drew my sword, but my captain called me from the poop, and I went to him.

"That won't do," says he, "they would only throw you overboard. Let be as is. If we have the luck to take a lawful prize I can regain control of these rascals. All we can do in this hour is to trust God and wait. I once had my ship seized by my crew and carried to the Red Sea because I refused to turn pirate. Let me try what I can to save this ship which is not my own to lose, but belongs to my King and to the share-company."

WE WEIGHED and sailed—it being the 12th of September—and the following day, about dawn, our mast-head saw two men-o'-war standing for us.

We did not avoid them, and very soon they hailed us and demanded from whence we came.

"From London," we replied, and asked them the same question: and they said:

"From Goa."

So we parted from them, politely, each wishing the other a good voyage. Yet, all day these two men-o'-war kept a-dogging us, and all night, too, and at daybreak without another word to us, or any warning whatever, one of these ships suddenly let go six great guns at us and showed the Portuguese flag.

I was in the captain's cabin at the time, and heard the shot come tearing through us, and our drum wildly beating to quarters, and a great outcry on deck.

As I ran on deck, Bradenham, our surgeon, called to me that four of our men were badly wounded. Even as he spoke, another broadside crashed out: our bulwarks flew into splinters, and seven more men were down and rolling and writhing on deck.

I ran to my station and saw Mr. Moore already at his, and our gun-crews mustering in the whirling smoke that blew aboard us from the Portuguese.

Instantly we dropped our ports, ran out our guns, and let 'em have our broadside plumb in their guts.

Now the smoke was so thick that we could see only the top-masts of the other Portuguese close aboard, but we fired our starboard broadside into her, sailed on past her and gave her both stern chasers and our after swivels.

We heard them let go their broadsides, but not a shot hulled us, and only a spar and some rigging suffered.

I got a company of musket-men together and from the tops and poop we poured such a storm of bullets from our small arms that they hoisted in their boats again which they had started to launch, meaning to take us by the board.

There was, at times, a breeze—not much, but when the wind failed we got out our bank of oars, four to an oar and so maneuvered to have the weather gauge o' them. One of their ships lay at a distance. Twice we rowed in and raked her.

It was a strange sea-fight. We were like some dangerous beast around which dogs strove to circle, fearful, yet fierce, and every time they drew within shot of us, we let 'em have such a storm that they fell away to patch up and bind their wounds.

I thanked God for that fight, though it could bring us no profit. But when a ship's company makes common cause against an enemy, then all internal dissension ceases for a while afterward, and the evil moment of mutiny is postponed.

Well, as I say, it was a long and strange fight, and lasted all day long, but the two men-o'-war kept always a certain distance and made no attempt to close and grapple or to take us by the board.

From our tops we could see the terrible damage and slaughter aboard them, both from our broadsides and small arms.

About sunset a fair wind began to blow, but the Portuguese had had a belly full, and now we saw them hoist all sail and stand away to the eastward. And we let 'em go as they sailed.

My captain watched them through a glass until they faded into the deepening twilight.

Then his bonnie laugh rang out, and he said to me, "they are leaving us with such satisfaction that I believe no Portuguese will ever attack the King's colors again in this part of the world."

All was good humor aboard our ship, now, and, taking advantage of their bragging and self satisfaction, my captain called to him the Englishman, Parker, and the Portuguese, Antonio, and offered either to hire them or to set them ashore. But Parker replied that he desired to be hired as pilot, and Antonio requested the wages of a linguister, and said he was glad to be rid of *The Maiden* and her mixed English and Armenian crew. Also he said he could do a cooper's work, which we were glad of because our ship's cooper had his throat cut by the treacherous blacks that day we went in to water on the coast of Malabar and trade for a few needed provisions.

For a time, as I say, the crew remained cheerful and full of hope, and were respectful to the captain and to me.

But as the days went by, and we saw no sail on the Indian Ocean, they first grumbled at the pilot whom they had forced upon us, Mr. Parker out of *The Maiden, Ketch*, and then began to show my captain black looks, and went sullenly about their duties.

That the entire crew was now once more upon the verge of open mutiny became more apparent every day. How they would rise, and when, and what they would do to Captain Kidd and to me, and the few who seemed loyal to him, nobody could guess.

I slept in the captain's cabin, with him, and we had gathered there some dozen muskets and pistols and powder and shot against emergency.

It was now November—a year and a quarter since the *Adventure Galley* had sailed and not a pirate yet encountered nor a lawful prize taken. The men were like so many wolves ranging the decks, and my captain and I understood that they were certain to attempt the first ship sighted no matter what she might prove to be. Which would be plain piracy and damn us every one.

ONE morning, I was near the shot locker in consultation with the gunner, William Moore, when we heard a great gun let go on deck and instantly our drum beat to quarters.

When we ran up I saw a fine ship lying near us showing English colors, and Captain Kidd had called her master aboard us to show his papers.

"Well, by God," said the gunner, Moore, to Mr. Bullen, our mate, "we shall not let her go if she be a lawful prize or otherwise."

She was *The Loyal Captain*, an English ship out of Madras for Suratt, and her master, Mr. Howe, presently came aboard us and showed Captain Kidd his pass.

"Why, sir," said my captain, "your pass is good and I design to let you go freely about your affairs," said he, shaking hands with Captain Howe, and so came upon the deck where our men were talking to the crew of the pinnace.

"Mr. Bullen," says Captain Kidd, coolly, "yon is an English ship and carries a good pass, and Captain Howe shall return to her and sail whither he pleases."

"Sir," said Mr. Bullen. "The crew of her pinnace hath acquainted us that they have Greeks and Armenians and Dutch aboard, and are laden with rich goods and jewels out of India."

"What about it?" says Captain Kidd. "Does her lading concern us if she be no lawful prize?"

At that, Moore the gunner, came up, and, says he, "Now, by the living God, here is a prize and you shall take her."

"Do you mean I shall turn pirate who am come out here to take pirates under my commission?" said Captain Kidd, calmly.

At that came toward us some dozen of our men with muskets, and shouting that here was a rich prize and should be taken.

At that I took from my sash a loaded pistol and pulled my sword from its sheath and went and stood beside my captain.

He was very calm and paid no heed to the angry cries and the muskets of the mutineers crowded about us, but gave his hand again to Captain Howe and attended him over the side with all politeness.

Lord! I was at ease when he was again in his pinnace and rowing for his great ship. I looked at the ugly faces of the armed men around us, then, putting up pistol and sword in my belt, walked among 'em, shoving them aside this way and that and ordered the guns to be run in, lashed, and tomkins replaced. As Moore was slow in moving I gave him a hearty shove toward the starboard battery.

"Lively, my lad," said I, "or we'll find us another master-gunner tomorrow."

But the crew was getting dangerous. Two-thirds of them, gathered around the gunner, voted to take the Englishman by the board.

They came in a great and disorderly crowd to the main-mast, and Moore, their spokesman, called up to Captain Kidd that they meant to carry Howe by the board with the cutlasses and small arms.

My captain was smoking his long clay, and he leaned carelessly upon the poop-rail and looked down at these mutinous rascals.

"You cannot go away in the boats because the small arms belong to the owners and shareholders of this ship," says he. "Nor will I take any Englishman or any lawful trader. And, if you would attempt any such thing, you shall not have the boat or any small arms, and you shall not come aboard my *Galley* again if you take away a boat.

"And further, if you overpower me, and the few loyal to me, and take small arms, by force, and boats out of this ship, and if you carry yonder Englishman by the board to make of her

[*Continued on page 150*]

A Doctor *of* Inspiration

Doctor Frank Loope, once a practicing physician and now a bed-ridden invalid, occupies his time by bringing sunshine into the lives of other shut-ins and helping them to help themselves

by William C. Lyon

UNABLE to lift his head from the pillow, or to look to one side or the other, this apostle of sunshine and happiness sees the world as reflected in a mirror, and finds it good. For twelve years he has disseminated good cheer and encouragement to other afflicted men and women, most of whom are more able-bodied than he is.

A YOUNG man with a leg off above the knee, the remaining foot half gone, hobbled on his crutches to the bedside of one unable to raise his head in friendly greeting. Thrusting forth a handful of little wooden brackets he dropped into a chair beside the bed and poured out his troubles.

"It's no use," he groaned, "I can't sell 'em. I don't believe I can sell anything. In the first place I'm not a salesman. And they look at me so queerly. Without saying it in so many words they seem to intimate that there's a place where I can get something to eat if I'm hungry. 'Sorry,' they say—sometimes—and then they close the door!"

The man in bed slowly lifted a long-handled mirror until the glass dropped alongside of his face. The visitor saw a smile reflected in the mirror.

"Too self-conscious old man, that's all that's the matter with you. Forget yourself. Put your mind on those things in your hand. They're foolish looking things, it may be true. You've got to forget that, also. They're indispensable household necessities. They're not just little wooden things. They're *broom-holders!* Every housewife needs one. She shouldn't leave her broom standing against the wall. It's insanitary! That's the idea you want to get, and you want to convey it to her. You're not selling yourself. You're selling those indispensable broom-holders. Now let me write a little note."

The mirror dropped to the bed and the rigid man reached to his side and picked up a clip-board with a pad of paper on it. He took a fountain pen from his night-shirt pocket. He wrote:

"To Whom It May
Concern:

"This will introduce Mr. Blank. He is offering a household necessity for sale. I can assure you he is perfectly reliable and trustworthy. If you can use his merchandise he will appreciate your trade and so will I."

Not a word about "deserving unfortunate." Not a word about his handicap. Nothing of the sick wife at home. Just a plain statement that the man had a business proposition to present.

The letter was signed, "Dr. Frank R. Loope."

"Now if you feel you must have an introduction present this. Work around this neighborhood—and let me know how you make out."

In less than two hours the crippled man fairly danced in on his crutches to Doctor Loope's bedside.

"Sold the last one of 'em," he cried. "I was going so good that I didn't stop when my stock ran out. I just kept on taking orders for later delivery. I used the letter at the first few places and then I put it in my pocket. I was taking too much time to let 'em read it."

"That's the spirit! Go ahead and sell some more."

Doctor Frank Loope lives in Seattle. Almost every one there either knows him or has heard of him. He has been called. "The Millionaire of Happiness." He is president and chief adviser of "The Sunshine-Smiles Society." The society is composed of hundreds of shut-ins who don't admit their handicaps when it comes to business and service to others.

Doctor Loope is the ideal choice to head such an organization. No one of its members, in a mood of despondency, can say to him:

"Oh, it may be all right for you to talk about good cheer, hope, sunshine, and that sort of thing but you're not handicapped as I am"—because that couldn't be true. I've seen lots of invalids, cripples and deformed persons, but I think I have never seen one so completely handicapped bodily as this smiling man. Stricken more than a decade ago with arthritis, after years of suffering from rheumatism, Doctor Loope is unable to move any part of his body except the forearms. His joints have become perfectly rigid. But he can smile a smile one never forgets—and he can talk a blue streak.

Mrs. W. W. Turner—a sister—younger than Doctor Loope, has been his constant companion and nurse during all the years of his illness. She is the only other member of his household.

The "Millionaire of Happiness"

IN THE twelve years that he has been helping literally thousands of unfortunates, I think it is perfectly safe to say that not one who has received his help has been half so handicapped, physically, as the doctor himself. I have talked with dozens of his intimate friends and I have yet to find one who has ever heard him utter a complaint or express a regret for his own condition. The doctor declares himself he is entirely too busy to "bother about myself."

Twenty years ago Doctor Loope was a practicing physician. He was graduated in medicine from the University of Illinois in 1901. A few years later he was chief surgeon for a mining concern operating at Ironwood and Bessemer, Michigan. Sixteen years ago he went to Seattle. Crippled by rheumatism, he was unable longer to follow his profession. His parents had removed to the Pacific Northwest and he followed them. In a few years he became bedridden and began, from his confinement, to operate a magazine subscription agency which has continued to be his means of livelihood.

After a while he was engaged by a syndicate of neighborhood newspapers to conduct a column for shut-ins. Right then and there began his organization of the unfortunates of his adopted city. As queries began to pour in to him for advice he took up the study of salesmanship. He had always read a great many articles on business and he began to apply the ideas he got from them to the conditions of those who came to him for suggestions. Finally he has become a clearing house for them.

"A newspaper reporter once wrote me up in one of those syndicated articles that went all over the country," Doctor Loope told me. "He called me the 'Millionaire of Happiness.' A lot of poor fellows throughout the country took him seriously and got the impression that I was really a millionaire. You should have seen my mail. I got hundreds of requests for help. They wanted automobiles, teams, homes, artificial limbs, and lots of them just plain money. I answered them all. I explained first that I was far from being a millionaire. In fact, I told them, I didn't have any money at all, but I gave most of them suggestions toward getting the things they asked for.

"One fellow back in Minnesota wrote that he would like to have me lend him enough money to buy a small car. He had arthritis and was badly handicapped. But if he had a car, he thought, he could get about and he wanted to sell tombstones! Now of course I didn't have the price of a car and I was a little skeptical of the tombstone business. I told him, however, that if he must persist in his idea of traveling and selling tombstones that there were lots of salesmen who traveled about in cars and that if he could get in touch with one he might fix up a deal with him for transportation. He took my suggestion. He has made a good living and saved money. Last year he was elected a justice of the peace in his home county, he says, through the acquaintanceships he made in his travels on my suggested plan.

"You see," Doctor Loope stopped to explain, "there are so many people who could be successful, even under handicaps, if they were not so self-conscious—self-centered, perhaps I should say. Being busy keeps them from getting down and out. The hardest job I have in my work is to keep some persons from becoming street beggars. You know there are a great many people who thoughtlessly contribute to 'panhandlers' in spite of all the things that are done to prevent such 'charity.' It's a mighty easy way to get money and once they find it out it's hard to get them to give it up.

"In our 'Sunshine-Smiles Society' our cardinal principle is 'Be Cheerful, Never Tell Your Troubles to Anyone Else.'

"That's the first move toward overcoming our handicaps. When you talk to a business man who is physically handicapped but who is business-like in his manner and has a business-like approach you very soon lose sight of any handicap he may have."

I agreed heartily to this view because in his talk I had already lost sight of this immovable man lying there before me and only this suggestion of his made me suddenly realize that I wasn't talking to a banker across his desk.

Doctor Loope is a great believer in sunshine. He says it works both theoretically and practically. His office is a big glassed-in sunroom in the rear of the house overlooking a lake. Within the range of the long-handled mirror with which he looks out on the world he sees big ships and small craft as they ply about the lake and in the evening he sees the sun sink behind rugged peaks in the west.

His desk, necessarily, is on and attached to his bed. It must be compact because his reach is limited to about two feet on either side of his body. He keeps a couple of note-books, his clip-board with writing pad, a telephone directory and generally the letters of the day's mail about him.

To one side, still within reach, are his two telephones. I have been sitting at his bedside when some one would telephone to inquire about a wheel chair for temporary use.

"Oh, yes," he would say, in his always cheery tone. "Now you just hold the line a moment and I'll let you know."

He would drop the 'phone he was using, reach for the other and call a number. A few words and he'd be back to the first 'phone.

"All right, I've got you fixed up. Mr. Blank will send a chair up in about an hour. Just let me know when it arrives and be sure to call me again as soon as you have finished with it. Some one else may be waiting for it then. Not at all. Goo—oo—d-by."

He always rolls it out like that!

Twenty-six wheel chairs constitute his present stock. For some years he has had them loaned or given to him by people who no longer need them. He keeps a register of chairs and almost always has one or two available for emergency use.

Not long ago a shut-in on his list, a woman, moved to a new home. She could get about only in her wheel chair. The new home was a block from a paved street and the approach to that street was by a narrow walk made of two boards laid lengthwise. The boardwalk was too narrow to take the wheel chair. The shut-in asked if the doctor thought it might be possible to get some one who would donate a few boards so that one more width could be added to accommodate the wheel chair. Her husband, she said, would do the carpentry but they didn't have the price of the lumber.

"Quite possible, I expect," was the doctor's, as usual, optimistic reply. "I'll look into it."

He called the office of the city superintendent of streets. In telling me the story the doctor explained that he couldn't recall at the time whether there was any one in the superintendent's office whom he knew personally. It seems he put in the call on one of those rare occasions when the superintendent himself happened to answer the telephone.

"This is Doctor Loope speaking," he began.

"Oh, yes," came back the answer. "You remember I was talking to you last night at the Elks' club party. Great time we had."

"You bet it was. Those parties are always great times for the shut-ins. By the way, I want to ask a favor."

Fixing Up Folks in a Jiffy

"THAT'S easy," replied the official. "I was afraid you had a complaint to make. I'll just take a chance on you and tell you in advance the favor is granted." The doctor explained the trouble of his "constituent."

"You bet you," said the official. "I'll have the boards and the men out there within an hour. You just tell the lady to get her chair ready and we'll open up her road in a jiffy. Never mind bothering her husband. My men will put down the walk themselves. Glad to give a hand. Call me again when I can help."

Radio, according to Doctor Loope, is one of the greatest boons that has ever come to the shut-ins. He has had installed in their homes, by friends with whom he is in touch, about fifty radio sets running in type all the way from the smallest crystal set to some of the finest big fellows. Generally they have been given by some fan, who, getting the bug, has discarded one set for a more extensive and expensive one.

Then there are a dozen or so phonographs.

"To the shut-in the novelty of the phonograph wears out after a while," he explained, "and so I have made of mine a sort of circulating library. I just keep passing them around."

In the little black book that lies on his chest Doctor Loope has the names of about three hundred owners of automobiles who are willing to "give a lift" to the shut-ins. There are many on his coterie who must be regularly transported to and from the clinics and hospitals in the city. These he has listed with the days and hours on which they must go. He takes his telephone, calls the car owners and the shut-ins never miss their trips for treatment.

And it isn't all serious business to which they are transported. They go to ball games, to see parades and out-door pageants, or just for a ride to get the air and a little change of scenery and environment. Through Doctor Loope's efforts there are many clubs, fraternal organizations and others which give special affairs for the shut-ins. Then there are the movies.

Doctor Loope's smile is a little broader when he tells of his biggest outing for the shut-ins. A few years ago he arranged a party through the manager of a movie theater and three hundred were guests of the theater, transported by the people on the auto list in the little black book.

"It was a big job to make the arrangement," he told me, "but I worked until I got it over because it was important that these people see this particular show."

"Why the importance?" I asked.

"I wanted them to get the message," he replied. "The play was 'Smilin' Through!'"

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The OLD or the NEW

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The Authors

Robert Louis Stevenson

IT WAS with short stories that Stevenson began his career as a fiction writer. His first one to be published was *A Lodging for the Night*, whose hero is the French poet Villon; it appeared in October 1877 in *Temple Bar*, an English magazine, where *The Sieur de Maletroit's Door* followed three months later. Like his earliest essays, they were appreciated by older men of letters, but they attracted no general attention, and no one, least of all Stevenson himself, foresaw the great success he was to make. He was then twenty-seven. He had tried engineering and the law and found both unbearable. All his other short stories, except the South Seas *Island Nights Entertainments*, date from his next few eventful years, in which, as an almost penniless invalid—having already begun the long battle with tuberculosis, *Bloody Jack*, that was repeatedly to bring him to death's door—he crossed the Atlantic and the United States to marry in California, and which he discovered with *Treasure Island* that he could write a novel.

His own favorites among his short stories seem to have been *The Merry Men*, which he called "a fantastic sonata of the sea and wrecks;" the grim *Thrawn Janet* in Scottish dialect; *Markheim*, a sort of foreshadowing of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, the parable novel that suddenly made him famous; and the mellow domestic comedy of *Providence and the Guitar*. Critics have ratified those choices of his, but *A Lodging* and *The Sieur* have always been at least equal favorites with the millions of Stevensonians, and are as much admired as ever for their artistry and style. The latter, here reprinted, is notable as an out-and-out love-story.

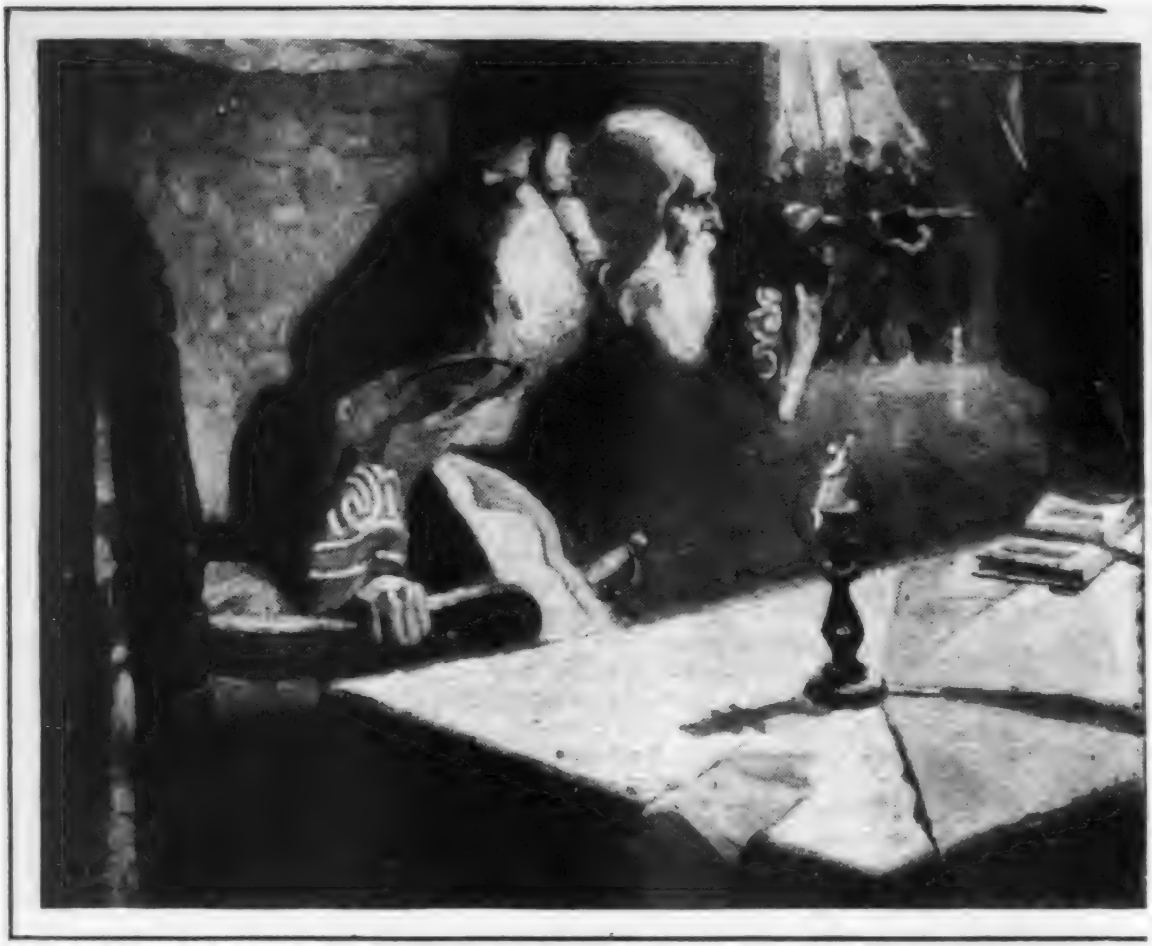
As every one knows, he came again to the United States, spent the winter of 1887-88 at Saranac Lake, N. Y., and in the spring sailed from San Francisco for the cruisings among the Pacific islands that ended in his settling in Samoa, where in 1894 he died.

Aside from his works, the engaging personality that cheerfully coped with serious ill-health and misfortune has endeared the memory of R. L. S. to countless readers.

Donn Byrne

WITHOUT going into a comparison of their talents and literary statures, or overlooking the fact that the one in all his writing is as Irish as the other in much of his was, sometimes unintentionally, Scotch, it can be said that Donn Byrne comes as near to being a follower in Stevenson's footsteps as any of the younger authors of today. He writes the same kind of romance for its own sake, the picturesque tale brightly colored and beautifully told, as opposed to the deeper, psychological kind that Stevenson approached in *The Master of Ballantrae* and was arriving at, when death stopped him, in *Weir of Hermiston*. Donn Byrne won recognition with his novel, *Messer Marco Polo*, in which the great traveler is made, from hearing of her, to fall in love with Kublai Khan's daughter. Of the best of his numerous short stories, *A Story Against Women* is representative. The strong, silent bachelor, heart-whole till middle age, who then has a very bad case and comes to grief, is a subject dear to romancers, but rarely do they get as much out of it as he does in this instance, which is also an excellent story of the "character" type, and the Irish lilt and idiom of his melodious style go particularly well with the heartbreak of a last descendant of the Irish kings.

His full name is Bryan Oswald Donn-Byrne. He was born in 1889 to North-of-Ireland parents, in New York, where his father, an architect, was overseeing the construction of a building. At three he was taken home to grow up on the family estate, where Gaelic, the old Irish tongue, was spoken as commonly as English, and the folk-lore that enriches a number of his stories was abundant for a youngster to drink in. He went to University College in Dublin, afterward studied in Paris and Leipzig, and in 1911 came to New York to work on the editorial staffs of encyclopedias and dictionaries, and on newspapers, while making his start in fiction writing. In college he was a boxing champion, among other athletic distinctions. He has a home in Connecticut, but now lives mainly in Ireland.



"Sit down, you rogue!" cried the old gentleman, in a sudden harsh voice. "Do you fancy

The Sire de Maletroit's

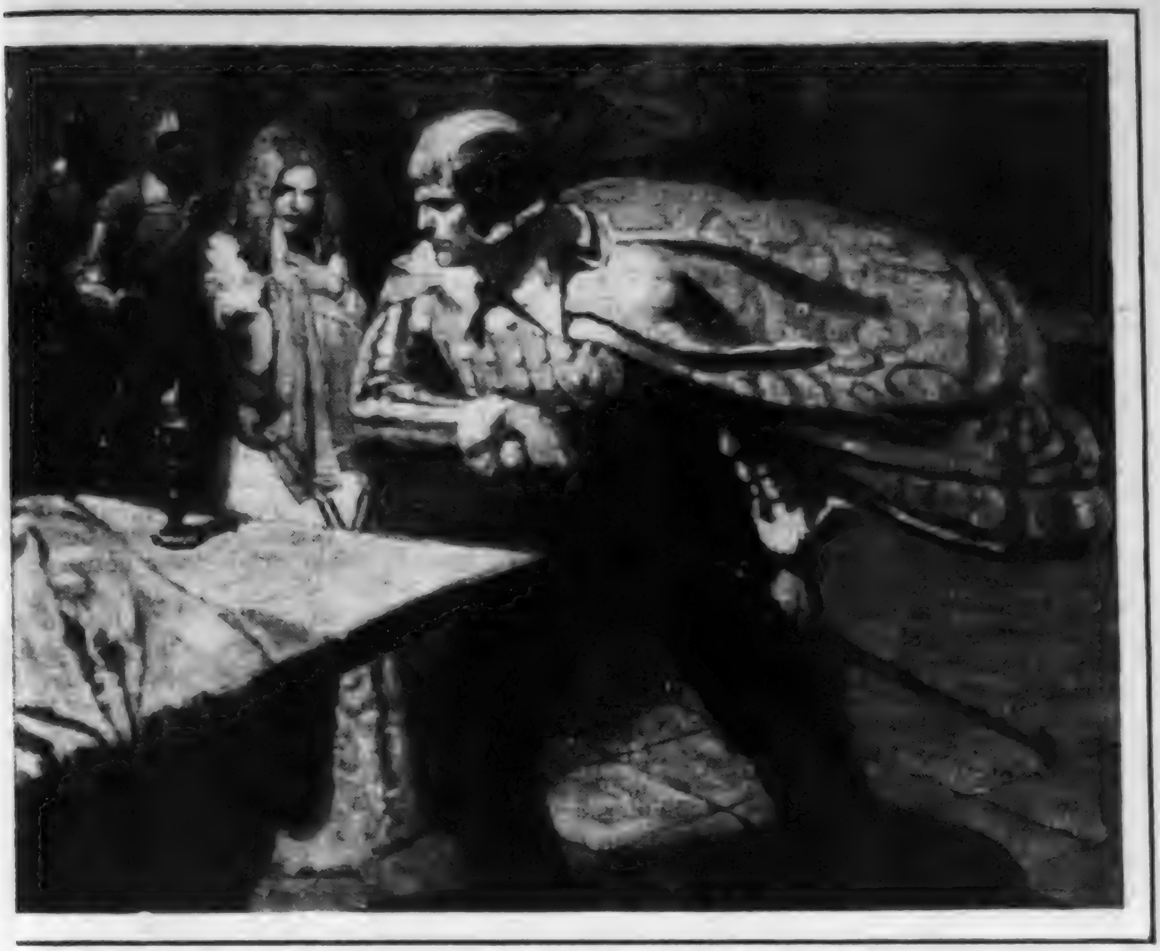
A famous tale by a

Illustrated by

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 116)

DENIS DE BEAULIEU was not yet two-and-twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain. Lads were early formed in that rough, warfaring epoch; and when one has been in a pitched battle and a dozen raids, has killed one's man in an honorable fashion, and knows a thing or two of strategy and mankind, a certain swagger in the gait is surely to be pardoned. He had put up his horse with due care, and supped with due deliberation; and then, in a very agreeable frame of mind, went out to pay a visit in the gray of the evening. It was not a very wise proceeding on the young man's part. He would have done better to remain beside the fire or go decently to bed. For the town was full of the troops of Burgundy and England under a mixed command; and though Denis was there on safe-conduct, it was like to serve him little.

It was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp; a flighty piping wind, laden with showers, beat about the township, and the dead leaves ran riot along the streets. Here and there a window was already lighted up; and the



that when I made my little contrivance for the door I had stopped short with that?"

Door

By Robert Louis Stevenson

prince of story tellers

Dominick Cammerota

noise of the men-at-arms making merry over supper within, came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind. The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire-top, grew ever fainter and fainter against the flying clouds—a black speck like a swallow in the tumultuous, leaden chaos of the sky.. As the night fell the wind rose and began to hoot under archways and roar amid the tree-top in the valley below the town.

Denis de Beaulieu walked fast and was soon knocking at his friend's door; but though he promised himself to stay only a little while and make an early return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so much to delay him, that it was already long past midnight before he said good-by upon the threshold. The wind had fallen again in the meanwhile; the night was as black as the grave; not a star, nor a glimmer of moonshine slipped through the canopy of cloud. Denis was ill-acquainted with the intricate lanes of Château Landon; even by daylight he had found some trouble in picking his way; and in this absolute darkness he soon lost it altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep mounting the hill; for his friend's house lay at the lower end, or tail, of Château Landon, while the inn was up at the head, under the great church spire. With this clue to go upon he stumbled and groped forward, now breathing more freely in open places where there was a good slice of sky overhead, now feeling along the wall in stifling closes. It is an eerie and mysterious position to be thus submerged in opaque blackness in an almost unknown town. The silence is terrifying in its possibilities. The touch of cold window-bars to the exploring hand startles the man like the touch of a toad; the inequalities of the pavement shake his heart into his mouth; a piece of denser darkness threatens an ambuscade or a chasm in the pathway; and where the air is brighter, the houses put on strange and bewildering appearances, as if to lead him farther from his way. For Denis, who had to regain his inn without attracting notice, there was real danger as well as mere discomfort in the walk; and he went warily and boldly at once, and at every corner paused to make an observation.

He had been for some time threading a lane so narrow that he could touch a wall with either hand when it began to open out and go sharply downward. Plainly this lay no longer in the direction of his inn; but the hope of a little more light tempted him forward to reconnoiter. The lane ended in a terrace with a bartizan wall, which gave an outlook between high houses, as out of an embrasure, into the valley lying dark and formless several hundred feet below. Denis looked down, and could discern a few tree-tops waving and a single speck of brightness where the river ran across a weir. The weather was clearing up, and the sky had lightened, so as to show the outline of the heavier clouds and the dark margin of the hills. By the uncertain glimmer, the house on his left hand should be a place of some pretentions; it was surmounted by several pinnacles and turret-tops; the round stern of a chapel, with a fringe of flying buttresses projected boldly from the main block; and the door was sheltered under a deep porch carved with figures and overhung by two long gargoyles. The windows of the chapel gleamed through their intricate tracery with a light as of many tapers, and threw out the buttresses and the peaked roof in a more intense blackness against the sky. It was plainly the hotel of some great family of the neighborhood; and as it reminded Denis of a town house of his own at Bourges, he stood for some time gazing up at it and mentally gauging the skill of the architects and the consideration of the two families.

THERE seemed to be no issue to the terrace but the lane by which he had reached it; he could only retrace his steps, but he had gained some notion of his whereabouts, and hoped by this means to hit the main thoroughfare and speedily regain the inn. He was reckoning without that chapter of accidents which was to make this night memorable above all others in his career; for he had not gone back above a hundred yards before he saw a light coming to meet him, and heard loud voices speaking together in the echoing narrows of the lane. It was a party of men-at-arms going the night round with torches. Denis assured himself that they had all been making free with the wine-bowl, and were in no mood to be particular about safe-conducts or the niceties of chivalrous war. It was as like as not that they would kill him like a dog and leave him where he fell. The situation was inspiriting but nervous. Their own torches would conceal him from sight, he reflected; and he hoped that they would drown the noise of his footsteps with their own empty voices. If he were but fleet and silent, he might evade their notice altogether.

Unfortunately, as he turned to beat a retreat, his foot rolled upon a pebble; he fell against the wall with an ejaculation, and his sword rang loudly on the stones. Two or three voices demanded who went there—some in French, some in English; but Denis made no reply, and ran the faster down the lane. Once upon the terrace, he paused to look back. They still kept calling after him, and just then began to double the pace in pursuit, with a considerable clank of armor, and great tossing of the torchlight to and fro in the narrow jaws of the passage.

Denis cast a look around and darted into the porch. There he might escape observation, or —if that were too much to expect—was in a capital posture whether for parley or defense. So thinking, he drew his sword and tried to set his back against the door. To his surprise, it yielded behind his weight; and though he turned in a moment, continued to swing back on oiled and noiseless hinges, until it stood wide open on a black interior. When things fall out opportunely for the person concerned, he is not apt to be critical about the how or why, his own immediate personal convenience seeming a sufficient reason for the strange oddities and revolutions in our sublunary things; and so Denis, without a moment's hesitation, stepped within and partly closed the door behind him to conceal his place of refuge. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to close it altogether; but for some inexplicable reason—perhaps by a spring or a weight—the ponderous mass of oak whipped itself out of his fingers and clanked to, with a formidable rumble and a noise like the falling of an automatic bar.

The round, at that very moment, debouched upon the terrace and proceeded to summon him with shouts and curses. He heard them ferreting in the dark corners; the stock of a lance even rattled along the outer surface of the door behind which he stood; but these gentlemen were in too high a humor to be long delayed, and soon made off down a corkscrew pathway which had escaped Denis's observation, and passed out of sight and hearing along the battlements of the town.

Denis breathed again. He gave them a few minutes' grace for fear of accidents, and then groped about for some means of opening the door and slipping forth again.

The inner surface was quite smooth, not a handle, not a moulding, not a projection of any sort. He got his fingernails round the edges and pulled, but the mass was immovable. He shook it, it was as firm as a rock. Denis de Beaulieu frowned and gave vent to a little noiseless whistle. What ailed the door? he wondered. Why was it open? How came it to shut so easily and so effectually after him? There was something obscure and under hand about all this that was little to the young man's fancy. It looked like a snare; and yet who could suppose a snare in such a quiet by-street and in a house of so prosperous and even noble an exterior? And yet—snare or no snare, intentionally or unintentionally—here he was, prettily trapped; and for the life of him he could see no way out of it again. The darkness began to weigh upon him. He gave ear; all was silence without, but within and close by he seemed to catch a faint sighing, a faint sobbing rustle, a little stealthy creak—as though many persons were at his side, holding themselves quite still, and governing even their respiration with the extreme of slyness. The idea went to his vitals with a shock, and he faced about suddenly as if to defend his life. Then, for the first time, he became aware of a light about the level of his eyes and at some distance in the interior of the house—a vertical thread of light, widening towards the bottom, such as might escape between two wings of arras over a doorway. To see anything was a relief to Denis; it was like a piece of solid ground to a man laboring in a morass; his mind seized upon it with avidity; and he stood staring at it and trying to piece together some logical conception of his surroundings. Plainly there was a flight of steps ascending from his own level to that of this illuminated doorway; and indeed he thought he could make out another thread of light, as fine as a needle, and as faint as phosphorescence, which might very well be reflected along the polished wood of a handrail. Since he had begun to suspect that he was not alone, his heart had continued to beat with smothering violence, and an intolerable desire for action of any sort had possessed itself of his spirit. He was in deadly peril, he believed. What could be more natural than to mount the staircase, lift the curtain, and confront his difficulty at once? At least he would be dealing with something tangible; at least he would be no longer in the dark. He stepped slowly forward with outstretched hands, until his foot struck the bottom step; then he rapidly scaled the stairs, stood for a moment to compose his expression, lifted the arras and went in.

HE FOUND himself in a large apartment of polished stone. There were three doors; one on each of three sides; all similarly curtained with tapestry. The fourth side was occupied by two large windows and a great stone chimney-piece, carved with the arms of the Maletroits. Denis recognized the bearings, and was gratified to find himself in such good hands. The room was strongly illuminated; but it contained little furniture except a heavy table and a chair or two, the hearth was innocent of fire, and the pavement was but sparsely strewn with rushes clearly many days old.

On a high chair beside the chimney, and directly facing Denis as he entered, sat a little old gentleman in a fur tippet. He sat with his legs crossed and his hands folded, and a cup of spiced wine stood by his elbow on a bracket on the wall. His countenance had a strongly masculine cast; not properly human, but such as we see in the bull, the goat, or the domestic boar; something equivocal and wheedling, something greedy, brutal, and dangerous. The upper lip was inordinately full, as though swollen by a blow or a toothache; and the smile, the peaked eye brows, and the small, strong eyes were quaintly and almost comically evil in expression. Beautiful white hair hung straight all round his head, like a saint's, and fell in a single curl upon the tippet. His beard and mustache were the pink of venerable sweetness. Age, probably in consequence of inordinate precautions, had left no mark upon his hands; and the Maletroit hand was famous. It would be difficult to imagine anything at once so fleshy and so delicate in design; the taper, sensual fingers were like those of one of Leonardo's women; the fork of the thumb made a dimpled protuberance when closed; the nails were perfectly shaped, and of a dead, surprising whiteness. It rendered his aspect tenfold more redoubtable, that a man with hands like these should keep them devoutly folded like a virgin martyr—that a man with so intent and startling an expression of face should sit patiently on his seat and contemplate people with an unwinking stare, like a god, or a god's statue. His quiescence seemed ironical and treacherous, it fitted so poorly with his looks.

Such was Alain, Sire de Maletroit.

Denis and he looked silently at each other for a second or two.

"Pray step in," said the Sire de Maletroit. "I have been expecting you all the evening."

He had not risen, but he accompanied his words with a smile and a slight but courteous inclination of the head. Partly from the smile, partly from the strange musical murmur with which the Sire prefaced his observation, Denis felt a strong shudder of disgust go through his marrow. And what with disgust and honest confusion of mind, he could scarcely get words together in reply.

"I fear," he said, "that this is a double accident. I am not the person you suppose me. It seems you were looking for a visit; but for my part, nothing was further from my thoughts—nothing could be more contrary to my wishes—than this intrusion."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman indulgently, "here you are, which is the main point. Seat yourself, my friend, and put yourself entirely at your ease. We shall arrange our little affairs presently."

Denis perceived that the matter was still complicated with some misconception, and he hastened to continue his explanations.

"Your door . . ." he began.

"About my door?" asked the other, raising his peaked eye brows. "A little piece of ingenuity." And he shrugged his shoulders. "A hospitable fancy! By your own account, you were not desirous of making my acquaintance. We old people look for such reluctance now and then; when it touches our honor, we cast about until we find some way of overcoming it. You arrive uninvited, but believe me, very welcome."

"You persist in error, Sir," said Denis. "There can be no question about you and me. I am a stranger in this country-side. My name is Denis, damoiseau de Beaulieu. If you see me in your house, it is only—"

"My young friend," interrupted the other, "you will permit me to have my own ideas on that subject. They probably differ from yours at the present moment," he added with a leer, "but time will show which of us is in the right."

Denis was convinced he had to do with a lunatic. He seated himself with a shrug, content to wait the upshot; and a pause ensued, during which he thought he could distinguish a hurried gabbling as of prayer from behind the arras immediately opposite him. Sometimes there seemed to be but one person engaged, sometimes two; and the vehemence of the voice, low as it was, seemed to indicate either great haste or an agony of spirit. It occurred to him that this piece of tapestry covered the entrance to the chapel he had noticed from without.

The old gentleman meanwhile surveyed Denis from head to foot with a smile, and from time to time emitted little noises like a bird or a mouse, which seemed to indicate a high degree of satisfaction. This state of matters became rapidly insupportable; and Denis, to put an end to it, remarked politely that the wind had gone down.

The old gentleman fell into a fit of silent laughter, so prolonged and violent that he became quite red in the face. Denis got upon his feet at once, and put on his hat with a flourish.

"Sir," he said, "if you are in your wits, you have affronted me grossly. If you are out of them, I flatter myself I can find better employment for my brains than to talk with lunatics. My conscience is clear; you have made a fool of me from the first moment; you have refused to hear my explanations; and now there is no power under God will make me stay here any longer; and if I cannot make my way out in a more decent fashion, I will hack your door in pieces with my sword."

The Sire de Maletroit raised his right hand and wagged it at Denis with the fore and little fingers extended.

"My dear nephew," he said, "sit down."

"Nephew!" retorted Denis. "You lie in your throat;" and he snapped his fingers in his face.

"Sit down, you rogue!" cried the old gentleman, in a sudden, harsh voice, like the barking of a dog. "Do you fancy," he went on, "that when I had made my little contrivance for the door I had stopped short with that? If you prefer to be bound hand and foot till your bones ache, rise and try to go away. If you choose to remain a free young buck, agreeably conversing with an old gentleman—why, sit where you are in peace, and God be with you."

"Do you mean I am a prisoner?" demanded Denis.

"I state the facts," replied the other. "I would rather leave the conclusion to yourself."

Denis sat down again. Externally he managed to keep pretty calm, but within, he was now boiling with anger, now chilled with apprehension. He no longer felt convinced that he was dealing with a madman. And if the old gentleman was sane, what, in God's name, had he to look for. What absurd or tragical adventure had befallen him? What countenance was he to assume?

While he was thus unpleasantly reflecting, the arras that overhung the chapel door was raised, and a tall priest in his robes came forth and, giving a long, keen stare at Denis, said something in an undertone to Sire de Maletroit.

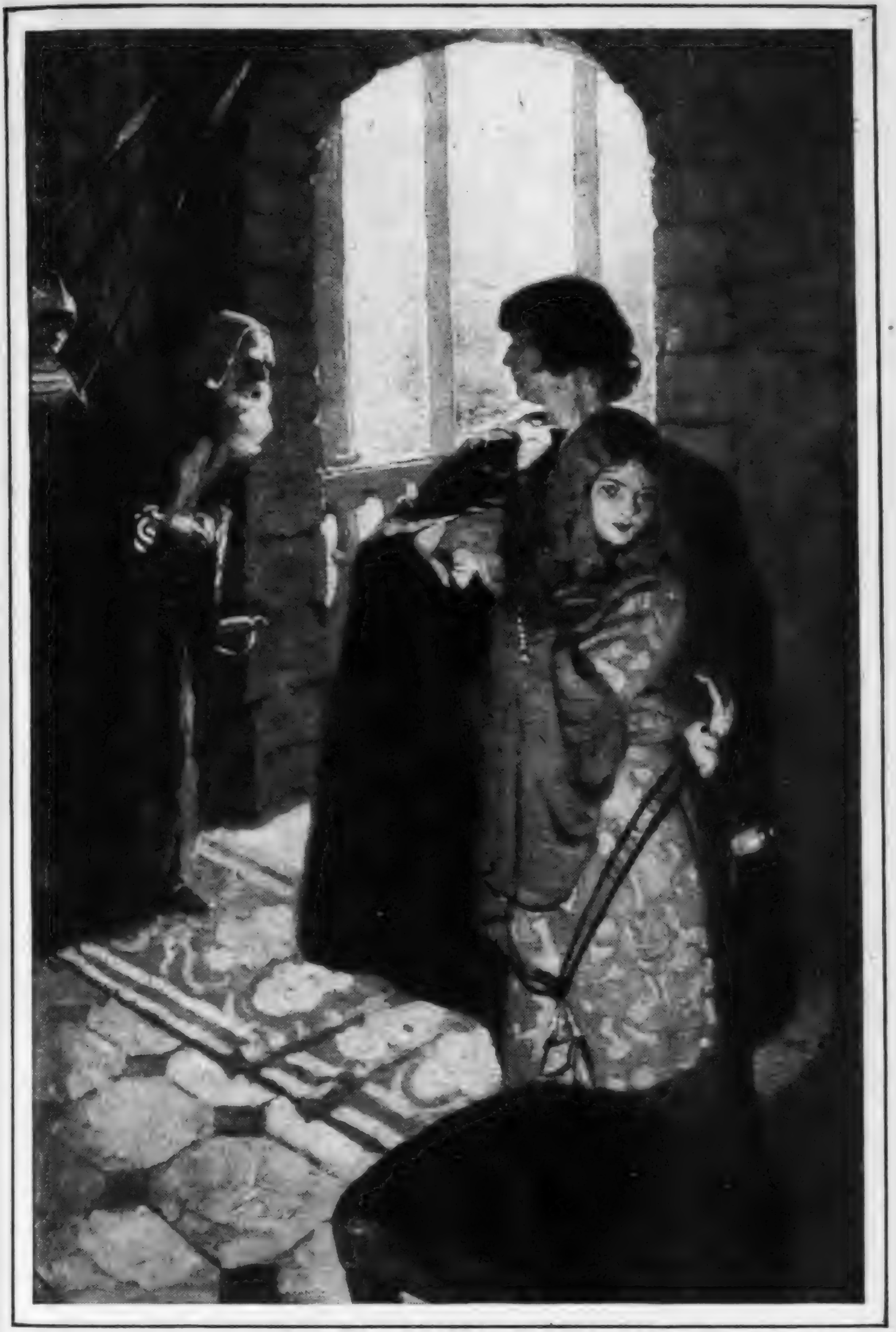
"She is in a better frame of spirit?" asked the latter.

"She is more resigned, messire," replied the priest.

"Now the Lord help her, she is hard to please!" sneered the old gentleman. "A likely stripling—not ill-born—and of her own choosing, too? Why, what more would the jade have?"

"The situation is not usual for a young damsel," said the other, "and somewhat trying to her blushes."

"She should have thought of that before she began the dance. It was none of my choosing, God knows that: but since she is in it, by our



As Denis stopped speaking, a bell began to ring . . . A melodius chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Maletroit wished his new nephew good morning.

lady, she shall carry it to the end." And then addressing Denis, "Monsieur de Beaulieu," he asked, "may I present you to my niece? She has been waiting your arrival, I may say, with even greater impatience than myself."

Denis had resigned himself with a good grace—all he desired was to know the worst of it as speedily as possible; so he rose at once, and bowed in acquiescence. The Sire de Maletroit followed his example and limped, with the assistance of the chaplain's arm, towards the chapel-door. The priest pulled aside the arras, and all three entered. The building had considerable architectural pretensions. A light groining sprang from six stout columns, and hung down in two rich pendants from the center of the vault. The place terminated behind the altar in a round end, embossed and honeycombed with a superfluity of ornament in relief, and pierced by many little windows shaped like stars, trefoils, or wheels. These windows were imperfectly glazed, so that the night air circulated freely in the chapel. The tapers, of which there must have been half a hundred burning on the altar, were unmercifully blown about; and the light went through many different phases of brilliancy and semi-eclipse. On the steps in front of the altar knelt a young girl richly attired as a bride. A chill settled over Denis as he observed her costume; he fought with desperate energy against the conclusion that was being thrust upon his mind; it could not—it should not—be as he feared.

"Blanche," said the Sire, in his most flute-like tones, "I have brought a friend to see you, my little girl; turn round and give him your pretty hand. It is good to be devout; but it is necessary to be polite, my niece."

The girl rose to her feet and turned toward the newcomers. She moved all of a piece; and shame and exhaustion were expressed in every line of her fresh young body; and she held her head down and kept her eyes upon the pavement, as she came slowly forward. In the course of her advance, her eyes fell upon Denis de Beaulieu's feet—feet of which he was justly vain, be it remarked, and wore in the most elegant accoutrement even while traveling. She paused—started, as if his yellow boots had conveyed some shocking meaning—and glanced suddenly up into the wearer's countenance. Their eyes met; shame gave place to horror and terror in her looks; the blood left her lips; with a piercing scream she covered her face with her hands and sank upon the chapel floor.

"That is not the man!" she cried. "My uncle, that is not the man!"

The Sire de Maletroit chirped agreeably. "Of course not," he said. "I expected as much. It was so unfortunate you could not remember his name."

"Indeed," she cried, "indeed, I have never seen this person till this moment—I have never so much as set eyes upon him—I never wish to see him again. Sir," she said, turning to Denis, "if you are a gentleman, you will bear me out. Have I ever seen you—have you ever seen me—before this accursed hour?"

"To speak for myself, I have never had that pleasure," answered the young man. "This is the first time, messire, that I have met with your engaging niece."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders.

"I am distressed to hear it," he said. "But it is never too late to begin. I had little more acquaintance with my own late lady ere I married her; which proves," he added, with a grimace, "that these impromptu marriages may often produce an excellent understanding in the long run. As the bridegroom is to have a voice in the matter, I will give him two hours to make up for lost time before we proceed with the ceremony." And he turned toward the door, followed by the clergyman.

THE girl was on her feet in a moment. "My uncle, you cannot be in earnest," she said. "I declare before God I will stab myself rather than be forced on that young man. The heart rises at it; God forbids such marriages; you dishonor your white hair. Oh, my uncle, pity me! There is not a woman in all the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial. Is it possible," she added, faltering, "is it possible that you do not believe me—that you still think this"—and she pointed at Denis with a tremor of anger and contempt—"that you still think *this* to be the man?"

"Frankly," said the old gentleman, pausing on the threshold, "I do. But let me explain to you once for all, Blanche de Maletroit, my way of thinking about this affair. When you took it into your head to dishonor my family and the name that I have borne, in peace and war, for more than three-score years, you forfeited, not only the right to question my designs, but that of looking me in the face. If your father had been alive, he would have spat on you and turned you out of doors. His was the hand of iron. You may bless your God you have only to deal with the hand of velvet, mademoiselle. It was my duty to get you married without delay. Out of pure good-will, I have tried to find your own gallant for you, and I believe I have succeeded. But before God and all the holy angels, Blanche de Maletroit, if I have not, I care not one jack-straw. So let me recommend you to be polite to our young friend; for upon my word, your next groom may be less appetizing."

And with that he went out, with the chaplain at his heels; and the arras fell behind the pair.

The girl turned upon Denis with flashing eyes.

"And what, sir," she demanded, "may be the meaning of all this?"

"God knows," returned Denis, gloomily.

"I am a prisoner in this house, which seems full of mad people. More I know not; and nothing do I understand."

"And pray how came you here?" she asked.

He told her as briefly as he could. "For the rest," he added, "perhaps you will follow my example, and tell me the answer to all these riddles, and what, in God's name, is like to be the end of it."

She stood silent for a little, and he could see her lips tremble and her tearless eyes burn with a feverish luster. Then she pressed her forehead in both hands.

"Alas, how my head aches!" she said wearily, "to say nothing of my poor heart! But it is due to you to know my story, unmaidenly as it must seem. I am called Blanche de Maletroit; I have been without father or mother for—oh! for as long as I can recollect, and indeed I have been most unhappy all my life. Three months ago a young captain began to stand near me every day in church. I could see that I pleased him; I am much to blame, but I was so glad that any one should love me; and when he passed me a letter, I took it home with me and read it with great pleasure. Since that time he has written many. He was so anxious to speak with me, poor fellow! and kept asking me to leave the door open some evening that we might have two words upon the stairs. For he knew how much my uncle trusted me." She gave something like a sob at that, and it was a moment before she could go on. "My uncle is a hard man, but he is very shrewd," she said at last. "He has performed many feats in war, and was a great person at court, and much trusted by Queen Isabeau in old days. How he came to suspect me I cannot tell; but it is hard to keep anything from his knowledge; and this morning, as we came from mass, he took my hand into his, forced it open, and read my little billet, walking by my side all the while. When he finished, he gave it back to me with great politeness. It contained another request to have the door left open; and this has been the ruin of us all. My uncle kept me strictly in my room until evening, and then ordered me to dress myself as you see me—a hard mockery for a young girl, do you not think so? I suppose, when he could not prevail with me to tell him the young captain's name, he must have laid a trap for him: into which, alas! you have fallen in the anger of God. I looked for much confusion; for how could I tell whether he was willing to take me for his wife on these sharp terms? He might have been trifling with me from the first; or I might have made myself too cheap in his eyes. But truly I had not looked for such a shameful punishment as this! I could not think that God would let a girl be so disgraced before a young man. And now I tell you all; and I can scarcely hope that you will not despise me."

Denis made her a respectful inclination.

"Madam," he said, "you have honored me by your confidence. It remains for me to prove that I am not unworthy of the honor. Is Messire de Maletroit at hand?"

"I believe he is writing in the salle without," she answered.

"May I lead you thither, madam?" asked Denis, offering his hand with his most courtly bearing.

She accepted it; and the pair passed out of the chapel, Blanche in a very drooping and shamefast condition, but Denis strutting and ruffling in the consciousness of a mission, and the boyish certainty of accomplishing it with honor.

THE Sire de Maletroit rose to meet them with an ironical obeisance.

"Sir," said Denis, with the grandest possible air, "I believe I am to have some say in the matter of this marriage; and let me tell you at once, I will be no party to forcing the inclination of this young lady. Had it been freely offered to me, I should have been proud to accept her hand, for I perceive she is as good as she is beautiful; but as things are, I have now the honor, messire, of refusing."

Blanche looked at him with gratitude in her eyes; but the old gentleman only smiled, and smiled, until his smile grew positively sickening to Denis.

"I am afraid," he said, "Monsieur de Beaulieu, that you do not perfectly understand the choice I have offered you. Follow me, I beseech you, to this window." And he led the way to one of the large windows which stood open on the night. "You observe," he went on, "there is an iron ring in the upper masonry, and reeved through that, a very efficacious rope. Now, mark my words: if you should find your disinclination to my niece's person insurmountable, I shall have you hanged out of this window before sunrise. I shall only proceed to such an extremity with the greatest regret, you may believe me. For it is not at all your death that I desire, but my niece's establishment in life. At the same time, it must come to that if you prove obstinate. Your family, Monsieur de Beaulieu, is very well in its way; but if you sprang from Charlemagne, you should not refuse the hand of a Maletroit with impunity—not if she were as common as the Paris road—not if she were as hideous as the gargoyle over my door. Neither my niece nor you, nor my own private feelings, move me at all in this matter. The honor of my house has been compromised; I believe you to be the guilty person, at least you are now in the secret; and you can hardly wonder if I request you to wipe out the stain. If you will not, your blood be on your own head! It will be no great satisfaction to me to have your interesting relics kicking their heels in the breeze below my windows, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and if I cannot cure the dishonor, I shall at least stop the scandal."

There was a pause.

"I believe there are other ways of settling such imbroglios among gentlemen," said Denis. "You wear a sword, and I hear you have used it with distinction."

The Sire de Maletroit made a signal to the chaplain, who crossed the room with long silent strides and raised the arras over the third of the three doors. It was only a moment before he let it fall again; but Denis had time to see a dusky passage full of armed men.

"When I was a little younger, I should have been delighted to honor you, Monsieur de Beaulieu," said Sire Alain, "but I am now too old. Faithful retainers are the sinews of age, and I must employ the strength I have. This is one of the hardest things to swallow as a man grows up in years; but with a little patience, even this becomes habitual. You and the lady seem to prefer the salle for what remains of your two hours; and as I have no desire to cross your preference, I shall resign it to your use with all the pleasure in the world. No haste!" he added, holding up his hand, as he saw a dangerous look come into Denis de Beaulieu's face. "If your mind revolt against hanging, it will be time enough two hours hence to throw yourself out of the window or upon the pikes of my retainers. Two hours of life are always two hours. A great many things may turn up in even as little a while as that. And, besides, if I understand her appearance, my niece has something to say to you. You will not disfigure your last hours by a want of politeness to a lady?"

Denis looked at Blanche, and she made him an imploring gesture.

It is likely that the old gentleman was hugely pleased at this symptom of an understanding; for he smiled on both, and added sweetly: "If you give me your word of honor, Monsieur de Beaulieu, to await my return at the end of the two hours before attempting anything desperate, I shall withdraw my retainers, and let you speak in greater privacy with mademoiselle."

Denis again glanced at the girl, who seemed to beseech him to agree.

"I give you my word of honor," he said.

Messire de Maletroit bowed, and proceeded to limp about the apartment, clearing his throat the while with that odd musical chirp which had already grown so irritating in the ears of Denis de Beaulieu. He first possessed himself of some papers which lay upon the table; then he went to the mouth of the passage and appeared to give an order to the men behind the arras; and lastly he hobbled out through the door by which Denis had come in, turning upon the threshold to address a last smiling bow to the young couple, and followed by the chaplain with a hand-lamp.

No sooner were they alone than Blanche advanced toward Denis with her hands extended. Her face was flushed and excited, and her eyes shone with tears.

"You shall not die!" she cried, "you shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," replied Denis, "that I stand much in fear of death."

"Oh, no, no," she said. "I see you are no poltroon. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to have you slain for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Denis, "that you underrate the difficulty, madam. What you may be too generous to refuse, I may be too proud to accept. In a moment of noble feeling towards me, you forgot what you perhaps owe to others."

HE HAD the decency to keep his eyes on the floor as he said this, and after he had finished, so as not to spy upon her confusion. She stood silent for a moment, then walked suddenly away, and falling on her uncle's chair, fairly burst out sobbing. Denis was in the acme of embarrassment. He looked around, as if to seek for inspiration, and seeing a stool, plumped down upon it for something to do. There he sat playing with the guard of his rapier, and wishing himself dead a thousand times over, and buried in the nastiest kitchen-heap in France. His eyes wandered round the apartment, but found nothing to arrest them. There were such wide spaces between the furniture, the light fell so badly and cheerlessly over all, the dark outside air looked in so coldly through the windows that he thought he had never seen a church so vast, nor a tomb so melancholy. The regular sobs of Blanche de Maletroit measured out the time like the ticking of a clock. He read the device upon the shield over and over again, until his eyes became obscured; he stared into shadowy corners until he imagined they were swarming with horrible animals; and every now and again he awoke with a start, to remember that his last two hours were running, and death was on the march.

Oftener and oftener, as the time went on, did his glance settle on the girl herself. Her face was bowed forward and covered with her hands, and she was shaken at intervals by the convulsive hiccup of grief. Even thus she was not an unpleasant object to dwell upon, so plump and yet so fine, with a warm brown skin, and the most beautiful hair, Denis thought, in the whole world of womankind. Her hands were like her uncle's; but they were more in place at the end of her young arms, and looked infinitely soft and caressing. He remembered how her blue eyes had shone upon him, full of anger, pity, and innocence. And the more he dwelt on her perfections, the uglier death looked, and the more deeply was he smitten with penitence at her continued tears. Now he felt that no man could have the courage to leave a world which contained so beautiful a creature; and now he would have given forty minutes of his last hour to have unsaid his cruel speech.

Suddenly a hoarse and ragged peal of cockcrow rose to their ears from the dark valley below the windows. And this shattering noise in the silence of all around was like a light in a dark place, and shook them both out of their reflections.

"Alas, can I do nothing to help you?" she said, looking up.

"Madam," replied Denis, with a fine irrelevancy, "if I have said anything to wound you, believe me, it was for your own sake and not for mine."

She thanked him with a tearful look.

"I feel your position cruelly," he went on. "The world has been bitter hard on you. Your uncle is a disgrace to mankind. Believe me, madam, there is no young gentleman in all France but would be glad of my opportunity, to die in doing you a momentary service."

"I know already that you can be very brave and generous," she answered. "What I *want* to know is whether I can serve you—now or afterwards," she added, with a quaver.

"Most certainly," he answered with a smile. "Let me sit beside you as if I were a friend, instead of a foolish intruder; try to forget how awkwardly we are placed to one another; make my last moments go pleasantly; and you will do me the chief service possible."

"You are very gallant," she added, with a yet deeper sadness, "very gallant . . . and it somehow pains me. But draw nearer, if you please; and if you find anything to say to me, you will at least make certain of a very friendly listener. Ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu," she broke forth, "ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu, how can I look you in the face?" And she fell to weeping again with a renewed effusion.

"Madam," said Denis, taking her hand in both of his, "reflect on the little time I have before me, and the great bitterness into which I am cast by the sight of your distress. Spare me, in my last moments, the spectacle of what I cannot cure even with the sacrifice of my life."

"I am very selfish," answered Blanche. "I will be braver, Monsieur de Beaulieu, for your sake. But think if I can do you no kindness in the future—if you have no friends to whom I could carry your adieux. Charge me as heavily as you can; every burthen will lighten, by so little, the invaluable gratitude I owe you. Put it in my power to do something more for you than weep."

"My mother is married again, and has a young family to care for. My brother Guichard will inherit my fiefs; and if I am not in error, that will content him amply for my death. Life is a little vapour that passeth away, as we are told by those in holy orders. When a man is in a fair way and sees all life open in front of him, he seems to himself to make a very important figure in the world. His horse whinnies to him; the trumpets blow and the girls look out of windows as he rides into town before his company; he receives many assurances of trust and regard —sometimes by express in a letter—sometimes face to face, with persons of great consequence falling on his neck. It is not wonderful if his head is turned for a time. But once he is dead, were he as brave as Hercules or as wise as Solomon, he is soon forgotten. It is not ten years since my father fell, with many other knights around him, in a very fierce encounter, and I do not think that any one of them, nor so much as the name of the fight, is now remembered. No, no, madam, the nearer you come to it, you see that death is a dark and dusty corner, where a man gets into his tomb and has the door shut after him till the Judgment Day. I have few friends just now, and once I am dead I shall have none."

"Ah, Monsieur de Beaulieu!" she exclaimed, "you forget Blanche de Maletroit."

"You have a sweet nature, madam, and you are pleased to estimate a little service far beyond its worth."

"It is not that," she answered. "You mistake me if you think I am easily touched by my own concerns. I say so, because you are the noblest man I have ever met; because I recognize in you a spirit that would have made even a common person in the land."

"And yet here I die in a mousetrap—with no more noise about it than my own speaking," answered he.

A LOOK of pain crossed her face, and she was silent for a little while. Then a light came into her eyes, and with a smile she spoke again.

"I cannot have my champion think meanly of himself. Any one who gives his life for another will be met in Paradise by all the heralds and angels of the Lord God. And you have no such cause to hang your head. For . . . pray, do you think me beautiful?" she asked, with a deep flush.

"Indeed, madam, I do," he said.

"I am glad of that," she answered heartily. "Do you think there are many men in France who have been asked in marriage by a beautiful maiden—with her own lips—and who have refused her to her face? I know you men would half despise such a triumph; but believe me, we women know more of what is precious in love. There is nothing that should set a person higher in his own esteem; and we women would prize nothing more dearly."

"You are very good," he said, "but you cannot make me forget that I was asked in pity and not for love."

"I am not so sure of that," she replied

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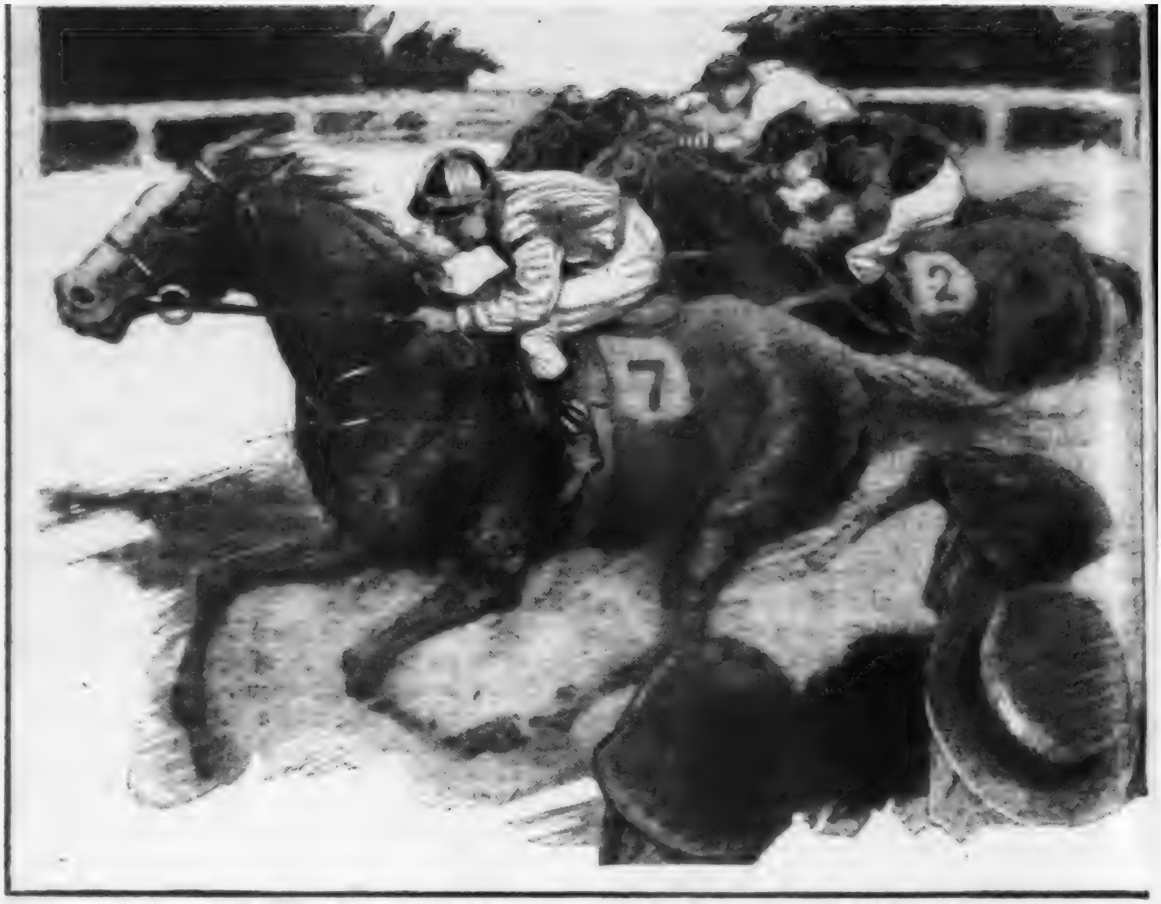

Something flies out like an arrow: "Southern Queen! Southern Queen wins!" Ah,

A STORY Against

A Fifth Avenue colleen plays with

Illustrated by

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 116.)

AT ANY Irish race course you would have seen him some years ago, and you could not have missed him. There is your assemblage in the small ring, as it is called: owners, sportsmen, officials—immaculately dressed men with glasses slung over their shoulders—gentlewomen with bronzed faces and keen eyes and clothes which but a week ago were on show in Paris; farmers in gaiters and black coats and bowler hats; bookmakers hoarse with shouting the odds. Green turf, and horses sleek and groomed like prima donnas. A race is over, the jockeys have weighed in, the bets are paid. And now the board goes up with the runners of the next race on it, and the names of their riders. A bookie raises his voice defiantly. He will give two to one against the field, he says. He will give four to one, bar one. He will give eight to one, bar two.

There is a rush for the rails, where the money is put on. The sportsmen and owners stroll up quietly and bet, as the phrase goes, "on the nod." Tick-tack men, or bookmakers' signalers, go through motions of crazed marionettes. Around each gambler is a willing crowd offering money—small tradesmen; strong farmers peeling off notes from plethoric rolls; Irish peers in

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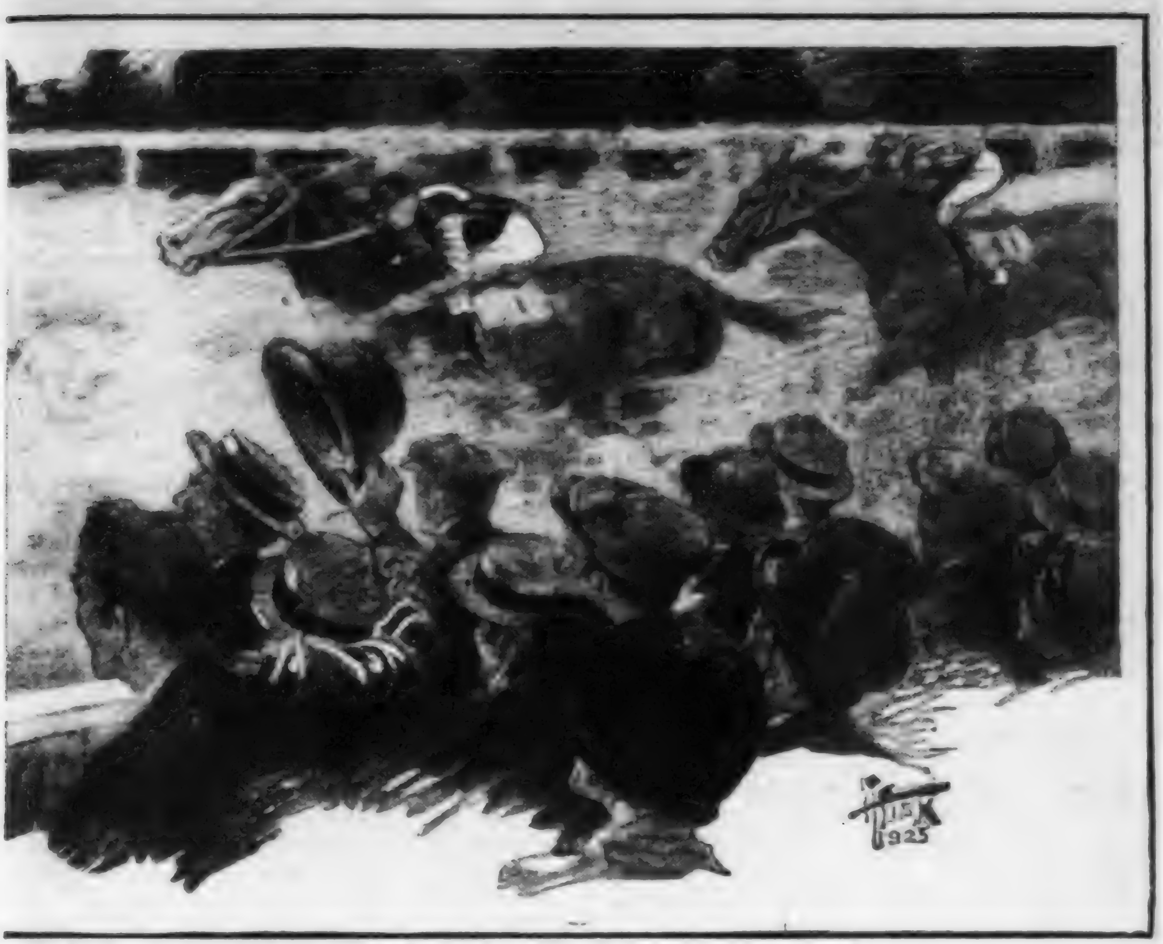


the minute, the bonny minute, with the blood in one's veins humming like wireless.

WOMEN

By
Donn Byrne

the destiny of an hereditary king

Harry Fisk

shabby tweeds, with faces red as bartenders; an occasional clergyman, and Rory O'Connor Mellon.

Consider a rather tubby man with a sharp, pointed, red beard which has strands of gray in it. On his head is a not well brushed silk hat. He wears a frock coat of the type known in America as a Prince Albert, and it is not very well brushed either. His collar is of the turned-down fashion, which I have heard somewhere described as a Shakespeare collar. His tie is black. In his left hand he holds a not well rolled umbrella. In his right hand he holds a pair of field glasses. His pocket bulges with the form book.

He had been born some forty-seven years before this in an obscure village in Meath, on the edge of the Irish central plain, as military experts call it, that vast dip of bog flower and green grass, through which the canals jog dreamily westward; where is heard only the booming of the bittern and the curfew's lonely call, and the wind moaning through the willows—bog land it is all, and under the peat of Allen lie buried the Irish elk and the Irish bear, and the Irish wolf and the wolf-dog that hunted him, and the gallant invaders of old time—the brown Phenicians and the red Danes and black-a-vised Norman men. And around the edges of royal Meath live traditions and customs and families ancient as Allen's bog itself. Some strange preservative arises from the black peat water and hardens them to the consistency of bog oak. But a wind from the west brings the salt Atlantic with it and warps them and dwarfs them and brings them to the state of some mossy ancient hawthorn bush. One day it has been there for centuries, and another day it is gone, vanishing in that strange way that ancient beauty and ancient wisdom have of vanishing. Where is the white knight? Where is the black knight? What of the end of great Thane O'Neill, who fought Queen Elizabeth and won, fought her who had vanquished Philip's Armada? His last lineal descendant died, a coffin-maker of Cork. Where is Maquire of Fermanagh? Old Sir Brian died of pride and cold and starvation. Everywhere old kings vanish into a dim aromatic past.

But the greatest of all the Irish names remained—O'Melaghlin, Mellon now—the last legal high kings of Ireland, sons of that Malachi who repulsed the red Danes, and wore, Thomas Moore writes of him:

> . . . the collar of gold
> That he won from the proud invader.

Beside Malachi, Brian Boru was an upstart Irish Napoleon, and Rory O'Connor, the last king, was a guerilla chief. The blood of Rory of the Hills was in Mellon's veins too, though on the feminine or distaff side, to be technical.

HOW does it come that these old families fade, become impoverished, die? Because a title will descend naturally to the eldest child, and the property may be divided among other children or willed to outsiders, and so in a few generations the baronet or earl becomes impoverished and drops his distinction for sheer shame. Also in Ireland estates and titles have been forfeited for disloyalty, and in Ireland, too, within the half century has been the Encumbered Estates Act, which wiped out great properties as by magic, so that a princess of Connaught died ignobly in a cheap pension in Bruges. I know an old baronet in a poorhouse —poor Sir Felim, they are kind to you, they say—I know of an Irish duke who has been prosecuted in a law court for swindling. Eh, worse than this, in a forgotten graveyard near my mother's fields, in a grave that is untended, unmarked, lies Edward de Bruce, Robert Bruce's brother, for two years King of Ireland, anointed, crowned, and begirt with sword. Only the Ulster winds do him reverence; only the Ulster mountains stand as sentinels.

So you can understand O'Connor Mellon, last of Malachi's high line, and in whose veins ran the blood of Rory of the Hills, dressing himself in ceremonial black to keep a little dignity, and betting cautiously, professionally, on the race course to get a little money.

He passed unnoted through some small school, and passed unnoted through Trinity—who will note even an heir of kings in a university which claimed Swift and Congreve, Burke and Oliver Goldsmith, and lions of newer fame? And, coming out, some political friend obtained for him the post of coroner in one of the districts of Dublin. What the duties were I cannot say. I suppose they can be deputed to an underling, who would fulfil them with the necessary funereal expression.

For how many years O'Connor Mellon held the post of coroner in south, east, or west Dublin it would be hard to say—these soft gray lives flow up so quietly. But suddenly, dramatically, he went "druid."

Now to go "druid" is a phenomenon I have never seen outside of southern Ireland. A druid we conceive to be one of those ancient pagan Irish who sat on a hillside fondling a beard, looked into the misty future and did nothing. He never worked, and no one expected him to work. He was a druid, that was all. The phenomenon of a man going druid in Dublin is received with as much respect as of a man getting religion in more, or less, civilized countries. A man suddenly decides to work no more. On a certain hour of a certain day in a certain year he quits work. Thence onward he is a "druid," receives the honors due a druid, and is just as prosperous, or more prosperous, than before.

When you suddenly see a respectable coroner in sober clothes resign his position, and in the same sober clothes take to backing horses for a living, your Anglo-Saxon mind would call him mad. We more subtle Celts will say he has resigned himself to Destiny and the laws of chance.

Consider the blood that ran in this man, the blood of Malachi, the High King, and the blood of Rory of the Hills. The Irish King, for all that historians say to dignify him, seems to have been an easy-going sporting sort of ruler. You can see him in his saffron-colored kilts, with his great saffron-colored dogs, his horses small and fast and cunning as the polo pony of today. His wars seem to have been temperamental outbursts to clear the air, and give the poets something to write about. When Thomas Moore writes of Malachi's "collar of gold that he won from the proud invader," he doesn't say how it was won. It might have been won over a football match, a coursing trial between dogs, or in a horse race. I should prefer it that way rather than to think he might have taken it on the field of battle. An Irish king should have been a gentleman above looting.

Not for nothing has racing been called the sport of kings. Where is such majesty? Where such fleetness? Where such uncertainty? The thrill as the starter pulls the lever and the tapes fly up, and "They're off!" rings from a thousand throats. "The favorite's walked it!" they shout at the fourth furlong, and "Bonnie

Belle's going up!" as they turn into the flat. "Irish Arrogance wins!" some one calls as the big brown gelding hops the rails. But something flies out like an arrow: "Southern Queen! Southern Queen! Southern Queen wins!" Ah, the minute, the bonny minute, with the blood in one's veins humming like wireless.

How could the strain of Malachai, the High King, and of Rory of the Hills keep from the excitement of this speed and glory?

A gentleman with whiskers once told us that backing horses was wrong because it had no place in economics, and my Uncle Ardle replied, in that great booming voice of his, that he might deal in economics but that we dealt in Destiny.

If you are a certain type of Irish, as O'Connor Mellon was, there is a deep bond between you and the horse. You can tell what a horse is going to do. If for centuries before your forefathers have considered walking to be a crude peasant form of locomotion, there is born in you an extra sense, the sense of the mount. Also there is a tremendous science to racing. You must know the pedigree of the horse, its sire and dam. You must know the likes and dislikes of horses. Some like certain tracks, some do well on others. Some are wonders on a muddy track, some like it hard and fast. It is not enough to see a certain horse entered, you must know his condition. Is he tuned up to win?

You must know your owner, too. Some are rich men and are always out to win. And some are not above losing a race they should win. A bucket of water before a race will slow up the fastest thoroughbred.

You have got to know your jockeys, too. Some are twisters. Of those who are honest, some are good, some are not good. If you have keen eyes and good glasses, you can detect a lot in a race. If you see a jockey riding with a loose rein, he is not going to win. If you see a jockey shifting his seat in the saddle, he is not going to win. There is rarely anything done so inartistic as pulling a horse's back teeth out. But these things you must watch, and you must hedge like lightning if you can, when you are a professional backer.

All these details being attended to, all this forethought given, enters Chance, with her upright head, her blind eyes, her nerves, uncertain fingers. But in spite of Chance, and by dint of forethought, and by sheer knowledge of the game, O'Connor Mellon made two thousand English pounds a year. "And more power to him! Where are your economics now?"

HE LIVED modestly, but he lived well. Near Rathfarnham, in Dublin, he had a comfortable whitewashed and well-thatched cottage that looked towards Three-Rock Mountain. An old housekeeper took care of him. There was a small flagged garden with forget-me-nots springing between the stones; around him the glory of the circle of mountains —in winter their white caps of snow or mist; in summer their brown heads and tinkling heather; the Dodder, at the foot of his garden, rambling carelessly toward Donnybrook and the Irish Sea, a happy, singing river, hurdling grassing weirs. He would sit outside in the garden on summer evenings, when the crickets put out their sweet loud chirruping, and the bats winged round to and fro from the ivy of the cottage walls. And in winter he would sit within before a fire of coal while the winds of Three-Rock Mountain roared over the chimney, and compound himself a punch from ancient potent Irish whisky, and drink it in a tumbler of cut glass, and read old dignified books, like the novels of Dickens and Lever and Thackeray, and books that dealt with ancient Gaelic civilization, which is a hazy subject, some foul fellows of authority denying there was any at all. This home life was very comfortable, but for one thing—he had never been married. Every natural man marries and afterward either likes or doesn't like his wife. but that doesn't matter. Those who don't marry fail because of timidity or vanity. O'Connor Mellon was of the timid kind.

The women he knew, the women he had seen and become acquainted with at race courses, were of two types. One was the keen, hard, ascendancy type of sportswoman. Their faces were bronzed from hunting, their looks keen from concentration. They were as good judges of a horse as a man. They bet shrewdly, drank hard-headedly, knew what they wanted and got it. From them O'Connor Mellon shrank, He was afraid of a woman like that about the house. She would hustle him. Also these women had money, and would hardly marry the hereditary Irish High King, such shrewd heads did they have. The other type he shrank from in aversion, the female of the Dublin jackeens. Of course he might have married an Irish colleen, but to get one of these he would have had to go to New York or Chicago and raid a musical company, Irish colleens not being, and never having been, indigenous to Ireland.

So his heart never fluttered, nor did his ideas take a concrete matrimonial direction, until he met Mrs. Peggy O'Shaughnessy of New York.

He met her in the grandstand at the Curragh races, a pert, black-eyed woman of about forty, with a merry smile and a merry manner. She wore a Paris frock, and a black hat, black as her eyes, with cherries on it, dark red as her small mouth. Everything about her was shipshape and trim, from her well-cared-for teeth to her well-cared-for finger nails. A friend introduced him, asking him to mark some winners on her race card, and he came only dubiously, shyly, and not at all pleased.

A smile and he was stunned; a word and his head was swimming; a hand on his sleeve, and he was gone. The battle with the bookmakers was forgotten, while he explained weights and pace to her, colors, trainers, and owners, and while he went to place her bets, equalling fifty cents or a dollar, with Jack Talbot, or that Mossy Landers, whose motto is "Courteous Cork!" Everything he was possessed of he gave her that afternoon—time, knowledge, hospitality—in a grave, unostentatious way. Put him in saffron kilt and claymore, great plaid and cap with eagle's feather, and you would have recognized the royal courtesy. But what could she or you or any one see of royalty in that hideously respectable frock coat, in that hideously respectable silk hat, in that abominably respectable umbrella?

When he got back to Rathfarnham that night her vision remained with him: the chic clothes, the merry smiling face, the trim figure, and that most suitable age for him, a forty that an enthusiast might take for thirty-two. He sang to himself in a throaty, uncertain tenor that most Irish and most insincere of Moore's melodies: "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms." He looked at himself rather critically in the glass, head up, jerking the red beard to one side, and moving his aged housekeeper to wonder.

You would have thought, with the pleasant house he had—so lucky and friendly it was that the bees would always stay with him, with the brown, reflective mountains and the singing river, and race meetings he went to—Leopardstown, Punchestown, Fairy House, Baldoyle, the Curragh and Phoenix Parks, and the smaller ones where the great jobs were brought off, Mullingar, Limerick Junction, Tramore, Dundalk—that he would have been happy here, happy as an otter in the river, as a bird in a high oak tree. But he had hidden in that sandy-red face of his a big ambition. Once to every business man, to every general officer, to every racing specialist comes an opportunity that, taken, swings him onward to the heights. A horse rolls home at a hundred to one, and this is not always chance, but shrewd racing. Preparation for years, and secrecy. Sometimes you can even get better odds, if the bookmaker is caught napping. And O'Connor Mellon often dreamed of the time when he would get wind of a job of this sort, come in on it for a good round sum, and be settled for life.

BETWEEN himself and the Irish bookies there was enmity. The bookies don't like punters of O'Connor Mellon's type. They know as much as the bookies do, and more. To pay every year, and to pay it as certainly as to pay taxes, was no pleasure at all. Of the Irish bookmakers, the biggest was Patsy Regan, and between him and O'Connor Mellon was bitterness born of weird psychological twists. Regan originated in the slums of Dublin, which are the worst slums in the world, from the poor of Dublin, who are the poorest in the universe. There is a story he tells of fighting with the swans in Stephen's Green for the crusts of bread the bypassers tossed them, and that at the age of ten, which is the most terrible story I have ever heard or read. He is many times a millionaire in English pounds now, but those early days have put a rage, a terrible cold rage, in his soul. There he is, guttersnipe of Dublin, rich as Croesus. There is O'Connor Mellon, of the strain of high kings, poor in money as a church mouse. Somehow they hate each other, explain it how you will. Somehow, too, they admire each other.

Once O'Connor Mellon had taunted him about odds offered on a horse. Regan stepped up to him. "I'll bet all the money I own in the world," he said, "against all you own in the world, and that's more than five hundred to one, and put it on one cut of cards. Are you on?"

"I'm not."

"Are you afraid?"

"I'm not afraid. But it wouldn't be fair to you."

Regan looked at him. "I know you mean that," he decided. "Look, for God's sake, don't let's be friends."

And they weren't. But O'Connor Mellon knew that whenever he could find the perfect job, Regan was his man, if Regan knew nothing of it. There was no money in the world Regan liked so much as O'Connor Mellon's. When they bet they snarled at each other.

"What's your limit?" O'Connor Mellon once asked him.

"I have no limit."

"What will you give me on Fair Rosamond?"

"I'll give you two hundred to one, and you can have as much as you like. I'll give you a thousand to three."

And Regan risked ten thousand cheerfully to get Mellon's thirty pounds. Once he took five hundred from Mellon, who bet that amount to win fifty in a two-horse race, and he taunted the red man for months over it. There was no love lost between the pair.

If only Mellon could get on the perfect job, he promised himself he would take the shoes off Patsy Regan— And if he did!

There's where he pulled at his brier pipe and looked into the clouds of smoke, and the shrewd gray eyes grew dreamy. With his winnings he would buy three or four good horses —he knew where to put his hands on a good weight-for-age horse and on a jumper—and pick up a couple of bright yearlings that might develop into winners of stakes at great value. He might have a Derby or St. Leger or Lincoln winner among them. At any rate, with his knowledge of the horse, and his knowledge of racing, he was certain of making money. And then he would revive the title of baronet his grandfather dropped because of poverty—Sir Rory O'Connor Mellon he would be then, and an owner instead of purely a punter. He would have his horse at stables in England, and a few horses in Ireland. He had dreams, too, for rebuilding the battered old house in Meath, and tilling the few tired acres, and buying a field here and a field there, until he had a little estate, not much, but such as a country gentleman of the old school would have. And there were other plans he had. He wished to travel a little. And he flattered himself he would give a dignified account of the last of the old Irish royal house.

All these things were possible, given the racing job, and the racing job would come, he knew, so long as he kept his ears cocked, his eyes open, his mind keen. But now there had come between his eyes and this concrete ambition the merry black-eyed smile, the trim figure, and the perfect suitable age of Mrs. Peggy O'Shaughnessy.

ON FIFTH AVENUE in New York she had one of those small shops where the smaller the shop the dearer the commodity. There was her Christian name above the door, just "Peggy," and in the window were a woman's frock here, and a woman's hat there, and somewhere a sheaf of wheat, or a bunch of posies, or some gadget of that kind. Though the hat and frock were perfect, and most extraordinarily expensive, for customers Peggy never lacked. I am told there are women who would prefer to go around in a state of nudity to going in frocks and hats which were not Peggy's. I trust my informant exaggerates. Peggy was one of those Irish geniuses which crop up in warfare, in poetry, in politics, in pugilism, in bartending, in millinery, in what not. She had come to America at the age of ten, and now at the age of forty, which an optimist might take for thirty-two, she was revisiting the land of her birth.

She had set out to make a conquest of O'Connor Mellon, because, first, he was so woman-shy, and, second, because he was a figure about Dublin, a queer romantic figure. There was something so grotesque about him and yet so dignified. You might smile at O'Connor Mellon, but you would certainly never laugh.

Before he had met Mrs. Peggy O'Shaughnessy he had a penchant for the theater, and when opera would come to Dublin, or the more worthy sort of play, O'Connor Mellon would dress and go there, sitting very rigidly in the orchestra. The show over, he would drive slowly back to Rathfarnham in a four-wheeler. Music halls he eschewed and musical comedy.

But, now Mrs. Peggy O'Shaughnessy was here, he went everywhere she cared to go—to music halls and God knows what. He would call for her with a cab and a bouquet, and with the most charming of old courtesy treat her for the evening. As in this way: he loved his cigaret and a very small whisky and soda in the intermissions, but leave her side he would not for the while she was with him, because when a lady is under your protection in a public place you do not desert her for an instant. Such was our father's courtesy.

He loved her breeziness, her worldiness, her outright American way. She had been to Paris, to the Riviera, to the United Hunts meetings in America. Beside her in knowledge and experience he was a child. She had a downright way of looking at things.

"Mr. O'Connor Mellon," she said, "I've been told you're the last of the old royal strain of Ireland."

"The very last," he told her.

"If Home Rule comes, will you be King of Ireland?"

"No," he smiled, "I shall still be only Rory O'Connor Mellon."

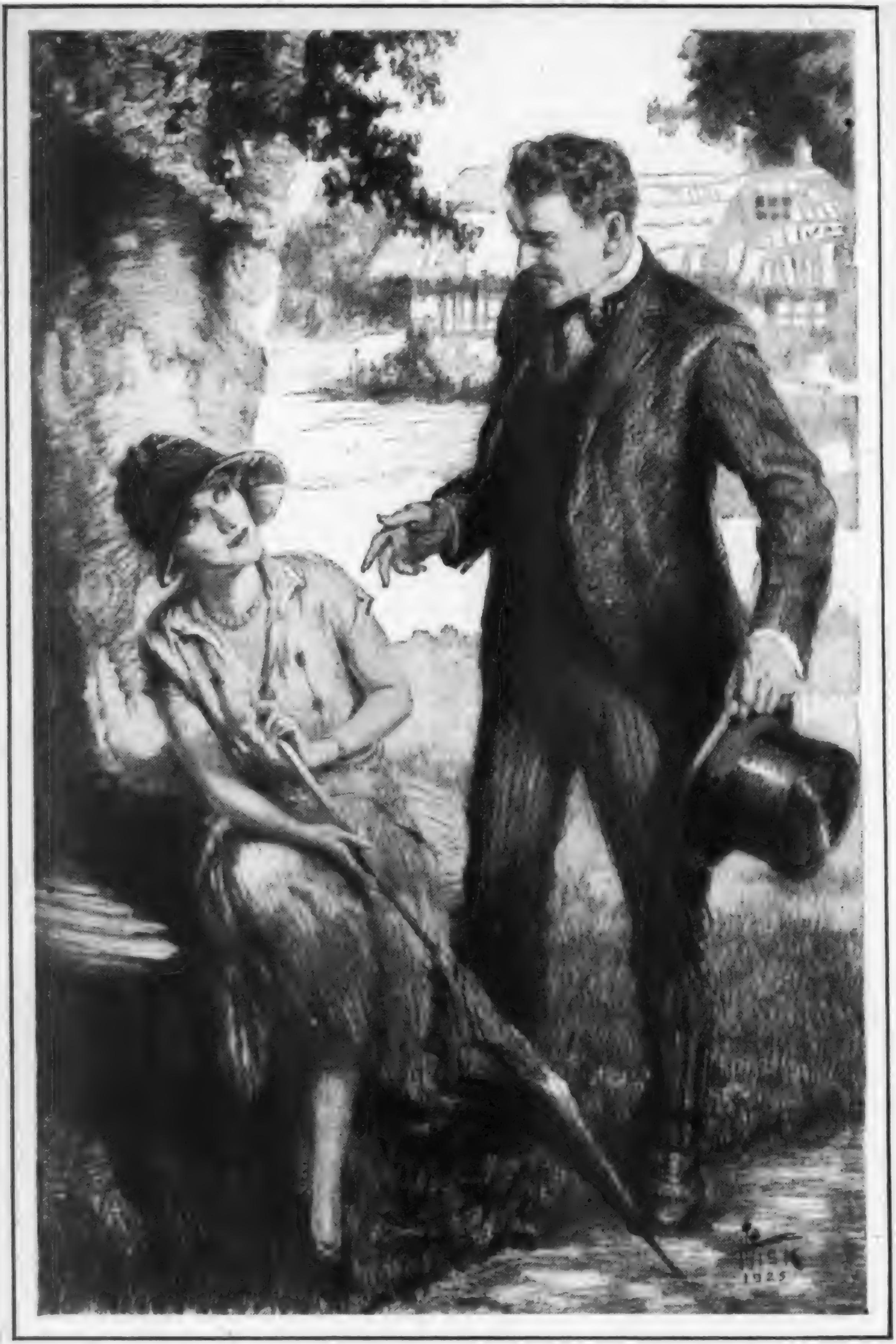
"Then," she asked, "what's the use of all this royal blood?"

And, damn it! if you look at it that way, what is?

She went up, with some of her friends, to have tea in that little cottage in Rathfarnham, and surely never in the annals of Irish royalty were so many pains taken, so little expense spared for the reception of a guest. Dublin had been ransacked for delicacies; friends' cellars for old wines. Strawberries had been wired across to Devonshire for, because she had said the first strawberries of the season were a great occasion to her. They were there for her, with cream of the Irish kine. And Primroses such as bloom on the slopes of Three-Rock for her!

All that dark, cool house, that mellow furniture, great fireplaces, and small shining windows, come to her heart and throat as lavender comes to the nostrils. The little garden outside, fresh with mountain rain and many flowers and below it the tinkling Dodder. The broad, high purple of Three-Rock—over its knees swept the green plains that went onward to the Curragh of Kildare. Peace on the heather of it, peace on the heights of it, peace on its knees. The droning of the honey-laden bees, the flight of swallows, the throaty cooings of the thieving wood pigeons. The proud iris on the river bank, and gray Dublin dreaming by the silver sea. Something in it all touched her heart. Not without trouble, not without disappointment, not without battle, does one become "Peggy" in Fifth Avenue.

"I could be very happy here," she said, and she winked a tear away, and then, like the brave sensible little woman she was, she put sentiment



"Sir Rory," she said, "I like you, but there is just one thing." "And that, Mrs. Peggy?" he asked her. "This horrible gambling," she told him.

aside. She had given it its deserved tribute. She got down quick to O'Connor Mellon's affairs. She had heard, she said, he was a baronet.

"Yes," he admitted without enthusiasm.

"You are Sir Rory O'Connor Mellon?"

"Well, yes."

"Why don't you call yourself that?"

He hummed and hawed. What's the use of being a baronet if you haven't enough money to baronet on?

"I'm going to call you Sir Rory," Mrs. Peggy O'Shaughnessy said, "and you're going to call me Mrs. Peggy.

"If you had a wife," she mused, "she would be Lady O'Connor Mellon, wouldn't she?"

"Yes, yes. Well, yes."

"A nice name," said Mrs. Peggy O'Shaughnessy.

She told him about her own business in New York. But she was quite modest about it. She gave a good deal of the credit to an employee of hers—a Mr. Cecil, no second name, just Mr. Cecil. Mr. Cecil was a chic young man, an English younger son, it was whispered, and absolutely the hairy ape when it came to hat making. No other milliner approached him. And to see him you would never suspect this genius of his. You would just take him for one of those sleek young men in evidence at dinner dances. O'Connor Mellon wasn't very much interested in him.

When she and her friends were gone, he thought over two of her sayings: that she could be happy there, with the peace of Three-Rock coming down on her like a blessing, and that Lady O'Connor Mellon was a nice name. He looked at himself in the glass, critically, appraisingly. The old housekeeper had come in to clear away the tables.

"Honor Foley," he addressed her, "would you think me, now, too old a fellow to be marrying a woman?"

She looked at him an instant. She rested her hands on her gaunt hips.

"So that's what's wrong with you?" she said slowly, crushingly.

Not another word did she utter. She went straight out of the room.

A CURIOUS thing, but from the instant he had seen, had fallen in love with Mrs. Peggy O'Shaughnessy, his luck left him. Not only that, but bad luck came and followed him, like a dog that attached itself to you, and that you don't want, and can't get rid of. Where before he had been receiving tributary checks from the bookmakers each Tuesday morning, he was now sending them. The difference between receiving two hundred dollars a week and disbursing two hundred dollars is exactly four hundred dollars a week. He wasn't a foolish amateur, he didn't go after his losses, plunging to make up. He went ahead in a serene, regal way, as though nothing were happening. But by the middle of May he was gasping. And Patsy Regan was purring like a cat.

"By jabers, but we've got the ould one on the run now for good," all the bookmakers chuckled. He had no mercy on them, and they'd have no mercy on him.

He was passing down Dodder banks one sun lit May morning when he met the Whisperer Murphy sitting by one of the weirs. The Whisperer was an aged, white-haired man with a blood shot eye, and a brown derby on the side of his head. He was a horse doctor of an irregular school, never having entered a veterinary college, but he had "the gift," as the Irish say, and many a veterinary surgeon sent for him when in a fix. He was of half gypsy blood and half mountainy Irish, and was always roaming. He was called the Whisperer because of the queer crooning way he talked to horses. A minute of his husky whispering, and a man eater would follow him out of the stable like a dog. The peasantry believed he had bargained his soul away to the devil for power over horses.

"Mr. Mellon," he called, "would you tell me something?"

O'Connor Mellon considered a moment. "I would," he said.

"Would you throw back your mind now and tell me?"

"I would," decided O'Connor Mellon.

"Did you ever hear of a Derby winner coming out of a fish dealer's shop?"

"I did not," said O'Connor Mellon.

"Would you think it possible, now?"

"I would not."

"Did you ever see lightning?"

"I did."

"I've seen a filly that's faster," said the Whisperer Murphy.

Little by little the story came out. Some English country gentleman had died, and the next of kin was a distant relative who kept a fishmonger's shop in Bristol. The deceased squire had left hardly anything when all was settled. But among the effects was a filly he had bought at Doncaster and made an engagement on behalf of for the Derby. The fishmonger had sold all the effects and kept the filly. He had a stable made for her back of the fishmonger's shop and a pal of his, who kept a saloon and had been an old jockey in his time, was training her.

"There's few as knows about it, and them as knows is laughing, but she'll win the Derby. She'll walk it."

"I can't believe it," said O'Connor Mellon.

"Would you tell me something, Mr. Mellon?"

"I would."

"Am I, or am I not, the Whisperer Murphy?"

It should have been enough for St. Thomas. It was enough for O'Connor Mellon.

"Will I be putting a matter of twenty pounds on this race for you, Whisperer?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Mellon," he said, "I have little use for money. A pint of porter when I'm thirsty and a good haystack to sleep in when I'm tired. I'm a roaming man, and 'twould be in the way, so. 'Tis a weakness of mine to do a favor for a gentleman," the Whisperer went on. "I'm for blood in horses and gentry in people. The real old Irish gentry, and that's yourself, Mr. Mellon, and maybe four or five others. Begad, they're the kings of the world."

"The world," said O'Connor Mellon, "seems to be an ignorant place."

HE TROTTED back to Rathfarnham, hardly able to contain himself. The job, the perfect job! He fumbled among papers, and at last found the runners and the betting at the London clubs. The Derby Stakes for three-year-olds, ten thousand seven hundred and forty-five pounds, one mile four furlongs. There was the favorite at fours, Pentagon. There were Fair Lassie, Straightaway, Stanford Pride, at tens. Came the notable outsiders at thirty-three to one, headed by Dick Donovan's beautiful bay gelding, Ulster Bachelor. A few at sixty to one, like Sir Mick Jameson's mare, Victory Boy. Where was this Blue Bell, anyway? Ah, others, a hundred to one! Rascality, Irish Piety, Blue Bell.

He looked her up in the entries—she wasn't in the form book. Mr. Arthur Balfour Williams's Blue Bell, by Roi Blew out of Songstress, trained by B. Evans. He had never heard of the owner, never heard of the trainer. The sire and dam were well known to him, great blood there. But there were accidents of blood in horses as well as in the best families. No wonder the filly was a hundred to one. A fishmonger's entry for the Derby. Why, you could write your own ticket.

In himself, and even outside of himself, forces were pushing him: "Go ahead, you've got it, the perfect job." Destiny caught him by the shoulder and shook him. "Man, here it is at last."

O'Connor Mellon smiled. He was thinking of Patsy Regan.

Only a week ago, he had been told, Regan was showing some friends about his new palatial house. Pictures everywhere but for one blank space on the wall. "And what is it you are going to put up there, Mr. Regan, sir? Is it a portrait of Parnell himself?"

"That," Regan announced solemnly, "is where I am going to nail up Rory O'Connor Mellon's skin."

If he were to go up to Regan and, pointing to this unknown Derby runner, ask for a thousand to three against, and buy three hundred pounds' worth, Regan would give it to him. Regan had been rolling in luck of late. Two great Irish sweepstakes had brought him in, it was said, nearly half a million pounds. And on the great fight on St. Patrick's night he had won a fabulous sum.

Regan's luck was in, Mellon thought, and his was known to be out. Regan would think he was splurging on an outsider on a hunch, and be glad to get the three hundred pounds.

Yes, Regan would lay him half a million dollars.

SEEING now that the Derby was only two days away, if he were going to put on his money, it should be this afternoon, or at least tomorrow morning, before any possible information could trickle into Regan's office. The Whisperer was usually drunk as a fish, but one could never be too careful. Three days from now, his old heart hoped, he would be in possession of a fortune. A little advertisement in the newspapers notifying the public of the assumption of his family honors, and he would be no longer Rory of the race track, but Sir Rory O'Connor Mellon, Baronet, and between the title and the odor of antique nobility, and the fortune of Regan's ransom, there would be few would remember the old punter of Baldoyle, so short are people's memories when prosperity comes. The old place in Meath once more built, and the small racing stable of colts and fillies of class—ah, the bonny animals!—and that hunter of Dominick Hooley's he could buy for a song; properly trained, there were great stakes in the same horse. Didn't he know him from frog to forehand?

This afternoon he would draw three hundred pounds from the bank and go down and draw Regan in his native den. But he couldn't this afternoon. He had an appointment in town with Mrs. Peggy O'Shaughnessy. Well, then, tomorrow morning.

At three o'clock he called for her to take her to the Hibernian, and he noticed, as she shook hands, a queer, warm, personal touch about her. She seemed to want to be closer to him. She was so handsome, such a fine woman, so splendidly correctly dressed, his heart throbbed a little with pride to see that all in the room were watching. The men with unconcealed admiration, the women with shrewd appreciation of her clothes. After tea they went into St. Stephen's Green, he more led by than going with her. They sat by the little lake. She seemed preoccupied. She had seemed preoccupied all afternoon. She drew figures in the gravel with the end of her sunshade.

"Sir Rory," she said suddenly, "are we good enough friends for me to say something disagreeable to you?"

"Why—why; yes, yes, Mrs. Peggy," he said.

"Are you sure, Sir Rory?" Her voice was very sincere.

"I'm very sure, Mrs. Peggy," he answered promptly.

"Sir Rory," she said, "I like you. I cannot tell you how much I like you. There is something in you that just—just gets me. You are such a fine man, so well bred, so chivalrous—"

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed embarrassedly.

"Yes, indeed, Sir Rory," she insisted. "I know men. But there is just the one thing," she added.

"And that?"

"This horrible gambling," she told him. He looked at her, not understanding.

"Sir Rory, it's a terrible, insidious vice."

He was inarticulate. To call betting on horses, in Ireland, a vice, is as strange as calling the golden Irish whisky, with its odor of heather and burnt turf, the drug alcohol.

"Please, Sir Rory, please. For a friend's sake, for my sake, couldn't you give it up? I lie awake nights thinking of it," she said.

He could find nothing to say.

"Couldn't you, Sir Rory? Won't you?"

She turned around to him and his heart all but broke. There were tears in her eyes. There were tears on her face.

"Why, yes," he said, "of course I could; I will. Please, Mrs. Peggy, for God's sake, don't cry, I will.'"

He leaned over and patted her hand clumsily, produced a great red silk handkerchief which he thrust to her clumsily.

"Dear Mrs. Peggy, of course I will give it up."

"You make me so happy," she said. "I can't tell you how happy you would make me."

"It is the best thing I can do," said O'Connor Mellon.

"Couldn't you find a position somewhere, Sir Rory?"

Of course he could. What are fishery commissions, Local Government Boards, curatorships of zoological gardens, art galleries, museums for? Dublin Castle for? Libraries for? What are these for if not to give ruined gentlefolk like O'Connor Mellon, and my Uncle Valentine, and their like shelter from the harshness of this most ungentle world?

"Because, Sir Rory, you can't win," she went on. "Mr. Cecil used to gamble for high stakes at bridge—a dollar a hundred points, and Mr. Cecil is a man of the world, not like you, Sir Rory—you are a child at heart, you know. I pointed out to him he couldn't win. How much less a chance is there in horse racing, where everything is crooked!"

There was a lot he could have told her, that one could win money gambling, seeing he had supported himself that way for years; that races weren't crooked; all his arguments foundered at the sight of her liquid, imploring eyes.

"There's just a little bet on the Derby," he faltered.

"No, no, Sir Rory!"

"It's not exactly gambling."

"Be a man, Sir Rory; put it aside."

"But—"

She turned away with a little hopeless gesture. Once more came the honest, sincere tears.

"I won't bet," said O'Connor Mellon.

SHE turned to him radiant. "Then on Derby Day," she said, "just to keep your mind off it, we'll go for a day away. We'll drive through Phœnix Park, and see the red deer, and go to the Strawberry Beds, and see old Lucan. Will you, Sir Rory?"

"It is you who make me happy."

They were both happy that afternoon. They wandered about like children, she happy with the consciousness of a good deed done, he happy to be with her. She ventured to tell him how distinguished, how commanding he would look —"Don't think me impertiment, Sir Rory"— if he requisitioned a good tailor and a barber who understood. If he could only see Mr. Cecil, he was so smart. A man should make as much of himself as a woman does of herself. Why not?

When he was at home that evening in Rathfarnham the wood pigeons were cooing their soft contralto call, bees humming like minute organs, the Dodder tinkled its little music, and the wind of Three-Rock moved the leafy trees to a gentle murmur. Everything was singing in the purple summer evening. And the concert was suddenly broken into by the faulty tenor of Rory O'Connor Mellon singing with immense sincerity that most insincere of song: "Believe me, if all—"

Only in Dublin city could this phenomenon be accomplished so rapidly, the emergence of the gayly clad prospective bridegroom from the drab chrysalis of the grub bachelor I shall tell you a deep national secret. When you have made a lot of money in Dublin by backing an outsider, or by less spectacular means, you hurry to a tailor and instruct him to dress you as befits your station and antecedents; and when a little later, before the clothes are delivered, the favorite loses in that extraordinary way favorites have of losing when you tie your shirt to their tails, or of the reputable business everything is lost but honor, you find it better not to go back for the ordered clothes, or indeed to say anything, for we have discovered this in Ireland, that hard words break an enormous quantity of bones, and the bones of tailors are brittle and expensive.

They fitted O'Connor Mellon out on the spot with a gray morning coat and gray vest, and a pair of striped trousers such as are worn at better-class weddings. A barber had trimmed his hair, and brought the beard to a point at which an Elizabethan courtier would wear it. A gray, soft felt hat gave him the appearance of an explorer. Gloves and spats, and that Malacca stick with a gold top, such as papa and mama present you with, suitably inscribed, when you dash heroically into three feet of water and rescue young Horatio from the briny deep.

All the grotesqueness was gone from him, all the eccentric quality of Dublin. He had always been a gentleman, but you had to look in his eyes to see that; now you recognized it at fifty yards. The well-groomed gray figure, the pathetic, noble face. Gone was Rory of the race track—you saw Sir Rory O'Connor Mellon, Baronet, of Ballymellon, in the County of Meath.

He was happy going to meet her in the motorcar he had hired for the day. Occasionally a twinge came to him, as he thought of Epsom Downs and the horses being saddled for the greatest racing event of the year. The tipsters selling tips and the gypsies selling racing cards, and the men who insult your intelligence by telling you you cannot pick the lady out of three cards, when right there in front of your eyes you can see where she is—and bookmakers bawling the odds. "What is it—the Fishdealer's 'orse? An 'undred to one! 'Ere, write your own ticket!"

Well, O'Connor Mellon thought, there was an imperfection about the perfect job. Sometimes it didn't come off. Whatever Regan would pay him would not be worth Peggy as a wife.

He thought: Well, we'll make the house a little bigger, and Sir Horace Plunkett and "T. P." and the boys would fix up a little place for him—they wouldn't see old O'Connor Mellon on the rocks. A nice respectable post in the Castle, maybe, or in the Local Government Board, or on some of the commissions. He'd like something to do with horses—wasn't there a Commission of Inquiry into the Possibility of Bettering the Army Horse? And the dignity and decent salary of that, and beloved Rathfarnham, and Mrs. Peggy—she would be Lady Peggy to the countryside. Damned if he wouldn't recover the baronetcy, money or no money!

And Regan could go to the devil, he and his hundred thousand pounds! What did you care for a hundred thousand pounds when you had discovered the Jewel of Ivory?

She was dressed, when he called for her, in a costume of white flannel, and a red blouse with queer Russian embroidery on it, and her white hat had red in it cunningly. The dark, merry, Irish eyes, the black Irish hair: you would have taken fifteen years off her age but for the pleasant substantiality of her figure. They rolled through the park, green with June. His own clothes brought forth delighted phrases from her.

"Never, never let me see you in that dreadful frock coat and dreadful silk hat again. Oh, I wish Mr. Cecil could see you!" she said.

They had lunch at a little hotel in Lucan, where they were received with that masonic understanding smile that a couple who are obviously courting seem to evoke everywhere. The waiter was so overcome with emotion that he had to have two stiff taggeens of whisky before he could bring himself to the sordid business of serving the salmon. By now they were walking the sleek three-year-olds in the paddock at Epsom. Fortunes were being laid and taken, but O'Connor Mellon had thought only for Mrs. Peggy's eyes. He might have been eating a crust in a pub instead of a decent lunch in the Spa at Luca, so little attention did he pay to it, such were her eyes.

When they wandered out to the river after lunch, his throat was dry, his heart was beating as it had never beat before. There was a funny little darting pain in his breast. The river was old and gentle, and went onward over its grassy weirs—it has seen so many loves, has Anna Liffey! The great hawthorn bushes rustled with the little wind, and showers of small white petals fluttered to the long green grass. All the soft somnolence of an Irish afternoon. A kingfisher skimmed the river lazily, and lazily droned the bees. And lazily a trout leaped for a fluttering fly, and lazily a stoat watched it, and didn't bother to go after it—there were so many trout. Peace and somnolence, a flowing river and green grass, and the benevolent sun of an Irish afternoon.

AFAR off on Epsom Downs was mad excitement, as the horses turned Tattenham corner for the flash home, while roars came from the throats of the kings, peers, and commons of England, and the brown mass swept forward, jockeys with silken jackets, horses with silken coats. Eh, so far away, of so little consequence in the golden Irish afternoon.

There fell between O'Connor Mellon and Mrs. Peggy O'Shaughnessy one of those distressing silences that occur before important things are said. She was troubled, watching the river. He was troubled, finding words.

"Mrs. Peggy," he said, "you mentioned you liked the place at Rathfarnham."

"Yes, Sir Rory." Her brows were frowning; she was troubled.

"And you liked the name, Lady O'Connor Mellon."

"Please, Sir Rory, please." She was distressed. She was red in the face. Ashamed.

"Mrs. Peggy," he went on, "would you do my poor house, and my poor honors, and my poor self the compliment of taking us?"

[*Continued on page 177*]

Steering Marriage for the Rocks

Trials and tribulations of married people of both sexes swell the daily mail of an "agony column" conductor. From their grievances, protests and confessions she concludes that most marital discord has its root in one common fault.

by "The Chaperon"

FOR some years now I have been the chaperon of the Kansas City *Star*. This means I've been pilot of a glorified "agony column." People from all over the country bring their tribulations to me by mail largely because, I suppose, they can pour out their hearts to an impersonal "ear," get their troubles off their chests, without having to see the confessor — which somehow seems a big thing to them.

Of course, a large number of confidences have to do with marital discord. Like the poor, we seem to have it with us always. And naturally, after reading letter after letter of disillusionment, discontent, disappointment and heartbreak, I've arrived at several conclusions about the troubles of married people. By married people I mean the simple folk who honestly love each other, or think they do, marry because they do, and who really want to live together until death parts them.

Foremost among these conclusions is the belief that one great cause of married unhappiness is the strange refusal of human beings, male and female, but particularly the latter, to take people just as they are, to be happy with them as they find them. It seems to me that a tolerant acceptance of people and the cultivating of contentment with them "as is" would go far toward solving the difficulties that beset married couples, at least in the beginning. Yet this simple thing seems to be the one thing neither husbands nor wives are willing to do. With amazing tenacity they cling to the desire to make a mate over more to their own liking and ideas even if they die in the attempt. They will face the fact that seasons and elements are things impossible to interfere with, adjust or change. They will make their lives fit this unalterable fact. They make concessions to it and bend themselves to suit it, instead of vainly trying to suit it to them. But when it comes to fundamental human nature, they simply balk. They insist on believing they can always improve on what is in their keeping.

"THE CHAPERON" of the Kansas City *Star* is, as you see, a very real person, whose daily task it is to listen to other people's troubles. She prefers to remain anonymous to the thousands of correspondents all over the country who know her as an impersonal but helpful counselor.

"Dear Chaperon," writes a young Texas woman, voicing a universal cry, "I am a young bride, 20 years old. My heart's breaking. When I married nearly a year ago, I was sure I'd found my ideal man and I was very happy. But slowly in the months since, it's dawned on me I was mistaken. He's nothing I thought him, and I seem powerless to change it. What shall I do?"

It never has occurred to her to accept the only sensible way out, apparently. It seldom does.

"Ideals" With Large Clay Feet

I SUPPOSE it's natural for all of us to have "ideals" concerning life partners, and a pretty well-defined notion about what must be. But unfortunately, these "ideals" are most real at the dreamy, impressionable, marriageable age when we subconsciously grope to fill that mental bill, willy-nilly. At that time old Mother Nature is most likely to get in league with Romance and befuddle us for her own purposes about the truth of what we behold. She can make black very white, in our judging of human beings we meet, take a fancy to and think we want as ours—in spite of the large, quite evident, eminently natural clay feet we disregard. It is because the urge is on us and we are mate lonely, hunting somebody, pathetically, to be this cherished "ideal." We meet someone who appeals to us. We immediately throw a glamour around one we know nothing about, perhaps. It's entirely our own doing. We decorate him with garlands of that "ideal" of ours, and build such a superstructure of nobilities and finesses around him that he, himself, is barely visible to us.

Back of it all he probably goes right on being his honest self, unaware of the decorations for which we are solely responsible. But that makes them none the less real to us, makes him none the less hard to really see. Possibly he does not possess, and never has, a single thing we think we see in him, but we like to fool ourselves deliberately, though perhaps unknowingly, and then blandly shunt the blame off on him when we wake up. Yet, surely he's not really responsible if we find out later on that he isn't what we thought him.

"Dear Chaperon," writes someone from Billings, Montana. "I am face to face with the humiliating fact that my marriage is about to be a failure, in spite of all the effort I've put into making it a success. I've been married a little over two years. We had a wonderful romance. When I married him, my husband was my ideal of all I thought a man should be and he knew it. He believed I was his ideal and we both strove to be what the other thought. For some time after marriage we were happy and he remained my ideal. But slowly he seems to be becoming a different person. Sometimes I feel like I had married a total stranger. Certainly the man today has nothing to do with the man I married. And the worst of it is he accuses me of being the one who has changed. We aren't getting along at all. Can you account for the change in him and advise me how to help him be what he once was?"

Of course I can account for it, but I can't help out much. Evidently this is the case of a man who knew he was decorated with idealistic garlands and, seeing himself dressed up, doubtless thought he was a pretty fine sort of person. Perhaps almost unknowingly, he tried to live up to his trappings because it pleased his vanity to have such things thought of him. Doubtless, also, he himself beglamoured the girl who thought them. Engagement ensued with many raptures over Fate's kindness in bringing two such "ideals" together so marvelously. But after marriage what happened? Manifestly, both having assumed spurious, unreal characters, couldn't continue it indefinitely—perhaps fortunately. Probably both attempted to keep up the farce a while, but finally the reaction set in with him, and she hadn't faced the simple fact that he was none the less a man, simply because he was being just himself. She insisted on his continuing to be her "ideal," a thing which he couldn't do. Hence her panic and disappointment. And doubtless, even while she was writing me, he too was in the throes of awakening concerning his "ideal" of her.

What a lot she and her sisters and brothers would save themselves by just facing the fact that frequently these "ideals" are absurd in the extreme, anyhow. They are impractical, purely romantic, impossible persons, in the first place, persons with whom we would be deadly bored in half a day if they could really come true. No human being could possibly measure up to such "ideals" indefinitely. He wouldn't want to if he could. If folks would just face this, they would not be so desolated when the fine attributes of their "ideals" proved temporary. They would realize that human nature simply isn't built that way. Nobody can live in a character seventh-heaven constantly, any more than one could stay dressed up in one's best clothes day and night and be perfectly contented and comfortable. People simply give out presently, or get bored, restless, and unhappy. Then things begin to happen that sometimes end disastrously.

Another phase of the problem is expressed in letters like this one from Alabama, which come to me by the dozen:

"Dear Chaperon: I've been married nearly five years and I think I'm about through. I'm so unhappy I don't know which way to turn. From being the most cleanly, courteous gentleman, my husband has become, in the few years of our married life, the most careless, abusive and really downright slovenly person I ever saw. And the worst of it is he'll make no effort to better things, but seems to take a special delight nowadays in doing things he knows I hate to have him do. My life is becoming unbearable and miserable and if I can't find some way to reform him without making him so cruelly angry with me and pushing him so far the other way, I don't think I can stand it any longer. I don't know what I'd do if I left, for I still love him and besides, I couldn't bear the humiliation of telling my folks how he has turned out and just what he is like, for they bitterly opposed my marriage."

Poor bewildered soul! And poor, badgered, cross-grained husband, goaded into doing his very worst, doubtless. One can just trace the self-imposed misery of those five years. Doubtless, she, too, was sure she'd found that queer specimen, the "ideal" husband. After she married him, she began to see what should doubtless have been plainly evident beforehand, if she had not blinded herself. She realized she had been mistaken and probably protested, at first tactfully, then vigorously. Ten to one, immediately after marriage, she began frantically remaking the man she had fooled herself about, ruthlessly uprooting the objectionable things. Her determined effort was to make him what she had thought him instead of bending herself to a compromise and letting him be himself. Evidently it was partly to save her own face with friends and relatives, to whom she had no doubt boasted about the perfections of her "ideal," and partly to save it to herself. Probably she had a sneaking notion all along that he wasn't quite all she had insisted he was. Her attitude now had become that of the person who has insisted on making a mistake and is going to rectify it as quickly as possible before anybody finds it out or has a chance to say "I told you so." Pride, you see. That's all. And when she saw herself failing she thought it was marriage that was failing. Marriage and her husband were the same that they had always been. She was the one out of step.

Don't think that women have the monopoly on letters like this. They do not. Young husbands are just as bad as young wives. They write almost as many complaining letters as women do. Not long ago a young man from a small Missouri city poured out eighteen pages of grievance. Boiled down, his letter ran something like this:

"Dear Chaperon: A couple of years ago I married the daughter of the local banker. Her father is well-to-do. I had nothing but my salary when I married her. Although she was an only child and used to having everything showered on her, she seemed the sweetest, smartest of girls and quite willing to help me make my fortune from the ground up when we married. We started out in a little bungalow, the wedding gift of her father. I have slowly prospered, so now I can give her at least most of the comforts of life, but I must say it's been in spite of her. For I've never been able to give her enough since our wedding day.

"She's always been discontented and indifferent. She wants a fine home, fine clothes and to be on the go all the time. That's all she's interested in. She's never been willing to see that I can't give her all her father always did. Instead of being a true helpmate she has fallen down completely. She hates housework and homemaking; she won't have children and has become an utterly changed, spoiled and selfish person since we married. We are beginning to quarrel awfully. And I'm so unhappy in my home life, and so disappointed in the girl I thought was going to mean so much to me, that I could blow my brains out. What am I to do. I have a husk of a wife, a husk of a home and a husk of a life."

Pestering "Sweetie" Into a Hag

NO DOUBT he really thinks she became spoiled and lazy and selfish and squandering *after she married him*. Of course she was really that way when he first met her, only he was too love beglamoured to see it. He selected this impossible, impractical "ideal" girl for his wife, and afterward began to suspect that something was fundamentally wrong with her. Then, instead of trying to accommodate himself to her and find happiness on a common ground, he doubtless frantically and grimly tried to tear out deeply imbedded life-habits and make her into the woman he wanted and thought he was getting. Such a process was bound to harden her into reckless rebellion. After all she was the same woman she had always been and she probably did not want to be changed. Doubtless if he had let her pursue her old way unpestered, he would still have found her as charming and bewitching as she was when he first met her. At any rate she would have tried to be. The ironical and pitiful thing about all situations of this sort is that both husbands and wives go to all this fruitless trouble of revamping because they really like each other in the main. Yet they never seem to realize that taking that trouble is merely flirting with disaster.

"Dear Chaperon," writes a mother of three. "What would you do with a slouchy, grouchy husband? I think he loves me as much as ever, though he's long ceased to tell me so, and I suppose I still love him. And yet he is no more like the man I married than day is like night. We were happy only a very short time. Almost immediately after we married he began to go down hill shamefully and something seemed to have gone wrong. By now he takes no pride at all in his personal appearance, doesn't even try to be likable, growls about everything, swears outrageously, is never pleased about anything any more. It's about to drive me crazy. What can I do to make him realize he's killing my love for him? I've tried talking to him many times and it does no good. Is it that he's always been this way and being wildly in love with me changed him temporarily, or am I to blame or what?"

How to Handle a Grouch

SHE probably is to blame, though not in the way she thinks. She has probably been a good wife to this precious piece of humanity who was always a grouch and hid it—and she let him—while he was winning her into marrying him. At this late day she is dimly sensing the truth. She is recognizing that as the barriers go down before the intimacies of married life, men and women simply relax and become their real selves, more and more, whatever that may be. They get settled down to normal again. They may love each other just as much, may be just as anxious to please, just as eager to make a good appearance before the other as at first, but slowly they get back to earth. They slip into the comfortable, loose garment of old-time habits again. They put the old, scuffed shoes of custom back on their clay feet and sit down to rest in the easy chair of established ways they have known during the years before marriage. There is nothing else for them to do. Anything else would be bucking nature which demands they be themselves again now that they are back to their own lives, in their own homes, where they can rest from the travesty hectic love has made them seem to be, each for the sake of the other's approval.

Right here is where common-sense acceptance of the inevitable in people ought to come in and doesn't. Frequently, this everyday self, if unmolested, isn't such an awfully bad self after all, though it may have been in this case. Though far from the "ideal" it may even be a very fine, lovable, harmless, cheery, easy-to-get-along-with self if left to its own devices, however stupid. But because it is different, because it is not part of the "ideal," because it asserts itself and insists on being itself and can't go on being something it never was in the first place, discord develops, usually through criticism, nagging, and accusations. The period of adjustment every married life must know does not mean the tearing up of personalities each by the other, personalities as inborn and personal as physical attributes. It does not mean people adjusting themselves to fit the "ideal" man or woman in the mind of the other, either. It simply means *adjusting themselves*—their own foolish, self-misled, romantic selves to the man or woman they married. It is the realization that this man or woman is already an adult, is already molded into more or less permanent form and already has fixed habits and a perfect right to them—a right no other human being has any business interfering with or upsetting.

This letter from a youngster somewhere in Kentucky sounds a universal wail, too. He and his wife are both very young. They have been married a little more than a year after a hasty courtship. He says anxiously and naïvely:

"My wife and I fight all the time. What's the matter with us? We used to fight when we were engaged but we were crazy about each other and it didn't matter. We were happy when we first married. We hardly ever say a civil word to each other any more. And it seems as if she can't please me and I can't please her, no matter what we do. Sometimes I'm puzzled how we fell in love and why we married. It looks as if we ought to be able to find something nice in each other like we used to. But we don't. We do nothing but argue and fight about things we never used to notice, though we still care for each other."

A frank, blunt admission that these two are simply going through the painful period which usually follows the first rude awakening to the presence of clay feet and quite ordinary failings and qualities. Sometimes, if there's common sense enough, both of them will pull up short and try to find a way out that will not smash a home or wreck a love, as the rest of this chap's letter showed he was doing. But sometimes they don't, unfortunately. Or sometimes they go on bickering as long as there is life in the dissatisfied one. All of which need never have happened at all, if an ideal had not been hugged so tight it became a menace. The determination to make each other fit a mold was what spoiled all chances of happiness because of the wrangling it caused.

From the little beginnings of small disillusionment discontent is born. Then come nagging, fault-finding, criticism, unkind ridicule, all the things that bring out the worst side of people, all the things which make them revolutionary, rebellious, stubborn, cruel and quarrelsome. One of two things is bound to eventuate. Either utter revolt against constant interference in personal matters and a general smash-up, or a final and reluctant, submissive upheaval of all old ways, all old viewpoints, beliefs and everything else. It all depends on how good-natured and patient the "faller-short" is and how ruthlessly determined the reconstructor may be.

Two letters before me show conclusively what can happen in either instance. One says breathlessly:

"Dear Chaperon: I've just done a dreadful thing. I've just left my husband and broken up my home. I've done it deliberately after six years of carping and fault-finding by my husband. I loved him desperately and tried hard to please him, but couldn't. My cooking

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Life Saver to Crippled Shows

THE world's champion understudy, at least from the point of view of American theatrical managers, is Charlotte Learn of Chicago. She has saved thirteen plays from closing. This has all happened within the space of three seasons, when various actresses were taken suddenly ill or for some other reason were unable to continue in their parts. She has in fact played in more Chicago successes than any other actress in the world.

At times she has understudied rôles in three plays at once. During the epidemic of mystery plays several years ago she played three parts in "The Bat," one part in "The Cat and the Canary" and another in "The Nightcap."

When Francine Larrimore was taken suddenly ill in the midst of her long Chicago run in "Scandal," Miss Learn stepped in on short notice and, as a Chicago newspaper critic put it, "filled Miss Larrimore's dainty slippers so prettily no one knew they were not made for her."

She saved "East Is West" from closing when she played Fay Bainter's famous rôle, and with only a few hours' notice she substituted for the leading lady in "Getting Gertie's Garter," when that hilarious farce was threatened with closing until a less versatile actress could plod through rehearsals.

Miss Learn has played in every first-class theater in Chicago—in some of them times without number. As this is being written she is playing the bashful minister's wife in "Charm." In spite of many offers to go on the road or to play in New York, Miss Learn steadfastly refuses to leave Chicago.

Recently I asked her to tell me how it happened that she has preferred to remain in Chicago and monopolize the understudy business rather than accept some of the attractive permanent engagements which have been offered her from time to time.

"It all came about because I fell in love twice," laughed Miss Learn. "People tell you that you simply can't have two 'loves' at the same time. But I have, and I've been true to both of them."

"What!" I blurted out, amazed at such frankness.

"Oh, you mustn't get excited," she beamed at me. "One is the theater and the other is my husband. You see I have been on the stage since I was only four years old. At that tender age I played kid parts for David Griffith back in the days before he deserted the 'speakies' for the movies. And I've loved the stage from the date of my first appearance. But then I also fell in love with a man named J. J. Garrity. Being general western manager for the Shuberts he had probably seen many marriages wrecked because one of the parties left home to go on the road. So when we were ready to sign a contract to play a lifelong engagement together on the stage of real life, he insisted on a clause in our contract which stipulated that I was not to appear in any theater outside of Chicago. And I have kept that promise to the letter.

"I have been true to two loves at the same time," says Charlotte Learn of Chicago, "my husband and the theater."

"But I have also remained true to my first love. Excepting the times when my two children have needed my constant attention I have been busy right here in Chicago."

There are from five to twelve dramatic attractions constantly on view in Chicago during the theatrical season and no matter what happens the "show must go on." Now, theatrically speaking, Chicago is not an ideal place to pick up a first-class actor or actress on short notice. First-class productions are not as a rule organized in the Windy City by the lake, no matter

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World's Champion Candy Eater

JOHN HAUPT has eaten a pound of candy a day for fifty years. Yet at the age of seventy-two he has never read a diet list. The desirability of living upon orange-juice, skimmed milk, or lamb chop and pineapple does not occur to him. For he has not consumed 292,800 ounces of chocolates and bonbons during half a century to satisfy his own sweet tooth. That has been part of his work in originating more than four thousand candy recipes for folks all over the globe.

One day in 1875 John S. Huyler and John Haupt, two ambitious young men of twenty-one, rented one-half of a haberdashery store in a wooden shanty on lower Broadway. Their capital consisted of one red shade for the front window, an open iron kettle, and several barrels of pure molasses. And it was their intention to start a candy store. Young Huyler's father had a bakery shop around the corner. Four generations of confectioner ancestors had given the boyish Haupt some knowledge of sweets.

Every man, woman and child will eat candy that is fresh every hour. At least so John Haupt decided. On his first day in business he tied a big white apron around his waist and carried the iron kettle full of hot butter and molasses to the front window. There, with sleeves rolled to the elbow, he proceeded to pull taffy into creamy whiteness before the eyes and under the very noses of the passers-by.

It wasn't long before the police heard of the new candy store. In fact, a special cordon of blue-coated officers had to be called in to handle the crowds which congregated on the street. John Haupt was the first man in New York to make candy in the window. Sometimes as many as eight hundred pounds of molasses taffy a day were sold in the little store with the red window shade.

In the years that have passed since that day the stores of John Huyler have come to number more than sixty. But now, as then, John Haupt is originating recipes for fudges and nougats to be turned out in the factory of his old partner, now dead. His card index contains many thousands. During the last ten years his rôle has been less active. Yet even today at the age of seventy-two he makes a tour of the factory several times a week. Last summer on Wednesday evenings he gave weekly radio talks from the New York station of WEAF on candy making.

One day this fall Mr. Haupt, at his home in Newark, described his life and his interesting experiences in appealing to the sweet tooth of the human race.

He has not eaten 292,800 ounces of chocolates and bonbons in fifty years just for fun. John Haupt is a creator of delicious candies.

"I was born in Canada," he said. "Four generations of confectioners had preceded me. My father, grandfather, great grandfather, and great-great-grandfather were all candy makers. At the age of five my parents brought me to New York. I have lived there ever since."

"What is the most popular candy you have ever made?" I asked Mr. Haupt.

"Old-fashioned molasses candy is just as popular today as it was fifty years ago when I was a young man," the candy wizard replied. "At first it was really a society fad. Then there were no automobiles. But the smart set in victorias or coupes drawn by prancing thoroughbreds would drive up to our store on lower Broadway. The women wore voluminous skirts and carried tiny sunshades. They would send their footmen in every afternoon for one or two boxes of molasses candy.

"Our second store was opened in Long

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His Igloos Never Melt

FAMILIES of ferocious looking polar bears are marshaled on cakes of Arctic ice by a quiet dignified little man who is the veteran of two polar expeditions with Admiral Peary. He is Albert Operti, artist for the American Museum of Natural History. The polar bears he handles so expertly these days do not happen to be alive, though he has had experiences with live ones in the past. Perhaps that is the reason he is expert at mounting these beasts now and in arranging them on cakes of artificial Arctic ice of his own invention. It is from real life, too, that he gets the knowledge which guides him in his remarkable paintings of Eskimos and dog teams on huge canvases. Two of his paintings hang in the Capitol at Washington, another in the Explorers' Club in New York, and another in the headquarters of the American Geographical Society.

Equally talented in reproducing the habitat and scenic background of Indians or Africans or any other aboriginal people, Mr. Operti's most supreme enthusiasm unquestionably is in recreating the Arctic world. This wiry little man's quiet manner takes on intensity and fervor whenever the Far North is mentioned. On a great map that hangs in one of the halls he carefully traces out the course of every expedition to the Arctic. For years he was historical artist of various famous polar expeditions, depicting their explorations and struggles. And in some of them he took part himself.

He started at sea when he was twelve years old as a cadet in the British Navy. "East of Suez," he went with the old Pacific and Oriental lines, Kipling's famous "P. & O.," down through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean. While other boys were reading "Midshipman Easy" behind their high school text books or studying Mahan's "Influence of Sea Power" in college, young Cadet Operti was living those books on the Seven Seas and studying seamanship from navigation to gunnery.

"One must enter the British Navy as a boy, must grow up with the Service," explained the artist. He had entered the Naval School at Portsmouth when he was twelve years old. But as you might suspect from his name, he had already traveled some distance to England. Albert Jasper Ludwig Roccabigliera Operti was born in Turin, Italy, in 1852, and it was when he was two years old that his father and mother moved to London. He entered the Navy because from his earliest childhood one of his two major passions was the sea. He had read everything he could get hold of concerning ships and sailors. His other passion was drawing and painting, but for several years the sea won.

Since leaving the sea for art, Albert Operti has brought the Arctic to us in famous paintings like this well-known polar scene.

After four years at sea with the British naval marine service, however, young Operti found that the call of the avocation to which he turned in his spare time—drawing and painting—was stronger even than the call of the sea. This was not strange, for the Opertis had always had a strong leaning to the arts. His father, Giuseppi Operti, pianist to Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, had come to England as bandmaster of the Eleventh Hussars, the famous "Light Brigade" of Balaclava, and was now musical director of the Italian Opera Company in London.

So when Cadet Operti completed his naval training at eighteen, instead of accepting promotion to the next rank, he resigned and entered the Glasgow Institute of Art. From 1870 on the young man studied scenic, fresco, and

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$100,000 From A Basket

SHE was packing an assortment of perfume and toilet-water bottles in a basket when the idea first occurred to the little St. Louis widow who was starting in to earn a living. Baskets were such common things. No doubt the goods would sell all right, but—she shook her head disapprovingly—what a basket! Suddenly she hesitated. "I paint a china vase," said Roselynd Cook to herself. "Why not a wicker basket? But who ever heard of painting a basket?"

Nevertheless, as her idea developed, she began to gather together the materials she desired and almost before she knew it the thing had taken shape before her. Within the attractive little holder of tinted wicker with its ribbon and filmy veil she placed her bottles, and the thing was done. It was set inconspicuously in the midst of a display of toilet goods, but it sold immediately.

That was seven years ago. Since that first polychrome wicker piece the artist has designed thousands of remarkable baskets. The demand long ago began to exceed any Yuletide output and she has been compelled to include other holidays besides Christmas. From holidays the work has drifted into an all-the-year proposition, and built up for the widow left alone in the world, a $100,000 business.

Mrs. Cook has no store, warehouse, or manufacturing plant in the commonly accepted meaning of the term. She never advertises. She is unknown in a commercial way. Her studio is in her own home, an old St. Louis mansion at Grand and Delmar Avenues. Instead of having a vast commercial establishment with a host of workers she has a few genuine artists. Incidentally not a man figures in the work of this unusual industry. Furthermore these women are all married—homemakers. They call for the materials and do the work in their own homes. They are reliant, steady, quick, and are paid when they finish the piece.

The finished article is disposed of in a unique way. In the three largest department stores in St. Louis and Western cities she has sections in which her wares are displayed, with a trusted saleswoman in full charge. In New York there are brokers who handle her goods on a large scale and place them in the stores in the same way. Then there are the wholesale millinery houses where thousands of buyers and trimmers, all with a keen eye for chic fads, spend a few weeks preparing for the rush seasons.

Roselynd Cook of St. Louis designs thousands of these polychrome wicker baskets and has built up a nation-wide business.

In hundreds of the smaller towns, baskets and wall pockets, boudoir lamps and trays, are used exclusively as prizes for bridge parties; in others it has now become the custom to decorate clubrooms with the rose electrolier. In the large lodges, such as the Eastern Star, a custom, growing stronger each year, is to present the outgoing officers with a huge basket of Roselynd roses. These are wired and an electric light bulb is hidden in the center of each rose. Instead of the old-fashioned basket of natural flowers, which wilt so quickly, these can be kept for years and used as a floor lamp.

Instead of spending her efforts on the commercial end of the business Mrs. Cook tries to conserve her own time as much as possible for originating new designs and novelties. An experienced assistant is sent abroad each year for new ideas. Although the color and pattern may be in an oriental rug, in a scene on a piece of Japanese silk, on a Ming vase, in a piece of Gobelin tapestry, she will change, reconstruct and redecorate to a twentieth

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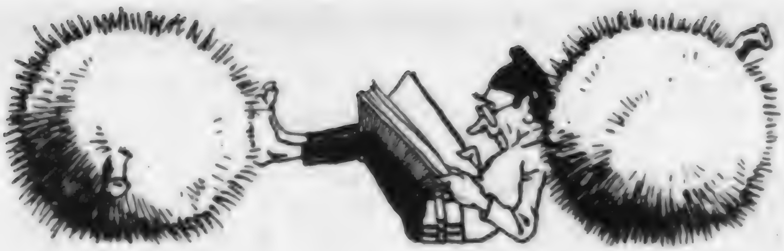


Everybody's Chestnut Tree

Editor's Note: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

Had No Time Table

The Kansas City lawyer, whose office was on the tenth floor of the skyscraper, was expecting a client from the country. The door opened and the client entered, puffing violently. "Some walk up those ten flights," he gasped.

"Why didn't you ride up on the elevator?" asked the lawyer.

"I meant to, but gol darn it, I just missed the blamed thing!" was the answer.

Going a Bit Too Far

He was a Yankee sea captain, a sea-going skipper he was. Because of the difficulties connected with hunting whale in the frozen north he'd taken up rum running from old Scotland. In order to insure a better margin of profit it was his practice to load up his schooner with smuggled whisky off the Scottish coast.

The captain was buying his contraband from an old, and apparently hard boiled, Scot. It was Sunday morning and the work of loading liquor on the schooner was going forward busily. Case after case, securely wrapped in gunny sacks, went up the schooner's side from the fishing smack.

A few more cases and the load would be finished. The Yankee captain at peace with all the world gaily started to whistle some jazz tune. Suddenly the Scotch rum runner and his aides cast off from the schooner and started hoisting sail.

"Hey, Sandy, ye're not unloaded yet, are you? What's the trouble?" yelled the captain in surprise.

"Naething, naething," the sturdy Scotchman shouted back to him angrily, "only I'll hae na dealings wi' a mon that whustles on the holy Sabbath."

Not These Days

A judge, not having enough evidence to convict a negro of stealing a watch, said, "Rastus, you are acquitted."

Rastus—Ah's what?

Judge—You are acquitted.

Rastus—Does dat mean dat Ah heve tuh give de watch back?

Too Heavy a Diet

An irascible old man came home to find that his wife had cooked some alleged dumplings for dinner. She was a poor cook, and she had done her worst. The dumplings were uneatable. They were as heavy as the burden of guilt on a murderer's conscience.

"Call these dumplings?" roared the irate husband. "Want to choke me with metal doorknobs so you can draw my insurance money?" And he hurled the weighty missiles through the window. The couple kept ducks on the back premises, and the fall of the dumplings on the hard ground shattering them, the ducks gobbled up the fragments.

Five minutes later, a timid knock was heard at the door, and a pale-faced urchin, awed by the strange tale of disaster he had to tell, thrust in his head and gasped, "Missus, yer ducks has sunk."

Better at Big Game

Buffalo Bill was entertaining a shooting party at his ranch at one time. Among the guests was a French count, and when the day's sport ended Bill went up to him and asked how he had made out.

"Of ze birds I 'ave none," said the count. "Zey are too difficile. But of ze wild cows and calves, I 'ave nine ovair ze 'ill."

Fishing

One day about noon Mr. Jones called up a friend and said:

"I understand that Brown was at your house last night and not in A-1 condition."

"You heard right," admitted the friend. "He was here, and very much intoxicated."

"Terrible, terrible," ejaculated Jones. "By the way, was I there, too?"

Hilda's Alibi

Mrs. Spender had just engaged a new cook. The kitchen artist—her name was Hilda—was not uncomely to the eye, and consequently Mrs. Spender feared for the hearts of the local guardians of the law.

"Now, remember," she said to Hilda, "my last cook had to leave because of her flirtations. I don't want you to have any men in the kitchen."

Hilda readily consented to this arrangement. A few hours later Mrs. Spender passed through the culinary department on a tour of inspection.

She opened the door of a large cupboard. It was full of a very large and very sheepish policeman. She turned an accusing eye on the cook.

"Hilda," she said, "what's this?"

"By yiminy, Aye dunno," promptly replied Hilda. "Aye skoll tank he bane left there by last cook."

A Modern Solomon

The rural judge told the young couple he would have to fine them for speeding. They admitted they were going at a pretty smart clip, but told him they had only five dollars, that they had come to be married, and that was to be his fee. He considered this and then handed down his decision:

"In that case I'll marry you and take the five dollars. The speeding case I'll continue for six months. If you can't pay the fine, I'll give you a jail sentence. By that time you won't mind it."

Off the Reservation

They were telling a yarn in the white light belt about a small-time booking agent who heard of an all-Indian jazz band recently arrived in New York. He taxied to a Brooklyn theater and went backstage to the manager of the act.

"Are all of you really Indians?" he asked. "If you are, I think I can arrange a long route. You are really Indians, hey?"

"Vat vould be the use of kiddin' mit you?" replied the leader. "Ve are all fool-blodt."

A Slight Overestimation

In the early days of the World War the officer in charge of a British post, deep in the heart of Africa, received a wireless message from his chief:

"War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

A few days later the chief received this communication:

"Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, four Spaniards, five Frenchmen, a couple of Swedes, an Austrian and an American. Please inform me whom we are at war with."

Only One Riot

One of the toughest towns in the Southwest was in the throes of a first-class race riot. Even the mayor grew nervous and wired the governor of the state for armed assistance. When the train which was to bring the soldiers pulled into town there were several fires roaring near the station, a fusillade of shots going, and the hoarse growl of a maddened mob could be distinctly heard in the distance. A big man wearing a six-gun and carrying a sawed-off shotgun cat-stepped off the train. He was Bill McDonald, the famous Texas sheriff. "How many men have you?" asked the nervous mayor.

"How many what?" said Bill. "There ain't no one but me. You ain't got but one riot, have you?"

Grounds for Complaint

George is cook in a small restaurant. Early one morning a knock came at the rear entrance. Turning, George beheld a hard looking individual framed in the doorway.

"What do *you* want?" George demanded.

"Can I have the garbage every day?" inquired the visitor.

"Sure," answered George cordially. "Glad to get rid of it."

A week later the ill-favored one again tapped on the door and slid a bottle from beneath his coat.

"Little present fr'm the garbage," he growled. "Needn't be afraid of it. I made it myself an' it's good."

It is George's one weakness, and after sampling, he agreed with the maker. Inwardly he decided that the garbage man was a pretty good fellow, despite his looks.

On the following week the grateful one gave George another bottle—also the shock of his life.

"Say, chef," he remarked plaintively, "I wish you'd quit puttin' the coffee grounds in with the rest of the garbage. Keep 'em separate. Them coffee-grounds hurts the flavor of the moonshine!"

The Padre's Colt

[*Continued from page 33*]

of the mob, comments at his side, all told their tale. Not a soul here, bar the combatants and himself and another, knew it was a rig. None suspected it, none could suspect it. He reckoned up what he stood to win over "Sledge-hammer." Six hundred, seven, eight-fifty, ninety,—nine hundred and ninety pounds. And all through the luck to see a scrap on a race-course.

THE gong sounded again; and once more they were at it. Hanway drew at his weed and marveled at the success of his plans. Davey Brunning was fighting like a first rater. Indeed, when he connected beautifully to the point and the sound echoed through the hall like a hammer on ivory, Hanway trembled for a moment lest he were overdoing it. For "Sledge-hammer" was breathing heavily already. Those whiskies, those endless cigarets and his age were telling. "Thank the Lord," thought Hanway, "I decided to end it in the third round."

He half rose from his seat with trepidation, for "Sledge-hammer" was beginning to clinch. . . . Or, rather, trying to. But Davey would have none of it. He knew that if it came to in-fighting he would be finished before he had to be; but his legs were young, he was as fit as a cock blackbird in April, and he kept "Sledge-hammer" dancing round the ring.

"Old man like that ought to stick to quoits," growled some one; but he hadn't seen the look in "Sledge-hammer's" eyes that Davey had seen. Stark terror showed there; and the mute signal: "What the devil are you doing? You've been paid to lose!" Oh, damn his job! Davey knew he could win. And, wild with the knowledge, he went mad for just twenty seconds, rushed "Sledge-hammer" to the ropes and drummed his ribs.

How the crowd roared! How they roared!

And "Sledge-hammer" was powerless against youth, and knew it. He couldn't take punishment now. A blue funk came to him and grew that this young devil was going to double-cross Hanway. That sent *him* mad. Somehow he closed with Davey, and, closing, rained short-arm jabs to the chin as fast as rapid fire. And Hanway breathed again.

A girl in the audience, the girl who loved the man who was now being punished, covered her face with her hands and moaned. But the mob didn't moan. They were cheering madly. And when the gong went and Davey turned round and showed a face that was red with blood, they roared with delight.

"Cruel!" sobbed the girl. "Garn! it's fine!" said a man. And the hall buzzed. For nobody knew who was favorite, nobody knew which would win.

Davey spat blood, rinsed out his mouth—they washed his face clean. He leant back; they fanned him, rubbed his legs. And it was the end for him! The third round, the third fatal round in which he had to lose. . . . Oh, hell!

It came, the moment prearranged. With the crowd yelling themselves hoarse, Davey leaped with a curved right arm at "Sledge-hammer's" face, and "Sledge-hammer" side-stepped to plan and Davey crashed to the ropes. Hung there, threatened to go over. Regained his balance and wheeled. And then, to the dumbfoundment of the spectators, dropped his hands.

Why? . . . Nobody knew. The agony on his face was no acting. He daren't lift his arms, had been paid to take the K. O. And it was coming. With fractions of seconds magnified grotesquely as in a slow-motion picture, he could see it coming. The great, panting "Sledge-hammer," his right arm drawn back and coming over—slowly, slowly to his face.

And then on the breathless silence came a voice.

"Now, Davey!"

That's all. But the arc-lamps and people were wafted away, and there was only an opponent there in a field, in a green meadow by the river, in a ring marked out with stumps, at the back of a vicarage garden, in sight of a church.

He ducked; and the swift right drive flew over his head; and the crowd roared like the thunder of guns. But Davey heard nothing, knew nothing—except that now he was fighting to win.

No money, no home for Gwennie, but salvation for his soul. And ten seconds later he stood trembling over the prostrate form of "Sledge-hammer" who was fast asleep.

. . . He was in his dressing-room again. But his seconds had vanished, the ruined Bertram Hanway had vanished. He sat there wondering. And then the door opened and he stared; for out of the passage came Gwennie—and the man who had taught him to fight.

He knew now that it was worth it; that money mattered nothing. Yet because it mattered nothing it seemed it was coming to him. For men entered the room, and they were wringing his hands, and talking of purses and God knew what. And he was holding Gwennie. And the padre, who was gazing down at them, said:

"Nobody can pack a punch like Davey. Jove, you were fine!"

The Man They Hanged

[*Continued from page 112*]

a prize, then remember that she is a merchant and carries no guns, and I will attack in the *Galley* and drive you into Bombay where they know what to do with pirates."

Well, that seemed to do their business for them. They still yelped and bayed, the scurvy dogs—but hesitated to carry matters with so high a hand, yet still stood gathered near the long boat while the gunner, William Moore, harangued them and urged them on to open mutiny.

My captain watched this from the quarter deck.

"Dirck," says he, "if yonder Englishman hastens not to make sail I cannot answer for what may happen."

He came below to the gun-deck, I following.

"Lads," said he, "you ought not to listen to this fellow who would make you pirates."

At that the gunner, Moore, turns on Captain Kidd and curses him, saying that he has led them all into misfortune and beggared them and now refuses to take a rich prize so that the fortunes of all shall be mended.

"Why," said Captain Kidd, "to take her would be piracy."

"I can put you in a way to take her and be safe," said Moore.

"How will you do that?" inquires Captain Kidd with contempt.

"You shall first call her captain and men aboard us—"

"Oh! And what then?"

"Then we can board and plunder her and no witnesses—"

"That would be Judas-like, you rogue. Do you dare believe I'd do it?"

"We ought to dare," retorted Moore, "—we are beggars already—"

"What! Is that a reason for us to turn pirate because we are poor?" demanded my captain, turning red.

But his anger passed, he looked at the gunner, looked around at the armed rascals about us. Suddenly his blue eyes sparkled and his bonnie laugh rang out, and he walked away to the quarter deck whistling *Bonny Dundee.*

It seemed to astonish the gunner and the mutineers. They appeared not to know how to take such a man. And it ended in their doing nothing more about it.

I was glad, at last, to see *The Loyal Captain*, hull down, in the west. Nevertheless Captain Kidd and I slept that night with loaded muskets handy and behind locked doors. If only Mr. Bradley had been well enough to be of aid to us, but he lay very ill and his condition was a grief to my captain. Our surgeon Bradenham, a dirty and ignorant man, could not discover the nature of his malady or how to help him.

For about two weeks we cruised, and saw no sail, and now the men were fierce and impudent and ripening fast for a bloody reckoning with us, or with the next ship we encountered. None would obey my orders. Mr. Bullen showed some authority, but he was not to be trusted. And there was bad blood between my captain and Moore, the gunner, though not of my captain's proper seeking, for he paid no heed to the gunner and always avoided him.

But about two weeks after the mutiny, when the captain was walking with me upon the gun deck, the master-gunner, who had been sick, appeared after two days' absence, and came to him, and says he:

"By God, sir, you are no true captain, for it is half a month since you let the rich Englishman go about his business and we have not seen a single sail since."

Captain Kidd halted and looked Moore quietly in the eyes. "Is that my fault?" he asked.

"Yes, it is," shouted the gunner, "and so say all the men. I could have put you in the way to take the Englishman safely—"

Captain Kidd turned very red. "You lousy dog, be silent," he said sternly.

"If I be a lousy dog, 'tis you have made me so and beggared us all!" screamed Moore. And he began to shout his curses on the captain and damn him and call upon the crew to stand for their rights.

At that Captain Kidd picked up a slop-bucket that lay near and knocked the mutinous rascal down with it. He ought to have shot him dead.

Well, the gunner fell like an ox, and rolled over into the scuppers, and they took him below.

Two days afterward the gunner, William Moore, was found dead in his blanket, and whether he died o' the pox or whether the blow from the slop bucket cracked his sickly noddle I know not, for he was the leader of the mutiny aboard us and should have been cut down or pistoled, and we should have been well rid of this wretch. Alas, we took not into account the great lords and mighty folk we trusted and could not know, how, in this most just punishment these great folk would betray us.

Well, the death of our gunner was a shock to the captain and who was ever a tender-hearted man and had no thought of harming Moore other than to chastise him and stop his mutinous chatter.

He seemed greatly saddened and blamed himself for his passion, though God knows he was long suffering and endured everything from this rascal who would have seized his ship and cut his throat without remorse, had he and his treacherous rogues dared to do it.

On the 19th day of November our masthead saw a sail and we gave chase and, for stratagem, showed a French flag.

Whereupon our chase showed the French colors, and, at the first gun from our fore-port, dropped astern, and her master came aboard us at our summons. Then we ran up the English colors.

No sooner did our rascally crew hear this good news than they fell to cheering and howling and crowded about the pilot who also was a Dutchman and who swore *sacrement* that if we were English, then his ship was a lawful prize.

She was *The Rouparelle*, a Frenchman.

There were more than forty Moors in her crew, but she was neither a Mogul's ship nor a rich prize, for she carried only sugar and cotton and had two horses aboard her.

So we searched her and put a master and prize crew aboard her and bade her follow us. And a tub of punch was ordered for our people.

There was not much booty to be divided or to reserve for our share-holders, but our men were very joyous, saying that our ill luck was gone and that all should now make their fortunes. Which is the like of all sailormen to rejoice and vaunt themselves over nothing.

We renamed *The Rouparelle*, *The November*. And under this name she sailed in our company.

But days passed, and we saw no more sails and again our men grew sulky and fierce and I knew it was again in their minds to seize the next ship at any cost, particularly if she proved a rich one.

With design to decoy we sailed under the French colors once more, and about the first of February saw a vast cloud of sail riding the horizon to the westward, and beat to quarters, ran out our guns and gave chase.

Very soon this great ship showed us French colors. Then we showed her the English flag and fired a shot across her. And a roar of cheering burst from our rascals, as she struck to us and fell astern.

TO BE CONTINUED.

In her newest novel, "A Princess in Distress," Grace Sartwell Mason has written a vivid, swiftly-moving romance of colorful Bohemian social life in the smart cabaret world of post-war Europe. The first instalment will appear in the April issue of EVERYBODY'S, *on the news stands March 15th.*

Life Saver of Crippled Shows

[*Continued from page 143*]

how long they may run there later. When an actor or actress is out of an engagement they consequently fly to New York, where most of the casting is done. For this reason a sudden illness in any cast of a play in Chicago is a serious matter. There are no hordes of unengaged actresses to fall back on as there are in New York. So Miss Learn's versatility and uncanny ability to learn a part on a moment's notice is a godsend to the managers. No wonder she is constantly busy jumping in here and there to save some show from disaster.

"How is it possible for you to go on with no preparation?" I asked her.

"Oh, I have a system all my own," she said. "When a new play comes to Chicago I am always on hand for the first night. I make a careful mental note of each character which I may be called upon to play. While I am enjoying the performance I am deciding in my own mind just how I would play the part. I watch each little detail. I have done this so often that I have a fairly good idea of all the 'business,' the lines, cues and costuming of each part.

"Then, if an emergency arises, I am already partially prepared to go on. Learning lines was never much of a task for me. For some actors and actresses it is a severe trial, requiring the utmost concentration and the hardest kind of work. But the minute a director hands me a part I start right in to copy it down on paper. When I have completed writing it I am ready to go on and play the part.

"Of course the director is always on hand to 'throw me a line' if I stumble and to help with cues and entrances. But as a rule I have no trouble, for I have never been troubled with nervousness or stage fright."

Miss Learn thinks that to *look* the part is three-fourths of the performance. She is noted for her care in dressing and thinks that many fine actresses spoil good parts by failing to dress carefully. They do not bother to learn what they look best in, she thinks.

A list of plays in which she has appeared reads like a roster of Chicago's most successful plays. Some of them are, "The Bat," "Lilies of the Field," "Honeymoon House," "The Nightcap," "The Cat and the Canary," "Peg o' My Heart,""Up The Ladder," "Liliom," "East Is West," and many others.

Miss Learn is young, very small, and strikingly pretty—a floral type of beauty, as one critic puts it. You would have to see with your own eyes her son and daughter to believe she was more than seventeen or eighteen. To each new performance she imparts a winsomeness often lacking in the character as played by the creator of the rôle. No wonder she is kept busy.—BETTY MORTON.

The Cellar Champion

[*Continued from page 67*]

Very well, I would bear these troubles as Atlas bore the world upon his shoulders, as Æneas bore the old Anchises from burning Troy, as Sisyphus rolled his eternal stone up hill, as Mrs. Partington took up mop against the sea. You will observe that I bring culture into the humdrum affairs of life, as old "Pop" Tousley advised in English 37. I may be a practical man, but I have my dreams.

With characteristic efficiency I went about my lonely task. I prepared some ashes for their bath, I drew hot water from the furnace for pipe thawing and put pokers in the fire. After I had systematically soaked and heated all the places which ordinarily freeze—what Zerelda in a happier mood had once called "The Fourteen Points"—and still the water did not come, I reached the sickening conclusion that it was frozen in the windmill pipe. "Ossa is piled upon Pelion," I said when investigation confirmed this suspicion.

For a moment the tempter whispered to me: "Let it alone; perhaps the mild weather will do the work."

"And," my higher nature replied, "let Zerelda and Pascal come home and crow over me?" That was not the Platt way. "Labor Omnia Vincit." If the weather chose to help, very well.

Resolutely I took the gasoline soldering stove to the windmill pit and placed its flame against the pipe which led down from the tank. Then back to the cellar to attend to the furnace, piling on some of the newly created Platts and preparing other cinders for their oil-bath.

"At any rate," I reflected grimly, "everything is now at its worst. This is the very nadir of my fortunes. Any possible change must be for the better."

At that instant in the history of civilization several devastating things occurred simultaneously. Through the outside cellar door I heard a terrific crash; nearer at hand there was a sound of gushing water, then a noise mightier than all others and, a moment later, blinding flash of light.

The rest was a silence—but the light persisted. I fought to keep my eyelids shut against it.

It seemed, curiously enough, to be sunlight—it *was* sunlight. It bathed the room with a warm flood, it lay upon my bed—a strange room, an ugly modern iron bed. I put my hand to my throbbing head. It was tightly bandaged.

"Well, here we are at last," I heard Doctor West say.

During the enforced leisure of my convalescence I have been able to piece together the tangled threads of this strange affair and weave them into the pattern of my narrative. I gather that the superstructure holding the windmill wheel had for some days been held up by the ice in the tank. The thaw had weakened the ice and the weight was thrown upon my piece of timber which suddenly broke, precipitating the heavy mechanism to the ground. The tower and tank stood intact but the strain had loosened the ice in the pipe so that the water came rushing to the house, discovering near the cellar opening, what I had not discovered, that a pipe had burst. Thus the water spurted into the cellar.

By a malign coincidence my furnace which I had stocked with too-oily ashes chose that moment to explode, blowing its door directly at me. I was found on the cellar floor unconscious from a blow on the head with some bad burns on my body from live coals. This feature might have been worse had it not been for the water which extinguished me like an automatic sprinkler. But there I lay, half battered, half burned and half drowned.

"Which," said Zerelda, "is too many halves for one man—even you. Oh, my dear, my dear, what a miraculous escape!"

"How long do you suppose I had been lying there?" I asked at this point in my investigations.

"Probably fifteen or twenty seconds—anyhow it was a new ladies' sprinting record from a nursery to a cellar."

"But I thought you had gone out with the Pascals."

"No, that was Felix, thank God. Did you suppose I would go out riding with a man who had quarreled with you?"

Doctor West came without delay and while he was patching me up, the Pascals brought Felix home. I was still unconscious and the house was getting cold and it was ten miles to the nearest hospital. The result was that we were all taken in, bag and baggage, by the Pascals, where we were to stay until I and the devastated region could be restored. It bothered me to accept this hospitality after the vow I had made until I remembered that I had said: "That will not be soon *if I can help it.*" They had to knock me on the head to get me here.

IT IS two weeks today since the great calamity and Doctor West says I may go to my office tomorrow. There I will patiently piece together the fragments of my business and face life anew, Plattlike, a gentleman unafraid. I will be once more the stay and comfort of my helpless family. With harder work and more rigid economy no doubt we shall pull through somehow. The Pascals, I suppose, will keep us yet a little while until I can make our home habitable. They have been all kindness to us and I have apologized handsomely to Chick for my rude speech on the Dies Iræ.

"And you got your come-ups good and proper," laughed Chick. "Don't you care, Jack. It's better to have plumbed and lost than never to have plumbed at all. By the way," he added, "I think I have killed that nasty rumor that was going around about the explosion."

"Why, what do you mean? What nasty rumor was going around?"

"People were saying that it was a still that blew up."

Zerelda has been her old wonderful self during my illness, cheery and tender and infinitely comforting. If I have not seen as much of her as I might like, it is because she is rushing about in Pascal's car—which, it seems, she has learned to drive—doing little errands in connection with our house. No doubt it does her good to feel that she is trying to be useful. She says things are progressing nicely, but she is vague in details and I know she is sheltering the invalid from the stern facts. Ah well, the ship will move again when there is a strong masculine hand at the helm. There's life in the old dog yet.

IN SIMPLE justice I must add a postscript, writing now in the peace and comfort of our own home. The cellar tragedy had even more far-reaching results than I knew. I try to preserve my accustomed modesty, but there can be no harm in repeating what Chick Pascal said in introducing me to a friend of his:

"This is J. Edgeworth Platt, the cellar champion, the man who fired the furnace heard round the world."

Yet I gladly credit my wife with an assist. Zerelda, suddenly deprived of the support of my hand and brain, had arisen beautifully to the occasion.

She took me to the office Monday morning in the car. It seems that I was in error about her driving Pascal's machine. This was *our* car, an excellent though second-hand one, bought largely on deferred payments. At the office came further surprising facts. Zerelda had dramatized my accident. She had organized the property owners of the Cranberry Hill section into an association and backed by them had extracted a promise from the Pequot Company to lay pipes for city water as soon as the frost was out of the ground. Everybody hoped that would be soon.

Similarly she had coerced the town selectmen into a program of road improvement with, I fear, some threats that otherwise the Cranberry Hill folk would kick them out of office. When we get good highways the street-car company has agreed to scrap its antiquated cars and substitute up-to-date buses and will extend their service all the way out to our section of the town.

Zerelda collected the insurance due from my injury. She drew up a program of advertising and otherwise laid plans for a real-estate selling campaign in our neighborhood based upon the coming improvements.

At noon she took me home in the car to lunch—our own home and our own lunch, prepared by a person named Lola who had surprisingly become my employee. The house was agreeably warm. Zerelda had taken the agency for an oil-burning furnace device which is humming merrily in the cellar as I am writing.

"The oil tank," Zerelda explained, "is in the pit where the windpump used to be. The pipes were already laid. As you thoughtfully blew the grate out of our furnace, it was not necessary to have it removed."

THE old windmill and tank she sold to the plumber for a small sum on condition that he remove it instantly from her sight. A little motor-pump and pressure-tank which the plumber had on his hands were installed in the cellar as a temporary measure with a simple garden hose connection with the well.

"I'll sell that pump back to him when the city water comes," she declared. "I never did like that plumber. And some day I'll sell enough oil heaters to pay for ours. I've already got Chick's name on the dotted line and Doctor West is weakening."

The water heater is now installed in the cellar by the furnace and the pipes take no further journeys in the bracing New England climate to which we are subjected.

"I'll bet Andrew Sayer's grandpa is turning over in his grave," she said.

"But the money for all this?" I asked in dismay.

"Our credit has miraculously expanded; the tradesmen and the bank are gluttons for punishment, for everybody is talking about the Cranberry Hill boom. There are already several good prospects; we must talk them over in the office this afternoon."

"The office!" I protested. "Of course your company is always enjoyed, but a woman's place is in—"

"—the home business," she interrupted. "There's going to be better teamwork from now on. I've come out of my cell and you've come out of your cellar."

It is a pleasure to admit that Zerelda did quite well while deprived of her natural protector. In fact, I say it in all humility, I could not have done much better myself.

Hard and Wise

[*Continued from page 15*]

As Bernie met their inquiring gaze he knew instantly what he was going to do next. He was going to damage that handsome face with bare hands. A hoarse exclamation, a good imitation of a flying tackle and he was writhing on the sand, locked with his foe.

Bernie's first discovery following the abrupt beginning of the fight was that Nita's young man was as husky as he was handsome; his next that an all night Scotch party was not a good training for a stiff battle. They were both valuable discoveries and both made too late to do Bernie any immediate good. A strong arm went vise-like about his neck. A hard fist smashed sledge-like against his jaw. The roar of the surf receded, ceased. Bernie lay limp, unconscious. The brown-eyed young man stood up, grinning,

"Is this him?" he asked, pointing at Bernie's prone form.

A warm soft lap and tender hands caressing an aching head, those were Bernie's first impressions as he returned to the land of the conscious. He opened his eyes and saw Nita's face above him. Near-by stood the husky young man with the brown eyes. He was smiling.

"Nita, listen," Bernie mumbled. "You can't marry him. Honest you can't. I love you myself. You got to marry me. Honest! Please! Will you?"

Nita bent and kissed him on the lips. She was crying. The brown-eyed young man laughed.

"I'll be back after a bit," he said, and walked away.

Bernie sat up shakily. He was alone with Nita in the cool gloom under the boardwalk.

"Will you Honey? Please!" he begged. "Marry me, I mean?"

"Sure," she agreed tearfully and hid her head on his shoulder.

"Who is that guy?" he asked, pointing after the receding figure of his recent antagonist.

"Dan Baxter, my cousin from Toledo," she confessed in a voice muffled by shoulder and shirt. "Oh, Bernie, you're so dumb! I had to make you jealous or you never would have—Oh, you're so dumb!"

Bernie humbly hunted for her lips and found them. A period of silence.

Then: "Here comes Dud," she said, straightening up and patting her hair into place. "You must be nice to him, Bernie. We owe everything to him. The trick we played on you was his idea!"

Bernie gave an imitation of an old dog with a sore ear growling.

"He wants to get started here in New York," Nita hurried on. "You can help him. He's in your line."

"My line?" said Bernie.

"He's a press agent," Nita explained. "He's young, but he's hard and wise."

"He'll do fine here," said Bernie fervently, and rose painfully to shake the hard hand of the wise man who had knocked him out of and back into his senses.

The Stowaway

[*Continued from page 83*]

come too late—not that! O God not that!" His eyes were closed. If he still breathed it was only faintly. Falteringly her fingers went to the man's heart and for her the whole world stood still in an agony of suspense. Then her face became radiant.

"He's alive—he's mine still!" broke from her.

DANNY drifted through illimitable space, unaware even of his own existence, but after a time that might have been years or minutes he became vaguely conscious that drops of delicious water were trickling into his mouth. It must have begun to rain again, he reflected vaguely, although somehow it had seemed that the merciless heaven would never send down water again. What was that noise? Oh, Bingo barking, of course. Good old Bingo. He was all right, then. Wonderful dog, Bingo.

The water was still trickling on Danny's parched tongue. That was queer. His senses were still foggy, but he knew—yes he knew where he was. On that awful island of course, with his pal Bingo. And still it seemed just then when he opened his eyes that he could see Mary bending over him. The effects of too much sun, obviously. He even fancied he had heard her make a queer sound and utter his name. That was cruel. A man shouldn't be taunted in this fashion when he'd borne appalling endless days of that other thing. He moved his head uneasily. There was something soft under it. Queer, too, but it was comforting. So was the rain. He could breathe better now, and think better, too. All right, Bingo, you noisy brute, what's all the excitement about?

Danny looked up again. This time he didn't even blink. Every minute his brain was getting clearer, and yet if his life had depended upon it he could have sworn that was Mary just as he had last seen her, only sweeter a thousand times. Her cheek was within a few inches of him and she somehow looked intensely human just as he had always known she could look if she learned to love. The vision was so realistic he felt that if he could only lift his arms he could put them right around her and hold her there so that she couldn't fade away, and as long as he lived he would be able to hear her saying wonderful, wonderful things just as she seemed to be saying now.

"My beloved man, I love you, I love you." He could hear the words quite distinctly. With an effort he raised one arm and put it round her. Instead of fading away she came closer, closer and the touch of her warm lips on his almost sent him back drifting through illimitable space.

"Mary!"

"Danny!"

"It's real, then, Mary—*real.* It must be, because nothing could be like this that wasn't real. How did it happen?"

"What does it matter, Danny my sweet? I came, that's all. What does anything matter except that it's real?"

World's Champion Candy Eater

[*Continued from page 144*]

Branch. It was really nothing more than a little stall. But President Grant had his Summer White House there at the time. One afternoon Mrs. Grant and the ladies of the Cabinet decided to have a real candy pulling. I was summoned to direct the affair. Attired, not in gingham aprons but in gorgeous satins and silks draped in the fashionable bustles, they proceeded to dip their slender fingers in flour as I directed. But taffy pulling is not as simple as it looks, and many a French gown was ruined.

"Nearly every other year I went to Europe in search of new secrets of candy-making," said Mr. Haupt. "Paris, of course, has always been the confectioner's capital. I went there most frequently. But I learned much about chocolate in Stollwerck, Germany. And Italy taught me about creams.

One year just after the business started Mr. Haupt was sent to Constantinople. That trip resulted in the introduction to this country of the famous Heitchie Bekie Turkish fig paste.

"Heitchie Bekie was one of the best-known candy merchants of the Far East," Mr. Haupt explained. "He took me into his factory and showed me exactly how his fig paste was made. It had been unknown here. So I brought the recipe back to New York with me. It was necessary for me to make thirty batches of the paste before it came out right. But when I had finished everybody ate it."

"Surely all of your thousands of recipes did not come from such out-of-the-way places."

"No, they did not," was Mr. Haupt's reply. "Many were inspired by odd requests for something new as a feature of many luncheons, dinners or teas. Most of these came from women, of course. Some would want bonbons to match the pink or green ribbons of a new dress. Others would like orchid patties to match a magnificent centerpiece. And sometimes there were other suggestions. My glycerine throat tablets were made first because a very old lady with a case of bronchitis thought they would stop her cough.

"One afternoon a customer came in and asked if I could dip peppermint patties in chocolate. I thought I had never heard such an outlandish suggestion. But I promised to try it for her. The patties were a great success. Every woman at that particular affair came in to order more of them. And people have been munching them ever since.

"Women," Mr. Haupt continued, "almost invariably prefer the softer varieties of candies, such as creams and bonbons. Men like something they can chew, such as caramels, either plain or chocolate-covered.

"You know some years ago the small cream drop was the only chocolate candy on the market. Theodore Roosevelt was very fond of them. He ate them during his campaigns, both military and political. While he was in the White House as President he remained partial to them and he carried a supply on his jungle hunts. Chocolate-covered nuts are favorites with men. Women like French nougat. But so do men, for that matter.

"Nougat, by the way, is the most expensive of all candies when properly made. Purest honey and the finest nuts are the chief ingredients. But today high prices forbid the use of these in the quantities in which they were mixed formerly.

"Many of the recipes I gave over the radio last summer were for various kinds of fudges. Today everybody likes fudge. Most women enjoy candy-making too So this kind of candy has a wide popularity. Princess Royals are a best seller in the candy stores today. These are half chocolate and half green nut paste."

During the many years he was most active in business Mr. Haupt rose before dawn each week-day and traveled down to Washington Square to buy his supplies of fruits and nuts. One secret of the delicious flavor in many of his bonbons was his use of the "Scotch runner," a very small strawberry with a delightful flavor which gave an unusual pungency to some of his creams.

Mother Started Them Young

[*Continued from page 68*]

about the new play. And what they saw in the metropolitan press caused them to gasp again, as well as to rub their eyes in astonishment. It *was* our little Nydia, now grown to young girlhood! Furthermore, "Pigs!" had made a smashing hit. And Miss Nydia Westman was hailed as having captured a sophisticated and highly critical audience by storm.

After that recognition, and more that followed, there was, of course, no doubt as to what would happen. New York flocked to see "Pigs." Miss Nydia Westman, Wallace Ford, the leading man, Miss Maud Granger, and all the others of the well-balanced cast received ovation after ovation. For ten solid months "Pigs" ran to crowded houses, and then quit for a few weeks so that the players could catch their breath. As this is written Miss Westman, Mr. Ford, and their associates are playing in the principal cities of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, getting everything in readiness for the big run which "Pigs" is expected to have in Chicago during most of the winter.

SO MUCH for one of the four Westman children. Another, Lolita, is on tour with "Lady, Be Good," in which she plays the leading lady's part, for the first time in her young life having scope in solo work for an exceptional singing voice. The youngest of all, Neville, now seventeen, has temporarily halted a stage career well under way, and is devoting herself to hard study. The one brother, Theodore Westman, Jr., better known as "Teddy" Westman, has already made his mark as an actor in "The Family Upstairs," and now, at the age of twenty-one, is having produced the first full-sized play he ever attempted. Moreover this baseball comedy, called "Solid Ivory," had been accepted by the first manager to whom it was submitted. By mid-October rehearsals were over, and "Teddy," with temporary leave from "The Family Upstairs," had gone out of town to see it tested before it was to be put on in New York.

Such, in brief, is what the dramatic world knows about the surprisingly rapid rise of the three little girls and the one little boy from the country. It so happens that Nydia thus far has attained greater prominence than the others. But this, she insists on having carefully explained, is simply because opportunity came to her a little sooner than to the rest. Underneath the surface picture, rapidly sketched thus far, there is a foundation of parental care, of hard work, and sheer ability to conquer obstacles which has caused more than one able critic to say: "Watch the Westmans!"

These young people are unusual for several reasons. In the first place, not one of them gives the slightest indication of being "temperamental," or indulging in what is sometimes termed the egoism of youth.

The other day I asked Teddy Westman why it was that he and his sisters found themselves launched on their careers at such an early age. He was then playing six evenings and two matinées per week in "The Family Upstairs." And after each evening performance he was racing to another theater for the rehearsal of his own play "Solid Ivory." Sometimes, of course, he was not getting to bed before five or six in the morning. Rehearsals, you see, show where a play must be changed—old lines altered or thrown out, new ones written in, stage business altered, and a hundred other changes made.

"How is it," I asked, "that you and your three sisters have got such a start already?"

"It's because we knew just what we wanted to do, and began our life-work early. Most boys and girls don't know what they're fitted for until they are men and women in the mid-twenties at least."

This, however, is only a part of the reason. Those of us who knew the family in those bygone years when they lived in our village are beginning to remember now the care with which Mr. and Mrs. Westman studied their children to ascertain in which direction lay their interests and abilities. It so happened that the stage seemed to be the goal for which all were destined, and the wise parents took measures accordingly. The youngsters were encouraged to enjoy games and outdoor life, and friendship with other little folks. But when it came to "play acting"—they received a tactful combination of encouragement and training few young people are ever likely to get.

The little Westmans were not only helped in every way but they were made to understand that for them this might easily turn out to be the means of a successful career. Work, study, exactness in every detail, were imperative. As was natural, considering their own lifelong interest in the stage, Mr. and Mrs. Westman frequently discussed plays, players, playwrights, and audiences, present and past. Hearing them, the children learned much that was of value in later years. All the time they were unconsciously absorbing basic principles in music, painting, literature, as well as those of the stage—principles for the lack of which many an artist's career has been wrecked. Without having the children suspect it in the least, their parents implanted in their plastic minds ideals of dramatic art which ever since have led them to do their very best, no matter what the part assigned. They were given to understand that hard work, even disappointment at times, must be expected and endured cheerfully, but that there was not the slightest doubt of success in the end, provided there was no let-down in standards. The possibility of failure was never permitted to enter their consciousness.

Furthermore, they were taught that in every audience, no matter where they might be playing, there was always sure to be at least one man or one woman quick to grasp carelessness or incompetence on the part of the actor, yet equally able to appreciate a finished performance. *It was their business in life to play for the satisfaction and approval of such auditors.* The point those children were made to understand was that success, or lack of it, was up to them. Their destiny was in their own hands. Nobody on earth could relieve them of such responsibility.

NOW Mrs. Westman's Grandmother Wren had come over from England with several children, and when they numbered nine, and the youngest was old enough to appear on the stage, she had organized them into a company called the Wren Juvenile Troupe. With them she used to present Shakespearean productions in various parts of the country. This was sixty years ago, or more. Perhaps the story of this unique venture suggested to Mrs. Westman that she herself might do the same thing on a smaller scale, with her own little family. So she wrote a little sketch, a comedy of family life called "The Troubles of Joy," in which her own bairns played and sang. You must remember that Mr. Westman's experience included not only conducting orchestras and singing light opera but also playing in such productions as "Tennessee's Pardner," "Civilian Clothes," "Leave It to Jane," etc. And of course he aided in the new undertaking. In this way it happened that all four of the Westman children made their appearance on the professional stage at the same time. As an indication of Mrs. Westman's undaunted spirit, by the way, it is recorded that she played two performances in Los Angeles the day her eldest daughter, Lolita, was born.

From both parents the three little girls and the one boy received solid foundation and skilled training for their future work. They were taught the rudiments of stage technique at an age when most youngsters are just beginning to be interested in charades. Tempo, pace, entrance, stage-presence, control of voice, all these things and many more they studied hard. As for the music, Mr. Westman imparted to them all of his own knowledge that they could absorb.

First to break away from the family fold was the youngest of all, Neville, now seventeen, who played a child's part in the original production of "Jane Clegg." Some time later, when Neville was too big to take a child's part, "Jane Clegg" was put on by the New York Theater Guild. Since then Neville has played in a number of productions, notably in "The Imaginary Invalid," and "A Bit of Love." Last year she and her brother played together in the same company. Both Mrs. Westman and Nydia had parts with May Irwin, in "On the Hiring Line." Later Nydia and Teddy—appropriately enough—played brother and sister in "Monica;" and then for three seasons Nydia appeared in that astonishing success, "Lightnin'." It was owing to her part as the adopted daughter of beloved old *Lightnin'*, and to the constant approval of crowded houses which witnessed it year after year, that Nydia came prominently to the attention of John Golden, who has the reputation of being a very astute manager indeed. One morning he asked her to call at his office, and when she arrived he said:

"Miss Westman, you've been with me three years, and all that time I've been looking for a part in which you might have full scope. Now I've got it—the leading lady in a comedy called 'Pigs'."

Now Miss Westman is an exceedingly dainty little person, and her diminutive nose wrinkled in alarm as Mr. Golden mentioned the play by name.

"'Pigs'!" she echoed apprehensively. "Do I have to grunt, or squeal?"

Mr. Golden reassured her as to this detail, and "the comic romance of Youth" went into rehearsal. In the summer of 1924 it had a tryout in Elmira, and on Labor Day that year it opened in the Little Theater.

Meanwhile, at fourteen Teddy had gone on in a vaudeville sketch called "The Forest Fire," which later was expanded into a play and renamed "The Storm." He also had parts in a number of other productions, among them "The Little Journey," "Thank You," "Not So Fast," "Brook," "Home Fires," "The Highwayman," and "Houses of Sand." As for Lolita, she is well remembered especially in "The Imaginary Invalid," and in "Pollyanna." From childhood Lolita had been singing naturally and constantly. When she arrived at young girlhood she was informed that she had a voice, and straightway she began to have it trained and developed. She likewise took up in earnest the study of dancing. As one result she is now leading lady in her first musical comedy adventure, "Lady, Be Good."

A strong literary strain seems to have run through the natures of both Teddy and Lolita. From childhood each had been writing stories. How many of Teddy's have been published I do not know, but in three years Lolita has had forty stories accepted and paid for. She keeps a card catalogue and knows just when each story went to each magazine, what the editors said about it and just where it is now. Her persistence is such that she has sold practically every story written thus far. In the late summer of 1925 she finished her first novel which deals principally with people and matters of the stage.

IT WOULD be pleasant to stop right here, but such a course would mean omitting those deep shadows without which no picture can be appreciated at its true value. From time to time, after they had left our village, fortune failed to smile on Mr. and Mrs. Westman and their little brood. Mr. Westman's health had already begun to fail, and two years ago matters grew rapidly worse. Medical specialists were consulted and gave what encouragement they could, but looked grave after each visit. Hardly had the children realized that their father's end was slowly but surely approaching, when Mrs. Westman's strength gave way under the stress and anxiety.

The end came when all New York was flocking to the Little Theater to see "Pigs" and wildly applauding Nydia. After that Mrs. Westman failed rapidly. Ted, then just twenty-one, but a man in experience with life, looked facts in the face. Money was needed. He must cease writing short stories which at the best brought in only moderate sums, and devote himself to a full-length play. Of course it was a long shot, for success in playwriting is extremely hazardous.

What single topic, he asked himself, interests a larger number of people in the United States than any other? The answer was automatic: "Baseball!" Therefore he haunted the big league fields in New York, keeping eyes and ears open, and storing away in his memory every detail that might be useful. He came home one day, and told his mother he was going to write a play. Mrs. Westman was delighted. The next morning Ted started on his first act. In six weeks the play was finished, and when he had read it to his mother, she said with complete confidence:

"That play will go, my boy. It will be accepted and produced, and will fairly start you on your road as a dramatist. That is what you were meant to be from the beginning."

This was in the early summer of 1925, and Teddy took his manuscript to a manager. It was only a short time afterward that Mrs. Westman died—too soon to know that "Solid Ivory" was accepted almost as quickly as it was read. And after this second funeral in the space of three months the four Westman young people awoke to a serious situation indeed.

When they came to count up the bills owed for attending doctors and nurses, fees for distinguished specialists, medicines, food for particular diets, and all the other unavoidable expenses, including two funerals, the three daughters and the young son found to their dismay that it amounted to thousands of dollars. Half-stunned by the figures lying before them they looked at one another. Then Nydia spoke with decision.

"What we'll do," she said, "is to pay those bills just as quickly as we can earn the money. It will mean getting down to the barest necessities compatible with maintaining our professional engagements and keeping our contracts. *But we'll do it!*"

Then and there the children decided to pool every cent that each could spare from the weekly pay-envelope. The money, as fast as it came in, was to be sent immediately to Nydia, who acted as treasurer because she was certain of being in or near New York for months to come, while the others might have to go on tour any day.

It was in October of that tragic year that that I paid a call on Ted and Nydia and Neville—Lolita being away down South with her musical comedy company. One who has seen something of successful players and singers would naturally expect to find Nydia Westman, at the zenith of her fame in "Pigs," living in an expensive hotel suite, beautifully furnished, surrounded with flowers.

What I did find were two plainly furnished rooms. There was a sitting-room with a day couch upon which Teddy slept between performances of "The Family Upstairs" and rehearsals of "Solid Ivory." Just beyond this was another plainly furnished room with twin beds for his sisters. There was not an expensive rug, not a single costly rose or chrysanthemum, not a picture or other ornament. In one corner was a tiny closet for two or three dresses, in the passageway a wardrobe trunk. On a table stood a portable typewriter, packages of manuscripts and well-filled note-books. Below these lay the novel Lolita somehow has managed to write while traveling from one city to another, singing and dancing eight performances per week, and keeping up a steady stream of short stories.

Week after week Teddy had been handing Nydia all his salary excepting that which was absolutely needed for living expenses. Regularly Neville had done her share, while Nydia, with much the largest income, had refused to buy the frocks that girlish hearts yearn for, or the hats and gloves equally dear and tempting. It is she more than any of the others, perhaps, who has kept the family together, despite the loss of both father and mother. It is her generalship, loyally backed up by all of the rest, which has caused that overwhelming mountain of debt to melt away until the sum still remaining bids fair to vanish wholly before long.

Four young people who can go through what they have, who can work and study, and plan to pay off debts and still hold to their standards of dramatic art as these have done, must have something to them that is worth while. The young players themselves are convinced that whatever success has been attained already, or may be attained in the future, is due to the unceasing care and encouragement given by their parents, and their sympathy and helpfulness which went hand in hand with rigorous training, and insistence on finished work. Of high importance, also, was the example of untiring industry set by both Mr. and Mrs. Westman. In addition to playing his parts on the stage Mr. Westman had been constantly writing music, while he managed his own music publishing business. Mrs. Westman, even when on tour through the country, would frequently sit up after the evening performance, writing plays and lyric verse until morning came. And as if this were not enough, she had won a reputation as costume designer, at one period being retained by one of the largest houses on Fifth Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Westman left a number of songs which have not been published, or rendered on the stage; and it is pleasant to know that the young people plan to use some of these in future productions. So even in coming years the union of spirit between parents and children bids fair to continue. Though parents and children alike were absorbed in a calling which prevented anything approaching a permanent home, a settled habitation, yet they remained throughout an unusual example of a united family.

The old motto of the King's Musketeers, "One for all, all for one!" might well have been theirs. Against a combination like this no blows of fate can ever wholly prevail. Do not be surprised therefore when you begin to hear from the lips of a play producer, an actor, a critic or an enthusiastic playgoer, as you surely will some day: "Watch the Westmans!"

America's Most Unpopular Man

[*Continued from page 16*]

little guy. Next time I'll beat him."

McCarl is the final guard of the United States Treasury. He is the government's No-Man. He is the agent placed in the administrative department by the legislative end of our government to make the administrators behave. His job is somewhere between that of a guardian of a minor child and a detective, except that he also functions as an un-get-atable and irreversible judge. He is the freest, the most completely independent, the most absolutely unshackled man working for Uncle Sam. Not even the President of the United States can give him orders. He cannot be removed except by a carefully guarded process of impeachment or the majority vote of both houses of Congress. He can and does disregard every court except the Supreme Court of the United States, which interprets for him the laws he insists shall be obeyed.

This would be a good place in which to do one of two things. The life history of the Comptroller General might be taken up. I might describe his early struggles in Nebraska, except that he refuses to believe they are worth describing. I had to go to a good deal of trouble to get a line on his early life and I did not get it from the hero. He says that nothing happened. No romance, no thrills, no adventure. Or I might insert here an interview. But he does not give interviews. Indignant office-holders find so many reasons for detesting him now that he hesitates to add another to the list. If he gave one interview he must give others, and, bearing in mind the lamentable weaknesses of humanity, sooner or later something would be printed that some one would take exception to. Then another bacon warehouse would go up in flames.

"No," said Mr. McCarl, "I make it a rule never to talk for publication."

THAT is the only authorized quotation in this article and even that is not authorized. But it is not a violation of the rule to say that he believes, as does Congress, that the only way in which the people can keep their hands upon the reins of government is by holding tight to the purse strings. That metaphor seems mixed, but let it go. Congress asserts its right to control the spending of every penny. No matter how honest and able an office-holder may be he can only spend as Congress prescribes. The courts may rule that a claim against the government is valid, and Congress may admit the validity, but no money passes hands except upon a specific appropriation. Otherwise the courts and not Congress would rule.

That is all very well when the claimant wants to be paid for—let us say—cotton burned during the Civil War. All he can do is to watch and pray. But inside the government are experts at evasion. Let us suppose that the head of one of the great departments finds he must have fifty trucks for an unexpected emergency. The need is a real one, but Congress has not authorized the purchase. Yet he must have the trucks. He looks through his books and finds that he has money to the credit of the foothill pruning fund.

"Buy the trucks," he orders his disbursing officer, "and charge them to foothills."

The trucks are bought and put into service and are worn out. About this time, thanks to the leisure of our government methods of accountancy, the bill for the trucks comes before the eyes of the Comptroller General, who is in office for the purpose of heading off precisely such well-meant skullduggery as this, along with other skullduggery, that is not so well-meant. He notifies the head of the department that he has violated the law in buying the trucks.

"But I have bought the trucks," replies the head, "and paid for them and used them honestly and they are worn out."

"No matter," says McCarl. "You had no authority to buy them. The money must be put back into the Treasury."

The head of the department takes the matter up in a cabinet meeting and displays considerable heat. Nothing can be done there. After all, McCarl is right about it. The law did not authorize the purchase. The department chief hurries over to the Attorney General to have the law construed in his favor. The Attorney General obliges. The head of the department romps in to McCarl's office with an opinion from the Attorney General:

"This," he says, "will fix you, I guess. The Attorney General has construed the law in my favor."

"I do my own construing," replies McCarl, "right here on the premises. Laws cheerfully construed at any hour. Ring the night bell. As for the Attorney General's construction of the law—la, la, la."

Imagine, if you can, the fury of every one concerned. The man who sold the trucks must take back his worn-out vehicles and pay back the money he received for them when they were new. The head of the department has been outraged. As a rule only men of character and will get into a presidential cabinet and such men do not take kindly to outside interference in their departmental affairs. The disbursing officer—the man through whose hands the transaction actually passed—must make the truck-seller pay back the money. If he fails to do so he is liable under his bond.

Everyone hates McCarl. So do everyone's friends.

Apart from his post as the government's No-Man and an object of loathing, McCarl is a slender, calm, smooth-faced man who habitually wears black. Maybe in mourning for lost friendship. He is addicted to black ties, too. In the winter one is apt to find him behind one of the old fashioned puffs which I believe were called Ascots. In the summer the black tie may be large and loose with floating ends. It would suggest a bereaved artist except that he has that ascetic cast of countenance one discovers in so many priests. Like them, he deals with human weaknesses and like them, too, he is rather compassionate. He is able to forgive the sinner, but he has no authority to remit the punishment for sin.

He was born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1879, and when he was a very small boy the family moved to McCook, Nebraska. The McCarl family did not have much money. He was able to graduate from high school, being aided to that end by a course of errand running and part-time jobs, and then looked about for a life work. The small, serious, earnest graduate approached an attorney and began negotiations:

"What can you do?" asked the attorney. Young McCarl considered this gravely:

"Nothing," he said. "But I can learn."

"If you could write shorthand I might find a place for you," said the lawyer.

THERE are no schools of stenography in McCook and the boy lacked the money for a course of training away from home. The family dinner table was an essential feature in his plan of campaign. But he borrowed a shorthand textbook and a typewriter, worked nights, took down every scrap of conversation and puzzled out the resultant pothooks. By and by he got the job.

He found that to be a success as a lawyer's stenographer he should know law, and by borrowing law books and working nights he advanced himself to the post of law clerk. But he likes to be in every fight that is going on. Or in some of them, at least. The McCarls are Scotch-Irish. In order to take a hand in court he gained admission to the bar and then recognized that a home-made lawyer is rarely the equal of one who has had collegiate training. So he crammed two years' study into one at the University of Nebraska and began to practice law for himself in Lincoln.

His practice became a flourishing one. By the time he was thirty-three years old he had had experience with almost every sort of law except the Salic one. Clients, and especially poor clients, have a sort of an instinct for discovering lawyers who are more anxious to see justice done than to collect fees. Between times he became a student of the science of government. I do not find that he was a politician, but he was interested in politics. There is a difference.

"I like your style," said U. S. Senator Norris in 1912, "and I need a man with ideas to run my campaign. Will you do it?"

It did not cost McCarl many pangs to abandon his law practice. It was busy and flourishing, but it was painfully unproductive of real money, and to be the manager of a campaign promised to be a liberal education. McCarl wanted to find out how the machine was managed from the inside. When Norris was elected he took McCarl with him to Washington as his secretary. The flourishing but inadequate practice was dropped in favor of some more experience and a regular salary. He was a bit outsize for a secretary in Washington. Norris was interested along certain lines and gave McCarl a fairly free hand on the others. He moved among congressmen as though he were one of them.

In 1916—four years from the day he first entered politics—he was put in charge of the Chicago office of the Republican National Congressional Committee to run the Western campaign. One might say that he was by this time a professional politician, but McCarl would challenge the statement, if he ever challenged any statement made about himself. He had been getting an insight into the way things are done at Washington and an idea had been born in his brain. That took practical form after he had gone through the campaign of 1918 as executive secretary of the same committee. This is the body which calls on all good men to come to the aid of the party during congressional years. McCarl's idea was heretical:

"What difference does it make whether a congressman is a Republican or a Democrat?" he asked himself, "if he is a really first-rate congressman?"

The extraordinary fact is that he found congressmen to agree with him on both sides of the political fence. The prevailing thought in a group of congressional leaders is that the Lower House is far too large now. It has become unwieldy. In order to make it work, power is restricted, so far as possible, to a comparatively small number of the elders and the newcomers are chased off the campus until they have gained knowledge by experience. This is hard on the newcomer and, if he is an able man, it is unfair to the country. It did not seem practicable to reduce the representation in Congress and so McCarl planned to improve the quality.

By 1921 he had reduced his idea to form and had begun to put it in operation. Ultimately he hoped to create an organization which should cover the country, but in 1921 he had only managed to get in touch with a few districts. To the four hundred or five hundred leading men and women in each of these districts, without regard to their political affiliation, he sent letters:

"Why not get together to pick the best man for Congress from your district, no matter what his politics may be?"

You can see that if this sort of thing were to gain a foothold it would knock political organizations galley west. The odd part of it, to the outsider, is that it promised to work. The men and women appealed to in the test districts were without exception leaders of opinion. They might not, perhaps, control the situation immediately, but the time would come when they could control it. Before the plan was developed further, however, Congress created the new position of Comptroller General, with a fifteen-year tenure of office, a $10,000 salary, and a complete independence of control. This was not a new idea but the legitimate development of a very old one.

As far back as the First Continental Congress it had been realized that there must be some officer who could check up on expenditures. Public officials were apt to get out of hand. An accounting office of a sort was provided and functioned after a fashion. There is no need to follow its history for the first century and a half of our government, but little by little it had become blurred and irresponsible. The accounting officers lacked authority, for one thing. Then the Civil War gummed the cards. It was obviously impossible for a disbursing officer in the field whose troops needed hay to communicate with Washington. He was permitted to buy on his own responsibility, the government protecting itself by requiring that he give a small bond. Eventually small attention was paid to the bond.

All disbursing officers in the military service are also of commissioned rank and have been trained to obey orders without demur. This is without doubt essential. The foundation of discipline is implicit obedience. But the way it works out is that the Army and Navy heads held themselves to possess an authority which transcended that of Congress. If a general—a fine, honest, ardent, devoted general—felt that a given thing was absolutely necessary to his command he would order that thing bought:

"There is no authority in law for the purchase," his disbursing officer would timidly represent.

"What—what—what!" the general would bark.

All generals bark. This is a regrettable statement but it is true. It is part of a general's job to bark. Often the loudest barker rises highest. The only thing the disbursing officer could do was to obey orders and hope for fair weather. Through a great many years the D. O.s got along all right. They were only bonded for a few thousand dollars and Congress recognized that they had for the most part transgressed the law in honesty and helplessness, and relieved them of their liability under their bonds.

IT WAS realized that the system was a bad one, but even bad administrative systems are hard to change in the government. In the civil departments the same thing was taking place. The civilian D. O.s were not under the same compulsion of discipline that handcuffed the military men, but they were equally helpless. President Roosevelt once wanted to do a certain thing that the then Comptroller of the Treasury said was against the law. Mr. Roosevelt laughed about it.

"I cannot change the law," said he, "but I can change the Comptroller."

It proved to be unnecessary. I doubt if there is on record a single instance of a D. O. losing his job because of his insistence on obeying the law instead of orders. In time there grew up a tendency on the part of office-holders to "interpret" the laws. If they wanted something they got it and then found some way to pay for it. A law was usually wrecked during the interpretation.

It would be most unfair to the average government official to represent him as a deliberate lawbreaker barging his way through regulations. He is more apt to be an enthusiast. Probably he has qualities that would win him high rank in the business world. Not a month passes that some comparatively ill-paid bureau chief is not offered several times his salary by some commercial organization. If he stays with his job it is because his heart is in it. Such a man resents what he considers the interference of Congress. If he needs a machine with which to count stars he gets it, no matter through what legal chink he crawls to get it.

No wonder he hates McCarl when he has to crawl back.

"We must have an accounting officer who can hold them down," said the leaders of Congress. "And he will not be worth his salt unless he is protected against interference from any source."

President Wilson vetoed the first measure in which the post of Comptroller General was provided for, because he felt that the president should be the absolute head of the administrative forces. When President Harding succeeded he took the point of view of Congress, perhaps because he had passed through the legislative mill. He agreed with the elder congressmen that the accounting officer should be responsible only to Congress because he is in fact the agent of Congress in the executive branch. He holds an advanced post in hostile territory.

McCarl had taken an active part in the framing of the bill, as he had in the complementary legislation which created the Budget Office. He was not a candidate for the post of Comptroller General, however, and had no intimation that he was being considered for it until Mr. Harding sent for him. No one knows why Harding selected him, and as far as I know he never explained. It may be that it was because he admired McCarl. Perhaps he felt that McCarl's labors as secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee deserved a reward. If one were cynical one might suggest that McCarl was being kicked upstairs. It was one way of heading off that plan for the non-partisan selection of congressmen. Mr. Harding did not explain.

"I want you to take this post," was all that he said. "I have had you in mind from the beginning."

McCarl now has a force of two thousand clerks, lawyers and auditors under him. Every penny spent by the government sooner or later comes under their eyes—later, usually, for our governmental business is conducted largely by rule of thumb. If a payment seems to have lacked warrant in law it is taken up by four of his lawyers, who fight the question out as though they were in court, two on a side. Their decision is submitted to the Comptroller General for judgment. The merit—sometimes the actual necessity of the expenditure—is never touched. The one thing that McCarl wants to know is:

"Was that money spent according to the law?"

If it was not, he starts to get the money back, and right here is a contradiction that leads one to laughter. Invariably the injured department races to the Attorney General with its troubles. No matter who the Attorney General may be, he is compelled to depend upon the permanent members of his staff to carry on the bulk of his work. It is almost certain that the subordinate to whom any given case is referred is in sympathy with the hurt department and at odds with McCarl. It could hardly happen otherwise, for many permanent officials regard McCarl as a particularly vicious dog whose mission in the official manger is to keep good animals away from their hay. Pretty soon the newspapers break out in headlines:

"Attorney General Reverses McCarl."

I do not know how many times that headline has appeared. Hundreds of times, perhaps. I must have a score or more in my own files. The one thing that neither the Attorney General, nor the public (including the newspapers) seems to understand is that it does not make any difference. The Attorney General might spend the waking hours of his life in reversing McCarl without affecting that suave gentleman in the slightest.

The reason is fairly obvious. The Attorney General's opinion can be only an advisory one. Sometimes he reverses himself. When he goes before a court, that body is not bound by whatever he may say, nor is McCarl bound by any ruling of an inferior court. The subordinate courts may and do decide all over the place, but McCarl goes on as if they had not spoken. He seeks to enforce the law in the light of the interpretations handed down by the Supreme Court only.

But—

THE Attorney General can tie McCarl's hands in the matter of litigation. Under the law he must represent the Comptroller General in court. McCarl may disregard his opinions, but when he gets a chance he disregards McCarl's. There was the $12,000 case, as it is known in Washington. An officer of the Navy got into a poker game one night and lost $12,000 of government money. If he had been a bank cashier—or a post office clerk—he would now be engaged in some monotonous occupation behind stone walls. But good fellowship counts in the military services and the unfortunate loser was a good fellow. Only a very good fellow would lose $12,000 in a poker game.

He was court-martialed and found guilty and lost a handful of numbers, thereby retarding his promotion. But every one was sorry for him. There was no denial that he lost the money at poker and no affirmation that the interests of the United States were furthered in any way by his taking part in that game. But—he was such a good fellow. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who was then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, under a provision of the law designed to relieve disbursing officers who lost money in the line of duty—in a burned warehouse or a sunken ship—acted to relieve him. The bonding company sent to the Navy Department its check for $5,000 when it received a copy of the verdict of the court-martial, that being the sum for which it was liable. Mr. Roosevelt sent it back.

This officer has been relieved of liability. He wrote in effect: "You do not owe the money."

Time went on and by and by that transaction came under McCarl's eye. He noted that not a penny of the $12,000 poker loss had ever been repaid, and to his orderly mind there was something repulsive in the thought that Uncle Sam should underwrite the losses of his officers at poker. He demanded of the bonding company that it pay; the bonding company would do nothing of the kind. It had been relieved of the penalty by Mr. Roosevelt, and enclosed a copy of the correspondence. Mr. McCarl said, reluctantly, that he would have to sue.

"But we will not bring suit," said the Attorney General, through whose hands the suit must pass. And he has not sued. A more notable case was that of the dollar and a half luncheon eaten by a clerk in Alexandria, just across the river from Washington. The papers made a tremendous fuss about that. Three government departments were engaged in a sordid squabble for $1.50, they intimated. It was disgusting—low. But McCarl insists that thousands of dollars are unrightfully charged to the expense accounts each year by government clerks. The dollar and a half case was a test.

A mere clerk who has only spent one dollar and a half in a doubtfully legal way was hardly worth while fighting about, in the opinion of the Attorney General. He or his law clerks did not want to touch what McCarl insists was a case of petty graft, and the dollar and a half clerk, taking advantage of the American liking for the underdog and being unquestionably sure that he was in the right, was landing on the first pages almost every day. The Attorney General presented the case to court in such a way that McCarl felt he had not a chance to win. He was mighty peppery in his official comments:

"There was not called to the attention of the Court," he said, "the fundamental reasons or the prior decisions—"

This might be a good place for a technical violation of the rule that McCarl may not be quoted. If a generalization by the Comptroller General be put between the inverted dittos—not having reference to any particular case, you will understand—the rule would be practically as good as new. Practically so. McCarl says that:

"If we are unable to get back illegal disbursements then the whole system has fallen."

Sometimes—often—the manner in which McCarl tears through lovely old traditions is funny, except to the protagonists of the traditions. There was the case of the admiral's wife, for instance. In the old Navy, which immediately preceded the new Navy, which is becoming the old Navy in its turn, the wife of an admiral was almost more important than the admiral. Old salts have told me of the days when the wives used to live on the battleships and hang their washing on the decks and reverse the admiral's orders in the hearing of the crew. It isn't that way now, but something of the old reverence for an admiral's wife still clings. Secretary of the Navy Denby, had no hesitation in following the rule and allowing an admiral to charge the Government $427 for his wife's traveling expenses.

"The direction of the Secretary of the Navy . . . adds nothing to the legality of the claim," remarked Mr. McCarl as he turned it down. The Attorney General rushed to the defense of the Navy. Mr. McCarl remarked that:

"Neither the Attorney General nor any other head of a department has ever had jurisdiction to review settlement for the accounting officer."

SO THE admiral paid. It has always been the custom in the various departments to send flowers to the funerals of persons of distinction at the cost of the government. That has been going on, probably, since Andrew Jackson's time and no one said nay until McCarl began pirooting around in the law. He could not find that Congress had ever authorized the custom and until Congress does, wreaths must be paid for by the sorrowing donors. Hard luck, regrettable, petty, penny-paring, no doubt. The entire repertoire of condemnatory phrases was brought into use by aggrieved mourners when they learned they must pay the bills, but it did not move McCarl. His job is to follow the law. Not to amend it. Or find holes through it.

The Comptroller General's theory is that the only recommendation of a public official is that he be fearless and honest. Most of us can manage to be moderately fearless and honest in an impersonal way. What makes the Comptroller General's post so difficult, it seems to me, is that he is forever being exposed to personal contact with those who feel that he has injured them. There was a nurse, for instance, who fled a burning building safely, but lacked time in which to rescue her personal effects. Sympathetic superiors permitted her to put in a claim for them and allowed the claim.

"Lost while engaged in saving human life," was the theory of the claim.

"Whose life?" asked McCarl. And when he discovered that it was the nurse's own life that she saved by not hanging around in the flames until she found her gadgets, he refused to pay. And the nurse found her way into his office and cried. It was very sad. There is no more kind, sympathetic, cordial man in Washington than the Comptroller General and he felt almost as badly about the unfortunate affair as did the nurse. Still—

One night the Comptroller General had just gone to bed, when the telephone rang. Ordinarily he does not answer the telephone late at night. Some one who has just been told to put it back may want to come around and talk his affair over at a considerable waste of the official's time. But the bell kept on ringing and in desperation Mr. McCarl slipped on a dressing gown and said hello. The voice of a young man answered him:

"I must see you," said the telephoner, "at once."

The Comptroller General said that he had just gone to bed and that he would be glad to see his visitor in the morning. But the caller's voice broke. He said that he had not slept for several nights and that he felt he might be going mad.

"I want to confess—"

That was a bit out of the usual, and so the caller was permitted to come up to the hall door. Long experience has taught the Comptroller General that midnight callers usually disturb Mrs. McCarl by their talk and he stepped out into the public hall, still wearing his dressing gown. The caller was a young officer of the Army.

"I have been drawing seventy-five dollars a month for the support of my dependent mother," he said.

"Well?"

"She isn't dependent," said the boy. "My father owns a bank."

He was told to be at the office the following morning with the money and all would be well. That started an investigation which showed that many officers of the Army and Navy had been drawing money under the "dependent mother" clause of one of the war laws. McCarl set about ascertaining how many mothers were actually dependent. One can imagine the trouble that made. Officers were compelled to answer questionnaires and they said it was insulting and some of them resigned. But the Comptroller General was immovable. A dependent mother was entitled to the money, he said. A mother who was not dependent was not, and that was that.

It was a part of the easy money of war time, and it is likely that not one officer in fifty who had taken advantage of the opportunity to get a little of it had ever stopped to think of the morality of the procedure. Those who have been compelled to pay that easy money back hate McCarl without exception. The Army may have "sworn terribly in Flanders," but it did fairly well on Pennsylvania Avenue when McCarl's ruling was published. It is not to be wondered at that McCarl feels that he would not be a welcome figure in Washington society. Fellow guests might interrupt a soirée to discuss legal principles in high, quavering tones. They might even follow him in to the hall.

This would not matter if he were hard-boiled, as he is believed to be. But he is not. He is a kindly and sensitive man who has, fortunately, a wide streak of philosophy in his nature. He does not resent the hatred of which he is the object. He merely withdraws himself from personal contact with the haters so far as that is possible. He is optimistic, too, for he is able to report that conditions are improving constantly. Illegal methods grew up, he thinks, during a period of loose government and now, when their illegality is demonstrated, they are abandoned. More and more the departments are learning to cooperate with the accounting office. The day may come, for all things are possible in this surprising world, when they will find out that an expenditure is legal before they make it. At present the wise thing to be done by any one having business with the government is to make certain that he will get his money before he makes the sale. Or rather that he will not be compelled to give the money back.

If the disbursing officers were attached to the accounting department, instead of to the department that spends the money and has the unfortunate D. O. by the nape of the neck with the privilege of pinching, an improvement would be noted. For all the millions that McCarl catches, other illegal millions must slip through the sieve. It would be a fine thing, too, if the heads of the departments were compelled to go before the accounting body and defend their lawbreaking in person. Now they make the poor D. O.'s the goats. Heads I win, tails you lose.

And in the meantime let those who will go on hating him. It relieves them and does not hurt him. McCarl sits serene.

High Emprise

[*Continued from page 61*]

of a crude sort. The canal is only dug down to the coral. If it's blasted and dredged to bed rock, and the lands below us are properly drained, it ought to do whatever work is required of it. But some one will have to go to Tallahassee to talk and get appropriations from the state. An Englishman won't be listened to, but I took out my first papers today—"

"Listen, John." Straining to tiptoe, Margaret kissed him. "I think you're the most wonderful man in the world, and that there's not the shadow of a doubt you'll be a senator at least some day, if you're properly looked after. But you haven't had what could rightly be called a meal today, so I'm going in to get one. Wait till I call."

In the house she hurried as she had never hurried before. The silver in the drawer was black. But giving what pieces she needed a cursory rub, she decked the trestle table, and centered it with the lamp. Picking up the gray box from the floor, she hid it against the morrow when she should see Williams and tell him everything. Thank heaven he was a gentleman. No matter what hurt she gave him, he would understand, he would even approve, and remain her friend. She patted the gray box confidently as she put it away. Good old Jerry Williams. In time even John would come to recognize his worth.

Anna's basket furnished forth the feast. The chicken looked small, but dignified upon the shining expanse of platter. The mangoes made a fine show of gold in the basket. The avocadoes were cool and waxy on their plates.

John answered her call and came in blinking at the brave array. Margaret put one hand upon the bright handle of the tea-pot.

"Our banner is out again," she said. "And this time it is out to stay."

She Keeps New Orleans's Secret

[*Continued from page 75*]

reality the Boston Club. The maskers on the floats and at the balls are all members of the Boston Club, but even their wives do not know what characters they represent. As for giving out the secrets of the organizations, broadcasting the rules for the officers, the dues, the qualifications for membership—any New Orleans citizen will answer you that it simply isn't done. The Mystic Krewe of Comus appeared for the first time in 1857 with a magnificent pageant from Milton's *Paradise Lost* and it has returned nearly every Mardi Gras night since.

The Knights of Momus, who are members of the Louisiana Club, gave their first parade in 1872 with scenes from Scott's *Talisman*, and in 1889 presented Drake's *Culprit Fay* at the French Opera House. The Krewe of Proteus, who in civilian life are known as members of the Pickwick Club, were organized in 1882 with a series of brilliant tableaux illustrating the Dream of Egypt. Each of these Carnival organizations enrolls about three hundred members, about one hundred of whom are chosen to appear on the floats. What wonder that many of the cavaliers and maskers are grandfathers and that Rex is a mature man and invariably a wealthy one, when the costumes of the maskers on the floats are of real silks and satins and the favors at the balls afterward are bona fide jewels. How many struggling young professional men can compete with the high cost of Carnival? The expenses of a Junior Prom at one of the big eastern universities are not in it.

For many years Rex, the King of the Carnival, surrounded by his court, used to approach the city by boat via the Mississippi, escorted by a fleet of Louisiana's most luxurious yachts and greeted by all the whistles and cannon of the city. Recently he takes a more mundane method of approach by riding at the head of his parade down Canal Street. No one knows just whence he comes—presumably from Fairyland. The Rex den, where the floats are made and the knights and lords don their masks and dominoes, is on the remote outskirts of the city. The floats, it may be said in passing, are all built on cotton drays, so for weeks before Mardi Gras you can scarcely hire a cotton truck in New Orleans, or a truck horse either. They have all been recruited for the parades.

It is all a tremendous secret. You do not know until you see it whether the parade will represent the Hall of the Valkyrs, Mother Goose, the Lost Atlantis or the Kingdom of the Dwarfs.

Rex himself, after he has greeted the mayor at the grandstand in front of the City Hall, moves off down to Canal Street, followed by his gorgeous entourage of floats, and comes to a halt before the Boston Club, where his Queen, the Queen of the Carnival, and all her maids are waiting for him on a great balcony built out across the pavement. They represent the very newest and most chic in springtime fashion and are nearly always débutantes, members of the oldest and most representative families of

Louisiana. They look for all the world like a garden of bright flowers.

In front are half of the population of New Orleans, or as many of them as can crowd into Canal Street, for no one wants to miss the meeting between Rex and his Queen, when the monarch lifts his flowers and his heart to the city's most popular débutante. Behind her stretch years of tradition and inherited wealth, for no one without a substantial income can aspire to be Queen. Rex is the great day parade. The three others, Comus, Momus and Proteus, each have an evening during the week for their parades and balls.

THE Rex Ball on Mardi Gras night is the largest of all, since any one who gets a card may attend and cards are easily obtained. Thirty thousand people are sometimes on hand when Rex himself appears leading the queen of the Carnival to the two thrones built for them on the stage. Behind them are the dukes and the ladies of the court, to say nothing of the little pages who are bursting with pride at the honor of carrying the sovereign's train. To the tune of "If Ever I Cease to Love," that old, old Carnival melody that brings tears to the eyes of many a New Orleans grandmother or grandfather because of the memories it evokes, Rex and his lady open the ball. After the Rex Ball is well under way, Rex and his Queen leave to pay their respects to the Queen of Comus, at what is perhaps the most exclusive of all the balls.

What is true of one ball applies more or less to them all. The tableaux, the decorations vie with one another in splendor. The débutantes' gowns represent the latest in Paris fashions added to an unending source of money. Nereus, founded in 1875 and which for several years mounted its street pageant on trolley cars; the High Priests of Mithras; Alexis, whose queen is always a married woman; the Atlanteans, the Athenians, Osiris, all are exclusive social affairs for which personal invitations are required.

The spirit of Carnival runs from the highest to the most humble. Business organizations are represented. The Druids, the Moose, and the various commercial organizations have their own parades and their own balls. So do the department stores and the factories, the milkmen, the ice-men, the street-cleaners, the clerks and the stenographers.

The negroes, while they do not mingle with the whites, put on a pageant of their own headed by the King of the Zulus. Masking after dark has been abolished for them, owing to the possible excitement of the colored population. But up and down Mississippi Street and on Lower Claiborne Avenue and Rampart Street, where the negroes congregate, Indian costumes are the most popular and a horde of supposed Redskins will throw all the terror of the Ku Klux Klan into old mammies and little pickaninnies.

In part, taken by and large, the money spent in Carnival each year would probably build a battleship or equip a regiment.

"Still our Carnival is not commercialized," explains Miss Andrews. "Northerners don't understand that Mardi Gras is not merely a festival—it is a state of mind. They will never commercialize it, no matter how many modern hotels supplant the old French buildings or how many skyscrapers the Association of Commerce sponsors. To those of us who live here the title "Second Port, U. S. A.," will never take the place of New Orleans' real name—"The City That Care Forgot."

Perhaps it is the children who profit by Carnival most. To New Orleans children, Comus, the God of Mirth; Momus, the embodiment of mockery; Proteus, who rose from the waves, and Rex, the King of the Carnival, are real, sure-enough people. They see them every year. And think of every year having one day when you can be just what you want to be—prince or pirate or a lady of King Arthur's Court! You do not have to tell a Louisiana child that Mardi Gras means "Fat Tuesday," (February 16th, this year) and that the day afterward is the beginning of Lent. Nor need you explain that Carnival, the magic period between Twelfth Night and Ash Wednesday, is derived from two Latin words, *carne* and *vale*, meaning good-by meat, the festival period before Lenten fasting must begin. Celebrations run riot among the young people, boys and flappers, high-school girls and students in dominoes and masks—youth riotous and merry—youth in spangles, as it should be—youth in tinsel skirts and golden wings—youth that fears no tomorrow and knows no yesterday.

They tried to kill Mardi Gras during the war, because people felt too sad to play. The flu epidemic crippled it badly. But it wouldn't stay dead. If you ask any one with Gallic blood in his veins, and nearly every one in Louisiana has at least a drop of it, you will begin to see why.

You can't kill the Carnival because it is so old—older than the Roman altars, older than the church, older than civilization, as old as the heart of man. We Anglo-Saxons may learn to live without our torch of enchantment or our zest in life. But the touch of romance which Angelo, the milkman, and the president of the Cotton Exchange alike find in wearing dominoes, is the same impulse that has kept Carnival alive in Latin countries since the early Romans fêted their pagan gods along the shores of the Mediterranean. Before the days of Cæsar they held carnival in Rome. Before Christianity the citizens of Venice threw flowers from their balconies into the February sea. In Naples and in Nice they celebrate Mardi

Gras in the public squares outside the great cathedrals. At carnival the religion of Christ and the ancient cult of Pan reach out to one another across the centuries.

So in New Orleans, the festival that precedes Lent may be due to the influence of Catholicism, or to the voluptuous Louisiana spring that fills February with prophecies of flowers and ivory colored moons. It may be the French temperament transplanted to a semi-tropical country, or just that old instinct in each of us that bids us hold fast, in this world of chance and change, to all that we know of loveliness and youth.

The Boss Codfish Man of Gloucester

[*Continued from page 25*]

Carroll on that dark day when his friend suggested his quitting the fight against the "efficiency experts" (the quotation marks are again necessary) who had descended on the plant at the behest of the banks who were creditors, and had nearly wrecked the economic vessel. For a time it did look as if Carroll's fight were to be a losing one.

But for the fact that the fiscal year of the concern ends on March 31st, the troubled period might never have occurred. In the summer and fall of 1920 hundreds of substantial firms throughout the country ended their fiscal years with a balance on the wrong side of the ledger. Yet they easily convinced the bankers who held their paper that they were solvent. But Gorton-Pew was almost the first to show a loss on its year's business. In came the efficiency men, deposed Carroll, and ran the business on a thoroughly "scientific" basis.

Knowing nothing of fishing, they proposed that the vessels should leave on schedule, irrespective of tides or other conditions, and return at a certain day with a certain quantity of a designated species of fish. This sounded like logic to the experts, but they were soon taught that in the fishing industry, more so than any other, can be found the truth of the old adage, "Man proposes but God disposes."

Then, to unload the heavy stock of export fish left on the company's hands by cancellation of foreign war contracts, these inspired geniuses of business shipped car after car of it to Chicago at a time of the year when Chicago eats no salt fish. It remained in cold storage for months before it was disposed of at a heavy loss.

Instances could be multiplied to indicate why the alleged industrial engineers showed a loss of more than $2,700,000 during their two years of control. This much was lost from the pockets of the stockholders and the bankers had not yet begun to feel the pinch. But the time came when their own money was endangered. Then it was that the late William Lowell Putnam, a lawyer of Boston who had kept in close touch with Carroll during those agonizing times, came forward with a suggestion that changed the whole situation.

In a meeting attended by bankers, experts and officers he announced that he was willing to put a million dollars into the company and pull it through. But he named two conditions. The first was that the efficiency men, who were present, be fired out incontinently. The second was that they put in as general manager with full power to act as he saw fit, the man who could handle the job—Thomas J. Carroll.

So, after two years of troubled waters, the man who would not desert the ship was given his chance to steer her out. And steer her out he did. He saw the last of the "experts" depart; he reassumed his old job of general manager. Almost at once the situation began to grow better. It seemed as if the harassed bark had begun to feel a familiar hand on the wheel. Now the craft is back in a safe harbor. Prosperity has come once more to Gorton-Pew. Last year they elected one Thomas J. Carroll president of the company.

At fifty-seven this soft-voiced man occupies a position in the salt fish industry somewhat analagous to that of Judge Gary in the steel business. He is as diffident and unassuming as ever. What little spare time he has he devotes to his large family. With him they form a complete baseball team—seven girls and a boy. In the summer after work he marshals the team on a home diamond on the Carroll place overlooking Gloucester harbor and they fight it out among themselves. Perhaps Mrs. Carroll acts as umpire, but I doubt if they need a referee. Fair play—the trick of looking at things from the other fellow's point of view is too strongly a part of the Carroll blood.

It is hard to get this master of the fish trade to talk about himself. What, for instance, is his favorite sport—golf, hunting? "Well," says Tom Carroll with a twinkle in his eye, "I'd like to be able to get off once in a while and go do a little fishing!"

Grace Sartwell Mason is the author of a new serial novel, "A Princess in Distress," which will begin in EVERYBODY'S for April. It is an up-to-the-minute romance of the new social life created by after-the-war conditions in European capitals.

A Daughter of Pioneers

[*Continued from page 34*]

this day I remember her as the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

"For the sum of five hundred dollars my father and mother bought a piece of land from the first settlers, and afterwards went into the logging business. We were then the only people in Seabeck not directly in the employ of the Mill Company there. The story went that the company had tried to squeeze the settlers out of their rights by getting their land from them for nothing. They tried to do the same thing with my father. This was the beginning of trouble between him and the owner of the mills; it resulted in such fierce antagonism as can only be developed in a small community and lasted for twelve years—all the time we were there."

But don't try to commiserate with Dr. Lovejoy and murmur something about inharmonious atmospheres for young and sensitive souls. She will laughingly come back at once with the assurance that in her own case she found the atmosphere extremely stimulating! Nothing could be more characteristic of Dr. Lovejoy's constructive resistance against what fate deals out to her.

"I remember," she says, "one day the head of the Mill Company with a surveyor tried to cross our line; my father ordered them off in such vernacular as can only be spoken in its highest perfection by an Englishman educated by actual experience in a Western pioneer country.

"'We only want what the law allows,' the two gentlemen retorted. With appropriate adjectives, my father replied. 'If you got what the law allows you—you'd both be in the United States penitentiary!'"

It was in this happy hunting ground for timber cruisers that Esther was reared. A timber cruiser, be it known, is usually a veteran lumber jack who is sent through the country by some lumber interest to estimate the amount of timber on a given area. Those were the days when the government was defrauded of enormous tracts of timber—gigantic areas of primeval forests.

"My father did his own logging," explained Esther Lovejoy, "and my mother herself did the 'log scaling.' That is to say she measured the logs to check reports of the mill, and see that my father received the full amount of what was coming to him. Well can I remember the joy of sitting on a cattle yoke! In those days logs were pulled by cattle over skidded roads, and rolled into the bay from a rolling tier, when the tide was high."

When Esther was twelve years old they left Seabeck and moved to Portland, Oregon, afterwards to a farm in Clackamas County, near Oregon City. There she worked on the farm and at fifteen she was cooking for the threshing crew, and doing all the other kinds of of farm work that are part of the women folks' job. That it was a hardship never entered her head. The work just had to be done—as a pioneer's daughter it was expected of her as a matter of course. Even the winter kept her busy too, but not so busy as to miss any of the country dances! Reading between the lines of what she said you could see at once that she must have been the belle of the country in those days.

After three years her people moved back to Portland, and Esther decided it was time for her to "do something else." So the next few years found her selling over a counter in a dry-goods store.

"During noon hour at the store, and every evening, I used to study. But I was always ready for fun, too. I loved to dance and have a good time."

The query of "party frocks" brought the half-regretful rejoinder:

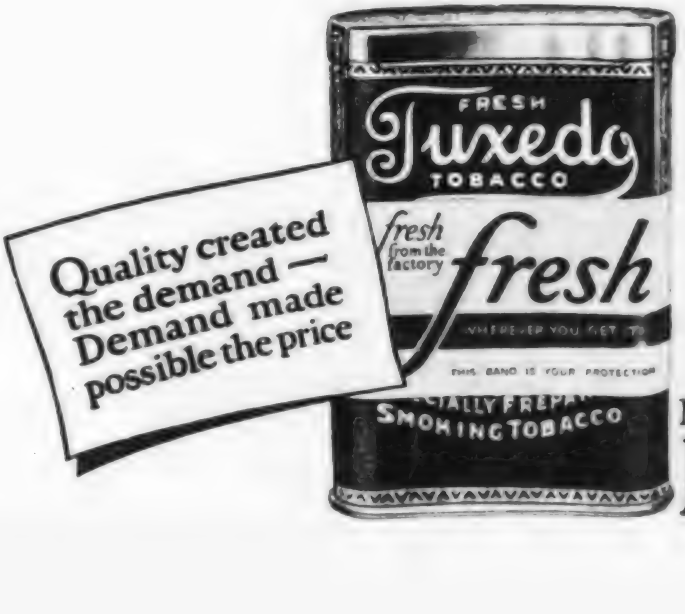
"I never had one. Even when I had the money I had the power to resist. It wasn't that I didn't want a party frock; indeed I did, but I always wanted something else more. I had a theory even then, that one should go after the thing one wants most in life, and that only. And I wanted my standing, my place in the world, my degree—and all that meant more to me than the little things along the way." Apparently the young lady had an avid thirst for anything that would make her learn and she never missed an opportunity that would help her further toward an education.

Her first idea of becoming a doctor was through her mother's family physician, a woman.

"I watched her carefully," said Dr. Lovejoy, "and I felt sure I could achieve anything she had accomplished. I had no special 'calling' for the profession, I simply wanted to do something worth while."

SO ONE day Esther up and went to the Dean of the Medical College of the University of Oregon and boldly asked for admission. Remember that women in a medical school were practically unheard of in those days. Did the dean become horrified, wave his hands at her, and quaver 'impossible'? He did not. The best thing for her to do, said he dryly, was to go ahead and take the entrance examination and see what happened. This she did, passed the examination, and was admitted at once without any more fuss.

"The fragrance of pipe tobacco makes me wish I were a man"..... Bebe Daniels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Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers — in fruit juices, water or milk — or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

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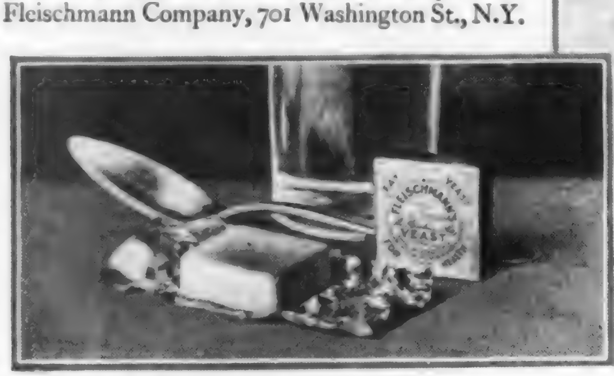

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

"SKIN ERUPTIONS HAD BROKEN OUT a over my face and body. The doctor told me t take Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so for about tw months. Now I have as fine a complexion as a one could wish."

Henry W. Eich, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I have to smile," she said, "when I remember that my entire capital for a medical education consisted of sixty dollars. It should have been a hundred and twenty dollars but I was taken sick and my illness cost me the difference."

She paid in her savings, and they agreed to trust her to earn the remainder of her fee during the summer holidays, when she planned to return to her work at the dry-goods store.

"It has always seemed a good thing to me," explained Esther Lovejoy, "if one is going to work in vacation time during one's college career, to do manual work—something which does not require much mental effort. That is just the one thing most students don't want to do. Personally, I am always glad I never taught school, or did sedentary work. My family were not so very keen about my plans, it is true. It seemed to them a long distance to go to make a living, and things were not so very good with us financially at the time. They had little confidence in the outcome and thought I had undertaken too big a job." But it worked out successfully for Esther Lovejoy. And perhaps the reason lies in this:

"Everybody is good to a boy or girl who really wants to work and there was always somebody to help me, especially in giving me lessons," she remembered gratefully.

At twenty-three she graduated, the second woman to take a degree in medicine at Oregon University. The students were immensely kind to her, no jealousy, no sex antagonism—in spite of the fact that she won a medal for the excellence of some of her special work in the class. She just had a "fine" time as would any other popular girl student today, and directly after taking her degree, she was married to "the best looking and cleverest" young man at college.

"Our income was nothing a year," she told me, "and we immediately started to work in Portland, although it was not easy for two such youngsters to get a practice."

Then came the Klondike gold rush, and the more adventurous spirits in the West responded to the call. Any old tub that could float was hastily chartered and sailed from every port on the Pacific Coast to Alaska. They started at the same time and were literally racing toward their goal, when they were brought to a sudden stop—blockaded by ice. For ten days sixty ships lay within sight of each other at anchor, waiting for the ice to break.

DR. LOVEJOY'S husband and brother were on one of those first boats crowded with gold seekers. She stayed behind to settle their affairs, but in a little while she was dauntlessly following the trail of her men folks to Skagway.

This is the way Esther Lovejoy explains their attitude of mind:

"My brother before he was twenty-one had made up his mind to work for himself and nobody else. Without a job and with no cash he decided to go into salmon fishing on his own. The governor of Oregon owned a gigantic saw mill. My brother proceded to call upon him and ask for sufficient lumber with which to build himself a houseboat. The governor let him have all the lumber he needed. Then when the houseboat was finished my brother floated down the Columbia River until he reached the huge fisheries which were being established there. There he obtained a boat and net and proceeded to catch fish with the professional fishermen, literally fighting with his fists to make a place for himself." Who but a man like that would be first in the Klondike—the chance of a generation—and who but his sister would be one of the first women to follow?

"Thousands and thousands of people landed on the bleak shores of Skagway and Dyea in the fall and winter of '97-'98. Imagine an enormous army of refugees with plenty of food and clothing going into a pathless country." Dr. Lovejoy seemed to be looking back through the years at this picture.

"They waited at Skagway at the head of the Lyon Canal until the Spring, getting their supplies over Chilkoot Pass or White Pass to the head waters of the Yukon River. From this point they were ready for the long voyage to the gold fields when the ice thawed. Down the river they would float with all their belongings when the ice went out in the spring.

"Remember there were no roads, no trains in those days, and they would have to take sufficient food and clothing to last a year, until the river opened again. The supply boats journeying up the Yukon River could only take the trip once a year, so general supplies were not to be depended on.

"The whole country was white, our houses were thin, and it was terribly cold. But we kept house, and cooked, and did our own work."

"Suffering?" I queried. "Was there much suffering?"

"Please don't try to extract a martyr story from me," Dr. Lovejoy expostulated, laughing. "I simply can't stand martyrs. Martyrs should be dead, and if you want to tell of the hours of martyrdom and suffering I spent during my lifetime, I must insist on your waiting until after my funeral!

"Over the hills during the thaw the rush was terrible. When the Arctic Brotherhood was founded only those men who had seen the ice come and go on the Yukon were eligible for membership. The charter members were so remorseful because of the cruelty to horses and dogs in the awful rush to the interior that they made a vow never to kick a dog or work a horse with a sore back.

"Money was made in all kinds of ways. I remember there was a bridge everybody used five miles from Skagway. My brother realized one day while crossing that bridge when the river was rising that it would soon wash out. He knew where boats were to be had and he brought them over the roads to the river just as the crash came. Within a few hours he had made twelve hundred dollars rowing people from shore to shore."

A frightful epidemic of meningitis broke out on the trail and the community organized a hospital with Dr. Lovejoy in charge. She tended the patients—it was all free—"Soapy Smith," the world renowned bandit, helping toward its support. Epidemics flourish under such conditions in spite of open air living, she explained, because people are cold at night and huddle together to keep warm.

In the spring of '98 when the epidemic was over, Esther Lovejoy returned to Portland. Reports from Dawson were conflicting, and they thought it better for her to take up the thread of their combined work again back in civilization. Her husband was an excellent physician, much beloved of his patients and he always had all the cases he could handle wherever he was. But his hobby was mining, and he could never give up the lure of the gold country. In the winter he would usually return to Portland, but in the summer Alaska would always call him once again.

"In 1900 I joined my husband in Nome," she continued. "The famous gold rush had begun there and again every available ship that could hold togethei was used. I traveled on the *Garonne*, a ship that had been used the previous year for transporting mules to the Philippines. In order to accommodate crowds rushing to the gold fields at Nome the mule stalls had been changed to first class cabins on short notice. One of them I occupied with a young woman who was on her way to Nome to work as a stenographer."

DR. LOVEJOY added that she had often traveled third class across the Atlantic for the American Women's Hospitals, but that it was certainly cabin de luxe compared with her first class quarters on the way to Nome in that spring of 1900.

"Nome was running wide open and Main Street, Nome, did not in any way represent the street we know as Main Street in this decade. Gambling houses, saloons and business houses alternated along that thoroughfare which was made with elevated wooden sidewalks at the edge of the street, originally of tundra. In the spring the ground under the frozen tundra moss would thaw and the mud holes would be such that in order to travel at all we had to wear gum boots to our knees."

Alaska in those days was a hard country. It was no easier on Dr. Lovejoy than on anyone else. In the end it took the lives of both her husband and her brother.

"My brother was one of the successful ones in Alaska," she said, "and it was his success, although a modest one, that in the end cost him his life. He was murdered by highwaymen. A plan had been made by a criminal gang to commit highway robbery and murder on the trail. My brother was one of the men who had been spotted because they knew he was bringing out some of the money from the interior. He and two other young men were shot down on the Skagway-Dawson trail. We sent a detective to cooperate with the Canadian mounted police, and one of the murderers was finally executed in Dawson City."

Her husband was struck down in just as gallant a fight against one of the other principal enemies of those pioneer days. He who had cared for so many meningitis patients in Alaska, finally contracted the disease there himself and died of it.

Before this his plucky wife had definitely transferred the scene of her professional life from Nome to Portland, Oregon. So rapidly did her ability become recognized, that in 1905 she was appointed to the Health Board of that city. A few years later an unheard of thing happened. She was made head of the Portland Health Department. This honor was more than anything else a tribute from the medical men of Portland, due not only to the warm friendliness with which they regarded her, but also to their confidence in her ability to handle a big job.

Remember this was before the days of Woman's Suffrage and no such important appointment for a woman had been previously made. There have of course been women in every department of health work throughout the country since. But to this day few women have held such a key position in a city of a quarter of a million people. When she gave up this position she went into the practice of medicine with a group of physicians, and was in the midst of a busy, successful professional life when the Great War called her anew to scenes of hardship and suffering on the fighting edge of civilization.

The American Women's Hospitals, of which Dr. Lovejoy is now executive head, was organized in 1917 by the Medical Women's National Association. Its purpose was to mobilize large groups of scientific women for service not provided for under the martial law of the country, there being no provision for women doctors to serve the nation in time of war.

Dr. Lovejoy had offered at once to go to France as a volunteer to make a survey for the A. W. H. In order to obviate the red tape of obtaining a passport she went to

Washington and interviewed Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, who was Chairman of the Women's Committee of the National Council of Defense. Dr. Shaw suggested that Dr. Lovejoy remain in Washington for a meeting to be held by delegates from different organizations of women in the United States. This delegation in session passed a resolution asking the Red Cross to add Dr. Lovejoy's name to that of the seventeen men commissioners being sent to Europe. This was not done, but she went to France as a volunteer just the same and immediately on her arrival the Red Cross asked her to join their forces. There and in this country, wherever she was needed, she served throughout the war.

In 1919 Dr. Lovejoy was elected President of the Medical Women's International Association as a tribute to what she had done. In this office she remained for five years, and at the present time she is Vice President, representing the United States.

In the meantime Dr. Lovejoy was to be present at one of the most harrowing scenes of human suffering which has occurred in recent times.

This happened at Smyrna during the latter half of September, 1922. It was on the 14th, when the city was crowded with Christian refugees from the devastated interior that the city went up in flames and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse seemed to descend upon the miserable inhabitants. The last American woman had been taken out of the dangerous city the day before, and when Dr. Lovejoy arrived on the 24th she was the only American woman there. For a week she stayed in that place of horror while the greater part of the Christian population left alive was being evacuated.

"It was this way," she explained: "I had gone to the Caucasus that summer to inspect the work of the A. W. H. On my return I attended the convention of the Medical Women's International Association which was called in Geneva. It chanced that a quorum of the board of the A. W. H. attended that meeting. I was ordered to proceed to Russia on account of the work we expected to do in that country. On reaching Paris reports of the burning of Smyrna were coming along and members of my board and I saw the importance of changing our plans, and having me go there at once. Instead of using my passports for Russia I took the Orient Express to Constantinople. Here I caught a freight ship just going to Smyrna. It sailed under the flag of a country that did not exist, the flag of old Russia, and it had a Greek captain and crew. There were two passengers, myself and the famous "Shorty," who stood six feet four inches tall and who afterwards made the famous motion picture "Grass."

"I had no visé from the Turkish government, but I just went ashore and nobody asked questions. I stayed at the Relief House, next door to the American Consulate and slept there every night."

MOST of her hours were spent on the railroad pier assisting the sick women and children amidst such appalling scenes of misery and terror as have seldom been seen. Even the mention of them now brings the tears to her eyes.

She has since then written the "House of the Good Neighbour," with a foreword by Herbert Hoover, a story of the effects of warfare on women and children. We fortunate Americans who are peaceful and comparatively prosperous can hardly imagine the cruel conditions of those whom we have learned to call "refugees"—those pitiable human beings salvaged from massacre, fire, and disease.

"In the war stricken countries this is a generation of orphans," said Dr. Lovejoy, "there are millions of little ones in dire want and it has been the privilege of the A. W. H. to care for some of the children of the men and women whose lives have been sacrificed to the Holocaust of nations. These poor children have paid the price of the War! They are intelligent, lovable youngsters who certainly deserve a better fate."

The American Women's Hospital organization has worked out a thoroughly practical method for handling this sort of work as it shifts from one stricken country to another. They employ a number of physicians, citizens of the countries they are trying to help, men and women well qualified to do the immediate work and who would quite likely be in the bread line themselves were it not for their jobs in aiding their fellow sufferers.

Nurse training classes have been conducted in all their hospitals. By this means large numbers of young women have been given work and saved from hardship or the temptations of destitution. They are also trained in some other useful calling while they are caring for the sick among their own people.

"The biggest work we have done," Dr. Lovejoy told me, "is among the Anatolian refugees in Greece. We have been at it for three years, and have conducted thirty-six hospitals during that time, moving from place to place with the refugees wherever the need is greatest."

Does such an undertaking of women run by women work out harmoniously?

"Of course we have the difficulties common to all organizations," conceded Dr. Lovejoy, "but the women of our Executive Board have served together for over six years, and there has not been a single resignation during that time." Perhaps this speaks best of all for the Executive Chairman!

"My work? A little of everything from

selecting our personnel, which comes from every state of the Union, to inspecting our hospitals overseas." As a matter of fact she might almost be called a commuter across the Atlantic Ocean.

With the help of a very small staff she is working constantly to secure the funds necessary to carry on the organization's work and this, of course, necessitates constant travel. Incidentally, Dr. Lovejoy is a charming and magnetic speaker and of course her vast experiences with different phases of life keep her in demand everywhere.

She has been presented with the Cross of the Legion of Honor of France, the Gold Cross of the Redeemer, Greece, the Gold Cross of St. George and the War Cross of Greece, which only three women have ever obtained. Recently the Patriarch of Jerusalem presented her with the Order of the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre.

Of what is she most proud, though? She glanced instinctively at the family portraits on her table, and the picture of the small son who died many years ago at the age of seven. This explains some of the concentration with which she has been devoting her career to desolate, sick, deserted children, the grim after products of the War!

The answer came back instantly: "I'm most proud of the work of the women of the American Women's Hospitals, and what they have accomplished. They are doing in a practical way the thing that everyone else is discussing—doing their bit to rebuild and create friendly relations with the peoples who have undergone such frightful suffering."

The same courage, grit and force that made, out of a child of the backwoods, one of the most important figures in the world of women's work is carrying Dr. Lovejoy forward today.

An Engineer Who Dares to Be Human

[*Continued from page 86*]

people of his city. He had a photographer in to take a picture of the hero-pitcher and he incorporated the whole story in his annual report, omitting, of course, the villain's name.

Now with all due respect to his profession, Mr. Cooke is one of the few engineers who can write English that really makes you sit up and take notice. His copy, hidden away in the formalities of a Director of Public Works Report, was as sweet as any star reporter's.

Some one discovered it there and presently there was a run on the report. Every one wanted to read about the Tempest in the Water-pitcher. Officials from distant places wrote in for copies of this revolutionary document that dared to be human. Average Citizen came to the office to find out for the first time in many years just where some of his tax money was going and how his public affairs were being run. The first edition was soon exhausted and the second and third were sent to press.

People began to ask who was this Morris Cooke who could write like a crack journalist, run a public office with the skill and economy of an efficiency engineer and at the same time mix with crowds and keep "the common touch"? They learned that he was the son of a country doctor from Carlisle, Pennsylvania, that he had worked his way through college at Lehigh by reporting for Philadelphia newspapers. When he graduated at twenty-three years of age in 1895 with the degree of Mechanical Engineer, he picked no white-collar, office job but served first as apprentice and later on as a journeyman machinist in the great Philadelphia ship yards.

Here it was that he came into shoulder to shoulder contact with the overalled men who have callouses on their hands. Under some of them he took a very practical post-graduate course in the problems and hopes and dreams of American Labor. The memories of those years are still sharp and while your average radical may not hail Cooke as "comrade," he came out of the ship yards fired by the democratic ideal and with faith in the good sense of the common man that seems utopian to many of the conservatives in his profession.

"Can we really serve democracy, unless we are democratic?" he once asked a group of his fellow engineers. "Engineering during the last century consisted almost exclusively of the study and 'utilization of the forces and materials of nature for the benefit of man.' But lately we have been giving more attention to the other part of our definition of engineering, 'the art of organizing and directing men.' This appears to be the more important phase of our work during the generation or two just ahead."

LATER on, when he was about to undertake the big job of his life—which engages him increasingly now—the handling of Giant Power, he showed the philosophy that underlies all his work when he said:

"If we are planning a profession which shall largely affect progress in God's universe, we must introduce something akin to spiritual values into engineering. Nothing short of this will give us real leadership."

With the vision already forming then of an ordered world directed by the "long view" of a different type of engineer, the young Pennsylvanian went to Washington in 1896 to practice his profession of engineer. Two years later he found himself in the midst of the wastes and disorders that war brings. He enlisted in the Navy, served through the Spanish-American War, and was discharged with the rank of Assistant Engineer. The war over he went back to civil life, settled in Philadelphia and shortly thereafter married.

Cooke returned to civil life to enlist in another war, the age-long war of the neat-minded engineer against waste—industrial, political and economic waste. He found a fellow-fighter in the person of Frederick Winslow Taylor, one of our first great efficiency engineers, the originator of scientific management in industry. With Taylor he led many a hard-fought assault upon our national dump-heaps.

All this time, even after he had become Director of Public Works in Philadelphia in 1911, Cooke was lecturing on college administration, better factory management, municipal management, all the time reaching out to impress on the mind of Average Citizen that efficiency need not necessarily mean a cold-blooded stop-watch business of making machines out of men, but that it might well mean the way to a wider life for everybody. On the platform, through his pamphlets and books (four of them, all on scientific subjects), at the meetings of the important engineering societies, to most of which he belongs, Cooke was hammering away at his forging of the alliance between engineering and the humanities.

Then came his triumphant administration of the Department of Public Works in Philadelphia. This gave him another kind of waste to fight—political waste. For four years it was war to the knife, but by 1915 an entire revolution in Philadelphia's handling of city engineering problems had been effected.

Hardly had Cooke gotten back to his own private job of consulting engineer, when there was another call for his services. This time it came from Washington, not Philadelphia. We were getting into another war—the World War—and it was the Army, not the Navy, that got him first. As a member of the Depot Board of the Army and a very busy member of the War Industries Board, this engineer once more encountered his old foe, waste, in a new guise—war waste. He was still joyously pitching into this scrap when Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, picked him as his executive assistant. With Hurley he served during the closing months of the war and through the reorganizations that followed in its wake. By this time his services were in demand in various other government departments as well.

In fact his Big Job came to Cooke while he was just finishing up a survey of the men's clothing industry for Herbert Hoover's committee of engineers on waste in industry. The Big Job was made to order for him. The Governor of Pennsylvania wanted a complete survey of the sources of industrial power in that State. No doubt there were several engineers in Pennsylvania besides Cooke who could have done the job. No doubt, too, it was Morris Llewellyn Cooke, crisp, straightforward, practical, who had the ideal experience and deep human sympathy to go pioneering on a survey that may well point the way to a new American civilization.

Because the Big Job has to do with Power it goes straight to the heart of our national industrial life. Directly or indirectly the continuous supply of cheap and abundant power affects all of us—consumers and producers alike—who live in this age of power-driven machinery. When two years ago Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania picked out Morris Cooke to be the Director of the Giant Power Survey of that State, he set the engineer to work on a project that concerns California and Maine as closely as it does Pennsylvania. To be sure, the primary interests of Cooke and his fellow members of the Board were with the power resources of their own Pennsylvania. But engineers and legislators and manufacturers and farmers out on the Pacific Coast and in Illinois and in every other section of the country where work in the factory and on the farm is done by machines are sending in to the capital at Harrisburg for copies of the first report of Morris Cooke's Board.

It was his series of robust, rough-and-tumble fights against waste in early form that first brought Cooke to Governor Pinchot's attention. That was the sort of fight that the governor knew all about. Since the days when he was Roosevelt's Chief Forester, Pinchot had hit waste in the nose every time it had bobbed up. At first he spent his energies on saving the forests of the nation from the slashing, hacking lumber interests. Soon after the War he saw, as did Cooke, that great new forces were moving across the American Scene. Together the two saw the approach of a new revolution. Not a revolution of street-fighting, red flags, barricades, but a revolution fully as far-reaching as the so-called "Industrial Revolution" of the early 1800's when the coming of steam turned the whole modern world upside down.

ALMOST overnight there has come into the land a new power—the power derived from electricity produced from water and coal. Everywhere the big utility companies are feverishly at work connecting one power plant with another, setting up their high tension lines, making long-term leases of water sites, running lines out from the coal-mines. Here and there a few engineers and executives had been aware of what is happening. All of these, however, are up to their ears in immediate projects, straining every nerve for the acquisition of desirable sites and rich power markets for their own companies. Cooke was one engineer of high reputation who had no entangling alliances and who possessed the ability to look at the whole matter from the standpoint of the people as a whole. At Governor Pinchot's instance, the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1923 passed the Giant Power Survey Act ordering an outline survey of the facts about electrical development in Pennsylvania and the recommendation of a policy that "will best secure for the industries, railroads, farms and homes of this Commonwealth an abundant and cheap supply of electrical current."

As soon as he was appointed Director of this survey Morris Cooke proceeded to gather together as brilliant and hard-working a staff of engineers as had been in public service for many years. There was Otto M. Rau, one of the pioneers of the electric lighting and power industry; Walter F. Rittman, a chemical and commercial engineer, who is an expert consultant in the fields of oil, gas and fuel; Sumner Boyer Ely, formerly secretary of the Board of Engineers of the U. S. Steel Corporation; Dr. F. H. Newell, a noted authority on water power, formerly Director of the U. S. Reclamation Service, and Judson C. Dickerman, who has worked for seventeen years for various cities on public utility problems. The other members of the Board were equally outstanding in the particular specialty they covered.

These men sat down to look over a snarled and perplexing situation. Two courses were open to them. They might make a strictly technical, engineering survey with recommendations for developing electrical power from the rich coal fields and waterways of the State and for linking the central stations together without much regard to the needs of Mr. Average Citizen. Or they might approach the problem from the social viewpoint, laying down a comprehensive scheme that would stand for years and be as readily worked in Indiana as in Pennsylvania. For these men and their leader the choice was not difficult. They went to work to study a development that might mean as Pinchot puts it, "a civilization safer, happier, freer, and fuller of opportunity than any the world has ever known."

For a year they went up and down Pennsylvania and pretty well across the continent gathering facts about electrical development in California and up in Ontario and through the Middle West. From the best engineers in Europe they obtained details as to the tremendous strides that hydro-electrical development had made overseas since the War. They made charts and graphs and piled figure on figure until at length they had accumulated the most comprehensive and thorough-going mass of facts brought together on this subject. Then with those materials they put together a report that a child could understand. Its clear-cut logical sequence of ideas is a startling tribute to Cooke's ability to focus many different brilliant minds to one sure purpose. Some of his experts' reports are little masterpieces of untechnical English and in them all is the charm of Cooke's own easy diction.

Pinchot wrote a message to his Legislature forwarding this report which makes as fascinating reading as you will find between the covers of any recent book. I have the report before me as I write, an attractive blue bound book of 480 pages, filled with pictures and done with the idea in mind that Average Citizen, unacquainted with the strange new world of kilowatts and British Thermal Units, can take it home and read it with unflagging interest.

In submitting this report to the Legislature, the governor wrote:

"I have the honor to place in your hands the report of the Giant Power Board, a document certain to hold a high place in the history of the development and regulation of natural resources and their use in America."

With the governor's estimate of the importance of Cooke's report there is no disagreement among even the most conservative of engineers. In the first place the report puts into our language a new term, the term Giant Power and all that Giant Power may mean in the building of a new civilization. Contrary to expectations, the report stressed not so much the conservation and judicious use of water-power as the intelligent use of our vast coal resources for the making of cheap and abundant electrical power. The Giant Power engineers are agreed that for the bulk of our power we must in the future look to coal and that we must further adopt a very different attitude from our present one when we think of coal as our chief power source.

BRIEFLY, the words Giant Power, as Pinchot and Cooke and other progressive engineers use them, mean the creation near the sources of supply—our mines and waterways—of great pools of electrical power into which power from all sources will be poured and out of which power for all purposes will be taken.

"Giant Power, and Super-power," says Pinchot, "are as different as a tame elephant and a wild one. One is the friend and fellow-worker of man—the other, at large and uncontrolled, may be a dangerous enemy. The place for the public is on the neck of the elephant, guiding its movements, not on the ground, helpless under its knees. Giant Power seeks the cheapest sources of power and hence the cheapest rates. It proposes to create, as it were, a great pool of power into which power from all sources will be poured, and out of which power for all uses will be taken. It is the pooling of supply—not the disposal of surplus—and the chief idea behind it is not profit but the public welfare.

uper-power, on the other hand, is the interhange of small quantities of surplus power at he ends of the distribution wires of each sysem. Its principal object is profit for the comanies—not benefit for the public—and it is on s way to being realized with a rapidity which t is difficult to understand. If we are to have iant Power instead of Super-power the time in hich to make sure of it is very short."

Many pages of the Cooke report are devoted o the sensational idea of burning coal at the it-mouth instead of lugging it raw up and down cross the country. From time to time there ave been men of vision who have been caught ith this idea. Back in the conservative Nineies one of the big West Virginia operators took is little boy out to his coal-mine. He pointed to he stream of cars flowing away from beneath he tipple. "Son," said he, "some day this ill all be changed. Before you die you are oing to see every ton of our coal burned at the it-mouth and turned there into power that can e taken away over high-tension wires instead f coal-cars." He was a hard-headed business an with a reputation for shrewdness, but his prophetic words might well have provoked a olerant smile on the part of any save the worhipful youngster who listened to him. Yet already it looks as if his vision would be realized within the next few years and it is men like Morris Cooke who are going to make it come true.

By now coal and chaos have become almost ynonymous in the minds of most of us. We ee an industry torn by strikes and rumors of trikes, marked by conspicuous waste of men nd materials. Everywhere we see cross-handling of coal from North to South, from South to North. We know that there must be some better way of getting coal to bins or factories than by burning precious tons of it raw under open engine boilers. We know that it costs almost as much to haul away the ashes and clinkers that are left after burning a ton of coal as it did to mine that ton originally. In the big cities we snort and pant under heavy smoke clouds while out on the farms others of us are reezing for lack of fuel, groping for lack of light.

All these things make the average man miserable when he thinks of coal, but until Morris Cooke and some of the electrical engineers of the big utility companies told him, he saw no way out. Now, in Pennsylvania at any rate, people are beginning to see the light through the coal-dust. They read the report of the Giant Power Board and realize that the time is almost here when they can light and heat their homes and run their factories with comfort, cleanliness, and economy by using electrical power taken down from the wires that come to them from the pit-mouth of the distant coalmine. Average Citizen, and with him, Morris Cooke, is indifferent just now as to who shall own Giant Power. The report urges the coöperation of the State and the utility companies in working out the problem. "It's not *who* but *how*," says Cooke and leaves the question of public or private ownership to the economists and politicians.

Just what this proposed setting up of great pools of power from which the precious "juice" may be taken can mean to us and our children is indicated by this extract from the Governor's message of transmission:

"To the housewife, Giant Power means the comforts not only of electric lighting, but of electric cooking and other aids to housework as well. To the farmer it means not only the safety and convenience of electric light, but electric power for milking, feed-cutting, wood-sawing and a thousand other tasks on the farm. To the traveling public it means the speed and cleanliness of electric transportation. To the dwellers in industrial cities it means freedom from the smoke and ash nuisance. To the consumer it means better service at cheaper rates. To every worker it means a higher standard of living, more leisure and better pay. Giant Power means all this, but it means it on one condition only. That condition is the effective public regulation of the electric industry which is enlisting new capital and spreading its wires over the United States at a rate wholly unknown before."

THE Cooke report touches upon another fascinating possibility that has also enlisted the active imagination of Henry Ford. Mr. Cooke sees in an age of Giant Power the end to the indecent congestion in our cities of great masses of population.

"Any considerable rural electrification," he says, "will probably result in spreading out our industry, in slowing up the growth of our already overgrown centers of population and in starting new industrial centers in what are now strictly rural sections. . . . Power widely distributed through sections now devoted exclusively to agriculture may add to our industrial development and cause the manufactured articles required by the farmer to be made nearer his door with a resulting lowering of costs."

It may be that the dream of all city workers, a little home with a clear sky above and a garden-patch to putter in, is nearer realization than many of us dare to believe. Certainly there is nothing fanciful in this idea of manufacturing power at its sources in tremendous bulk and selling it to distributing agencies at cost plus a manufacturer's profit. It is exactly the sort of transaction that takes place when you buy a manufacturer's package goods at your dealer round the corner. And if it is done in the electrical world, we will not have to live huddled around the power outlets in the big cities but we can spread out and begin to enjoy life again.

Note, however, the warning with which Morris Cooke closes his report: "Giant Power imposes upon the people a group of problems which are novel to the point almost of bearing no relation to those with which we have dealt in the past. They are of a size to tax our capacity for statesmanship."

Cooke is still busy with the Big Job. Though his Survey was submitted, together with recommendations for needed legislation to permit cooperation between the State and the utilities to last spring's legislature, it is still to be acted upon. At that time the Pennsylvania legislators leaped at the Survey and made a political football of it. Pinchot fought hard for Cooke's report, but its recommendations were ignored. The other day Governor Pinchot appointed a new Giant Power Survey Board making Cooke its consulting engineer.

"We have rounded the turn for the second lap," says Cooke calmly and he is starting out all over again to give the Giant Power idea still wider circulation, to answer the attacks of critics, to "sell" it, if you like to Mr. and Mrs. Citizen.

Cooke's faith in publicity and the common sense of most of us may seem naïve to the calculating politician, but it has been tested time and again through a most active life. Here is a man who, while earning a living and raising a family, has served in the Army and Navy of his country through two wars, has served his city as a public official for four years, his national government for two years, and has already served his State for three. He is an engineer, member of a "high-brow" profession, but he has worked with his hands as an apprentice and as a journeyman machinist and he knows the point of view of the skilled mechanic. Today he can go out to his office into the sweat and dust of every day and see beyond cold facts and figures the possibilities of a better world built up from no more romantic or visionary materials than black coal and running water. He sees us facing a great decision and he wants most passionately for us to give thought before we make that decision. For as Governor Pinchot says:

"As Pennsylvania and the Nation deal with electric power so shall we and our descendants be free men, masters of our own destinies and our own souls—"

The Sire de Maletroit's Door

[*Continued from page 127*]

holding down her head. "Hear me to an end, Monsieur de Beaulieu. I know how you must despise me; I feel you are right to do so; I am too poor a creature to occupy one thought of your mind, although, alas! you must die for me this morning. But when I asked you to marry me, indeed, and indeed, it was because I respected and admired you, and loved you with my whole soul, from the moment that you took my part against my uncle. If you had seen yourself, and how noble you looked, you would pity rather than despise me. And now," she went on, hurriedly checking him with her hand, "although I have laid aside all reserve and told you so much, remember that I know your sentiments toward me already. I would not, believe me, being nobly born, weary you with importunities into consent. I, too, have a pride of my own: and I declare before the holy mother of God, from your word already given, if you should now go back I would no more marry you than I would marry my uncle's groom."

Denis smiled a little bitterly.

"It is a small love," he said, "that shies at a little pride."

She made no answer, although she probably had her own thoughts.

"Come hither to the window," he said with a sigh. "Here is the dawn."

And indeed the dawn was already beginning. The hollow of the sky was full of essential daylight, colorless and clean; and the valley underneath was flooded with a gray reflection. A few thin vapors clung in the coves of the forest or lay along the winding course of the river. The scene disengaged a surprising effect of stillness, which was hardly interrupted when the cocks began once more to crow among the steadings. Perhaps the same fellow who had made so horrid a clangor in the darkness not half an hour before, now sent up the merriest cheer to greet the coming day. A little wind went bustling and eddying among the tree-tops underneath the windows. And still the daylight kept flooding insensibly out of the east, which was soon to grow incandescent and cast up that red-hot cannon ball, the rising sun.

DENIS looked out over all this with a bit of a shiver. He had taken her hand, and retained it in his almost unconsciously.

"Has the day begun already?" she said; and then, illogically enough: "the night has been so long! Alas! what shall we say to my uncle when he returns?"

"What you will," said Denis, and he pressed her fingers in his.

She was silent.

"Blanche," he said, with a swift, uncertain, passionate utterance, "you have seen whether I fear death. You must know well enough that I would as gladly leap out of that window into the empty air as to lay a finger on you without your free and full consent. But if you care for me at all, do not let me lose my life in a misapprehension; for I love you better than the whole world; and though I will die for you blithely, it would be like all the joys of Paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

As he stopped speaking, a bell began to ring loudly in the interior of the house; and a clatter of armor in the corridor showed that the retainers were returning to their post, and the two hours were at an end.

"After all that you have heard?" she whispered, leaning towards him with her lips and eyes.

"I have heard nothing," he replied.

"The captain's name was Florimond de Champdivers," she said in his ear.

"I did not hear it," he answered, taking her supple body in his arms, and covering her wet face with kisses.

A melodious chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Maletroit wished his new nephew a good morning.

Next month's offerings in the Old or New series will be two dramatic stories of the tropics, "Fagan," by Rowland Thomas, and "The Emperor Jones," by Eugene O'Neill.

A Story Against Women

[*Continued from page 138*]

The gray hat was in his hand. The gray eyes looked at her sincerely. An air of simple majesty was about him. He stood there, a very upright, a very noble Irish gentleman.

"Sir Rory," she said, "I should have told you before. I have often said to myself I should have told you before, but I am—I am married now." She was very ashamed, very perturbed. "I had no right to keep it a secret like that."

If you were watching him very closely, which she was not, you would have noticed how stricken he was, how white his face became. The eyelids blinked rapidly for an instant. "Dear madam," he said softly, "anything you wished to keep secret, surely you had a right to do it."

"It was this way, Sir Rory—Mr. Cecil and I, on account of the business, and also," she said coyly, "because we were attracted toward each other, got married. And you know, Sir Rory, when a man like Mr. Cecil is known to be married, he loses his influence with the female clientele, so we kept it a secret."

"I'm afraid I know very little about business," said O'Connor Mellon deprecatingly. "But I wish you and Mr. Cecil immense happiness," he said, "and much prosperity."

"It is so good of you to take it that way, Sir Rory"—she was grateful—"and I shall never, never forget the honor you have done me."

"Not much honor, dear madam. The house is so small a one, and the title so common, and as for myself—"

"As for yourself, Sir Rory," said Mrs. Peggy O'Shaughnessy sincerely, "I shall always remember you as the finest man—outside Mr. Cecil, of course—that I have ever known. You are going to be a great man some of these days, Sir Rory, and when you are I am going to take a little credit to myself for it," she smiled, "because it will have been I who stopped you in the madness of gambling—which was ruining your character," she uttered softly; and then shrewdly: "and impoverishing you."

He saw her home to Drumcondra and bade her farewell, and was proceeding to Rathfarnham himself very stricken and a little dazed, when he felt he would rather be walking than riding in hypocritical state in the great solemn car. So getting out, and paying the man, he went ahead down Sackville Street, past O'Connell's gaudy monument. A newsboy came dashing along as he put foot on the gray bridge that spans the Liffey.

"Th' outsider wins! Th' outsider wins," the boy was shouting.

O'Connor Mellon fumbled with a penny, and took the racing special from the boy. "Hundred-to-one Shot takes Derby Stakes!" The headlines punched him right in the heart. "Fishmonger's Filly Canters the Course."

He went and rested his elbows on the gray granite of the bridge.

A furtive breeze sent the racing paper down toward the Custom House. His hands grew lax, and the yellow gloves he was holding in them dropped into the river, to be investigated by the querulous gulls. The stick followed, tip foremost, with a plud. A second breeze whipped down Bachelors' Walk, and sent the gray hat skimming down the gray waters. O'Connor Mellon never noticed. Oh, it was too much! Too much!

Two jackeens of the race track passed. One wore cap and collar, the other hat and muffler. Hat-and-Muffler nudged his fellow sportsman.

"Je see that?" he asked.

"Did I see what?"

"Ould O'Connor Mellon and him drunk as a jook?"

"Je tell me so? I t'ought that one never took a dhrop."

"Didn't I see him wid me own two eyes, and the tears running into his ould red whiskers?"

"I heerd tell, I heerd tell somewhere," said Cap-and-Collar, "that that one was a rale ould Irish king."

"Irish king, me elbow!" said Hat-and-Muffler. "Rale ould Irish dhrunk!"

Steering Marriage for the Rocks

[*Continued from page 142*]

and housework were wrong because they were different from the way his mother did them. If I dressed up I was doing it to attract other men. If I didn't I was showing lack of respect for him. If I read I was wasting time. If I didn't I wasn't keeping up enough to talk intelligently. If I went downtown I was neglecting home. If I stayed home I wasn't interested in his business. In fact, there wasn't one thing I could do from morning until night, that was right or gave pleasure or even gained approval. I finally couldn't stand it any longer. I feel utterly disillusioned and spent and as if I can't end quickly enough the farce our marriage became. Nor do I feel I could ever have a home or husband again. I'd be afraid to. Have I done wrong? My husband still loves me in his queer way, and this will be an awful blow to him, but did I have to endure this thing for forty or fifty years longer? Haven't I the right, while I'm still young, to strike out and find some substitute for joy which will not have the heavy penalty of fault-finding attached?"

Here is utter revolt against being persistently molded. A stupid man has made a gulf that can never be bridged. Between these two people is a mist of anger, hurt pride, hurt vanity, a sense of wrong and betrayal and the murder of love, which will always obstruct the vision of the two concerned. After wearing out his wife's patience to the point of desperation, the husband is probably scandalized that she left him. All their lives both of them will really believe they've been cheated and fooled and that they married persons they didn't know at all. That happens to be the truth but only in the sense that they didn't trouble either before or after marriage to know each other.

The other letter is from a man out West. It's exactly the opposite. It says in part:

"A short time after we married I saw the only way to get along was for me to give in to my wife about everything. So away went my dear old friends, my dear old books, my dear old pipes, my dear old habits—and they weren't bad ones, Chaperon, just comfortable ones—and every single thing that could irritate or cause arguments or dissension. In this way I've managed a number of years of outwardly peaceable married life. But it has broken my spirit and my wife doesn't even know it. Sometimes I look at the desolate waste inside of me and wonder if peaceable marriage was worth the price I've paid for it and if I can endure it endlessly. I've made a go of marriage. But it has done awful things to me spiritually."

Of course it has. In a situation of this kind submission is as bad as revolt and conditions are scarcely better. Something very high and fine between these two has been slowly destroyed and in dying has left many sore spots, many secret resentments, many feelings of contempt, an undeniable loss of trust and respect and self-respect. It may all be hidden manfully. It may never see the light of day, but it festers in the heart, a constant threat. All these things, stored up in the system, are just so many high explosives always ready to blow up the minute some tiny match of a "last straw" is dropped into them. After the explosion:

"He doesn't love me any more," she wails in her letter to me. "He wouldn't do one thing I asked him to do. He didn't want to please me. He was so brutal and cruel I couldn't stand it. He has broken my heart." And he wails equally as loudly: "She never has cared enough since I married her to do as I wanted her to do. She has failed in every way as a wife. She simply refused to try to please me in any way and I'm done with marriage."

Yet, after all, why should either of them have had to try to please the other? They probably would have got along nicely and been happy together if they had made no such exactions. She might have taken him as she found him and made the best of him, without trying to rebuild or remake, and he might have done the same. If they had used the ordinary courtesy toward each other's faults that they used toward their friends or toward a casual stranger, their love would have blotted out all the little sins. All they needed was cheery, tolerant acceptance of each other as an ordinary man and woman, already matured, who didn't need pruning and shaping according to some other person's specifications.

This is far from saying that marriage doesn't and shouldn't change human beings. It should change them, but that change must come naturally, spontaneously, of one's own volition. It is never the other fellow's place or right to force it, to try deliberately to bring it about or to insist upon it. The little concessions and sacrifices of married life are beautiful and ennobling. They are good for the selfish human soul. And, perforce the married person *can't* be as free as the single person, or exactly like a single person in any way. One shouldn't expect to be. But recognizing this and seeing to it belong in the list of those things that must be personal accomplishments and are not up to anybody but the individual.

After all, simmered down, whoever gave any human being the right to make another over from the ground up? The other was doing very well, thank you, until that particular

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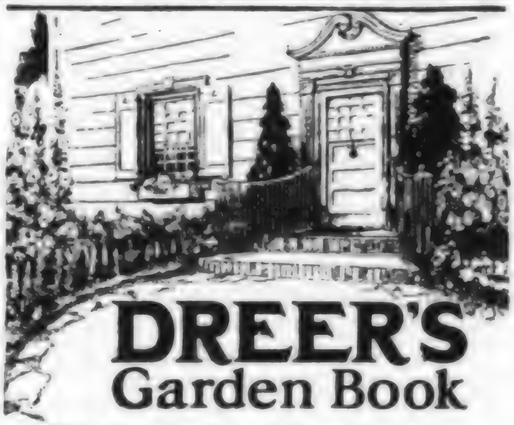

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person mixed into his or her life. If such an enforced making over is a legitimate part of marriage and to be expected, we might as well do away with mothers entirely. For the twenty or thirty years they put in teaching a child would be all wrong—wrong according to the mate who drifts casually into a life in the moonlight and rose period, marries on short acquaintance, and proceeds to judge without really knowing anything about the other.

No, we can't very well do away entirely with all personal training and striving until after the great "I wills" are said. Those "I wills" you must remember, say nothing about making people over, but very carefully mention taking people for better or for worse. There is also a good deal about loving, honoring and cherishing "until death do us part." The way to do that is to dismiss all idea of making over one's partner for life. Then that partner need not feel that married life is one long process of failing and disappointing a loved one at every turn, no matter how hard one tries. It's a feeling that isn't healthy to any married life. On the contrary, accept each other tolerantly—and you learn to be more satisfied with each other. After reading my dozens of letters a week that tell of marital woes, that, it seems to me, is what helps most any time, any place, to insure a happy married life.

His Igloos Never Melt

[*Continued from page 145*]

portrait painting under such masters as Verestchagin the Russian battle painter, Matt Morgan, founder in New York of the Art Students League, and others. Meanwhile Operti's father had located in New York as a musical director, and the son headed for America, too. After five years of study he went to work at Niblo's Garden and the Metropolitan Opera House as an assistant scenic artist. He stayed at the latter for the better part of twenty years, first as an assistant, then as full-fledged scenic artist, and the last ten years as chief scenic artist for the Metropolitan. Among the sets for which he was noted was that of the opera *L'Africaine* with its models of ancient sailing vessels, and that of *Cavalleria Rusticana* with its beautiful Sicilian scenery.

It was during these years at the Metropolitan that Albert Operti became interested in the Far North. This interest began in 1881 when all the world was excited over the news that De Long's expedition with the yacht *Jeannette* was lost, and James Gordon Bennett of the New York *Herald* organized a party to go in search for the party. G. W. Melville, Chief Engineer of the Navy and survivor of the *Jeannette*, was rescued and brought to New York. Albert Operti's interest was so great that he interviewed Admiral Melville with the purpose of making a historical painting. Before his own rescue Admiral Melville had discovered the remains of De Long and others of the party on the Lena delta. Based on this tragic incident, Mr. Operti painted "The Finding of De Long"—his first Arctic picture.

From this time on Operti devoted all his spare time to his new interest. It so fascinated him that he read all the books written on Arctic exploration and Arctic life and customs in order that his paintings might be historically and scenically correct.

"The repeated attempts to reach the pole caught my imagination," explained the artist, "probably because of my love of the sea and adventure—the danger—the bravery of men always starving, dying—and always other men setting out in the face of failure and death—always the icy goal which no man had yet reached."

For the next fifteen years this world of ice and death became visual under Albert Operti's brush.

HIS work of this nature became so well known that in 1885 Secretary Chandler of the Navy commissioned him to paint two pictures—one, "The Rescue," portraying the rescue of the six survivors of the Greely expedition, and "The Farthest North"—two triumphant Americans taking observations at a point higher north than any other country had reached. These are the two paintings that hang in the Capitol. A bill has been before Congress for the last twenty-five years authorizing payment for Mr. Operti's paintings. The bill is still before Congress. He is still unpaid.

In 1892 the Metropolitan Opera House burned down. Many of Mr. Operti's notes and sketches were destroyed. Now that his work in connection with the opera was suspended he gave himself fully to the execution of commissions for his northern paintings.

It was at this period that Admiral Peary requested that Mr. Operti accompany him on his next expedition to the Far North for the purpose of making sketches and studies of the natives and their customs for historical use.

"I jumped at the opportunity," said Mr. Operti. "I had felt for a long time that I would have to take a dose of the explorers' own medicine before I could be satisfied that I was painting the North as it actually was. I'll never forget my first view of the Arctic Highlands, the beautiful days, the exhilarating weather—the Eskimos coming out over the ice to meet us.

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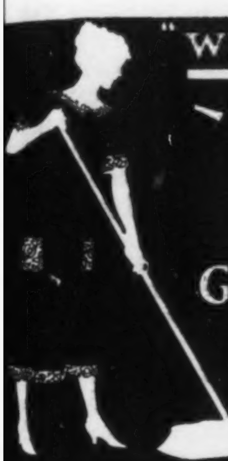

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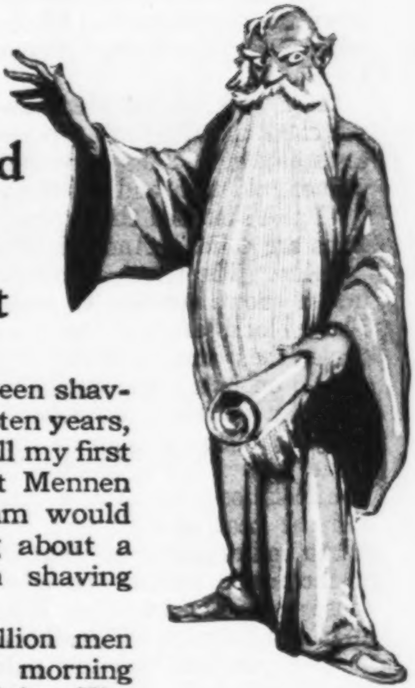

If you have been shaving for about ten years, you may recall my first prophecy that Mennen Shaving Cream would quickly bring about a revolution in shaving method.

Several million men prove every morning that I was right. The proud, rebellious wiriness of their whiskers is all gone. Dermutation strips 'em off so gently and smoothly that a man hardly knows his razor is in action.

Then, some years ago, I told you about Talcum for Men. At that time, men classed talcum with rouge and lip sticks. But to-day, the custom is almost universal to rub on a velvety, soothing film of Talcum for Men, which protects and doesn't show white on your face.

Last year, I pulled my third prophecy. I said that if you would try Mennen Skin Balm, you would find it the most delightful and efficient after-shaving preparation that ever touched your face. Incidentally, it's great for chapped lips or roughened skin—as wonderful for hands as for the face. Antiseptic and astringent. Right now, to-day, Skin Balm has won national acceptance and its sales are amazing.

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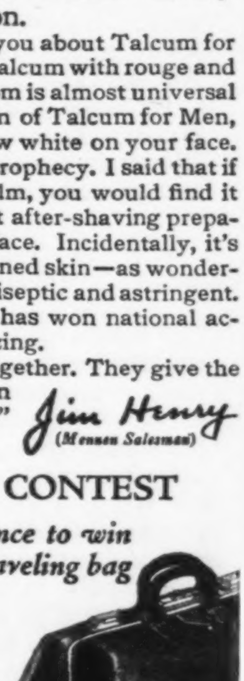

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They were like a lot of delighted children when they clambered on the boat and saw Admiral Peary, who had proved himself their friend.

"My work among them was fascinating. I sketched the different types—I made plaster casts of them—children, young men and young women, old men and old women.

"I also sketched the tupics, as their tents of skins are called. And I learned how to build an igloo. The igloos are made from blocks of frozen snow, not ice, as many people think. These blocks are laid one after the other in a circle, then another layer of blocks on that, and so on in a spiral until the igloo is closed. One man works on the outside, another on the inside. When the man on the inside is closed in he pushes out a block. This is the door. The Eskimos keep warm by means of their furs and the heat of their own bodies. The heat of the bodies is so great that it melts the snow of the inside wall of the igloo sufficiently to cause a constant dripping. It's nothing to wake up in an igloo with icicles all over your face."

"Did you find you had painted the Arctic country accurately?" I asked Mr. Operti.

"Yes, but you see, I had been studying for years under William Bradford, the celebrated marine painter," he answered modestly.

Mr. Operti made another trip with Peary in 1897. Many of his sketches and casts went with Peary's collection to the Museum of Natural History.

For some years after his return he was connected with several theaters in New York and Boston in the capacity of producer, designer, and scenic artist.

Then in the early nineteen-hundreds he went to the Museum of Natural History as general artist and map-maker, with his primary interest centered on reproduction of the Arctic world, its people, its customs, its scenery and animals. He has been there from that day to this. He has produced many illustrated books on the Arctic and he has been decorated by various foreign governments and societies.

One of the most important details of Operti's work at the Museum is to make convincing replicas of the actual landscape—Arctic ice, for instance.

"Arctic ice looks like Parian marble," says Mr. Operti. "To reproduce this I make wire shapes of various sizes, and cover these with plaster of Paris. When the plaster is hardened I varnish them to make them look wet. Then I arrange these ice shapes heterogeneously so as to make a group. Frozen snow of which igloos are built looks like sea salt. In order to reproduce an igloo the first thing necessary is to make a block out of wire netting, shape it, cover it with plaster of Paris, spatter it with rock salt, and as a final touch sprinkle this with pulverized isinglass. A realistic block of frozen snow is the result."

For more than forty years Albert Operti has brought the Far North to us. He has memorable and lasting monuments to his credit. And his interest is not a bit abated.

Would he like to go back to the Arctic again? The eyes of the seventy-four-year-old man flash with all the zest of the days when he was a little "midshipmite."

"If only I were a little younger," says he with a boyish smile, "I should like to fly to the pole."

$100,000 from a Basket

[*Continued from page 146*]

century taste and it blossoms forth as a new and popular lamp or tray. An importer with a cage of parakeets or weaver birds will give her enough ideas for a month.

Baskets range all of the way from a tiny favor the size of a thimble, which holds bonbons at parties and club luncheons, to eight foot wicker creations. One of the most popular is the rose design filled in with the native grasses from Hawaii, asparagus and maidenhair ferns.

The baskets, which are made in America are made of split wicker, reed and that peculiar kind of imported straw which is used on the wall pockets. Many of the grasses, the raffia, and some of the straw are imported from China. Foliage is imported by the thousand gross but most of the natural mosses can be bought by the bale in this country.

Possibly her newest and most unique work is the plasterchrome or Egyptian art. Ferneries, made for the window sill, are fashioned in this way. The work has a suggestion of the potters' "pressed" work. "Raised" work it is called. A wood container is covered with a kind of clay or paste and a plaster mold design is formed along the sides in figurines which are afterwards painted. Wall pieces and trays of this most original work are made in the various woods with effective macaw designs.

One of the many reasons why Mrs. Cook's ornaments have an appeal lacking in so many of her imitators is the originality and naturalness of her work. As soon as the first green twig appears she hurries to the woods and from that time throughout the year hunts for new combinations, gathers shrubbery, mosses, asparagus and maidenhair ferns, wild flowers, berries and weeds. She haunts the groves in the late autumn when the pine cones and fir cones are at their best. Nature better than anything else in the world gives her originality and freshness in tone.

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11
12
1
10
2
9
3
8
4
7
5

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